PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
JULY 1996 • $4.95
JENNY McCARTHY
FROM PMOY TO MTV
JAMES CARVILLE INTERVIEW
THE RAGIN' CAJUN GETS DOWN
AN OFFICER AND A SLEAZEBALL
INSIDE THE NAVY SEX SCANDAL
GIRLS OF VENUS SWIMWEAR
VINCENT BUGLIOSI:
I'D HAVE WHIPPED JOHNNIE COCHRAN AND PUT O.J. AWAY
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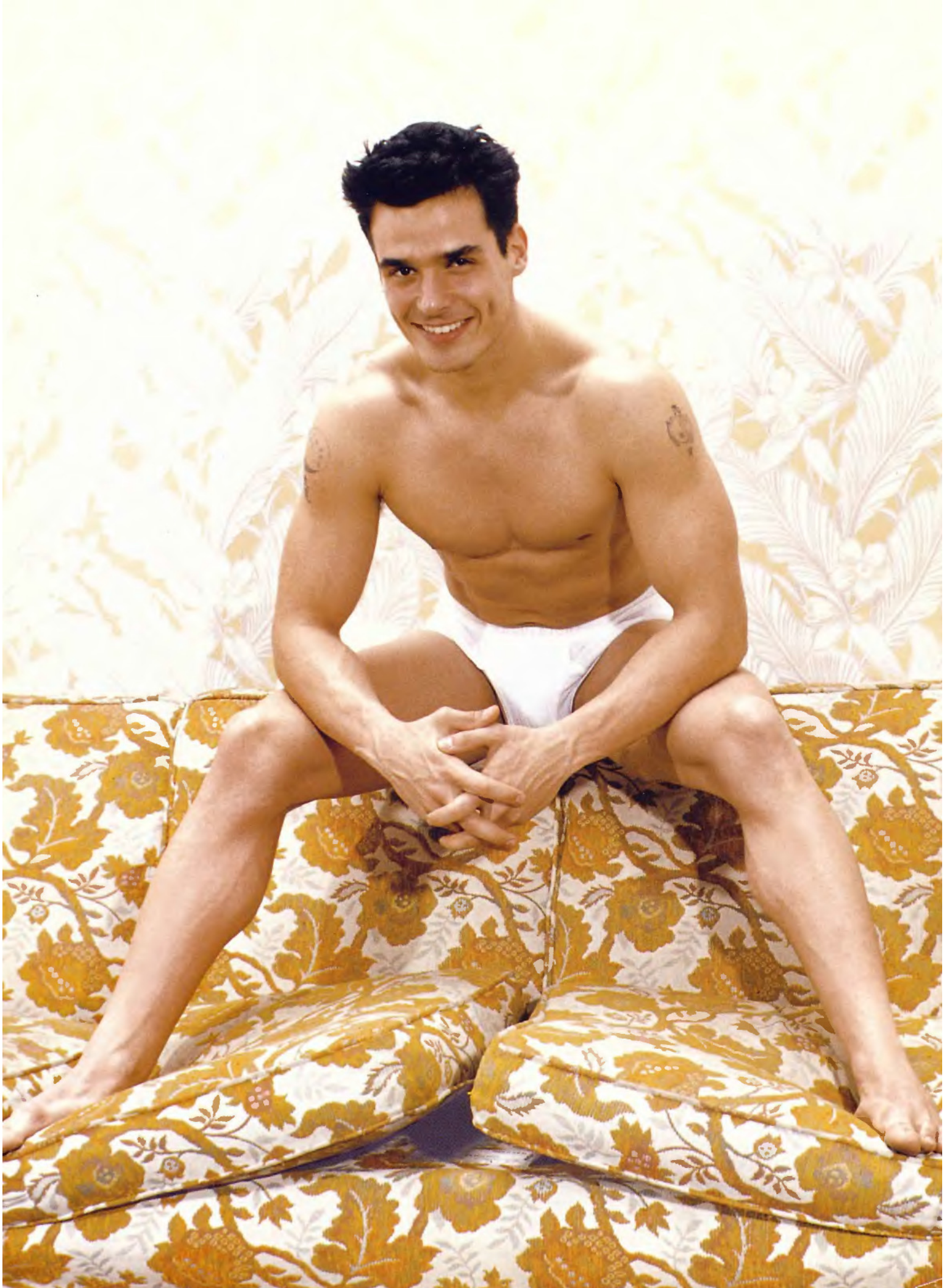

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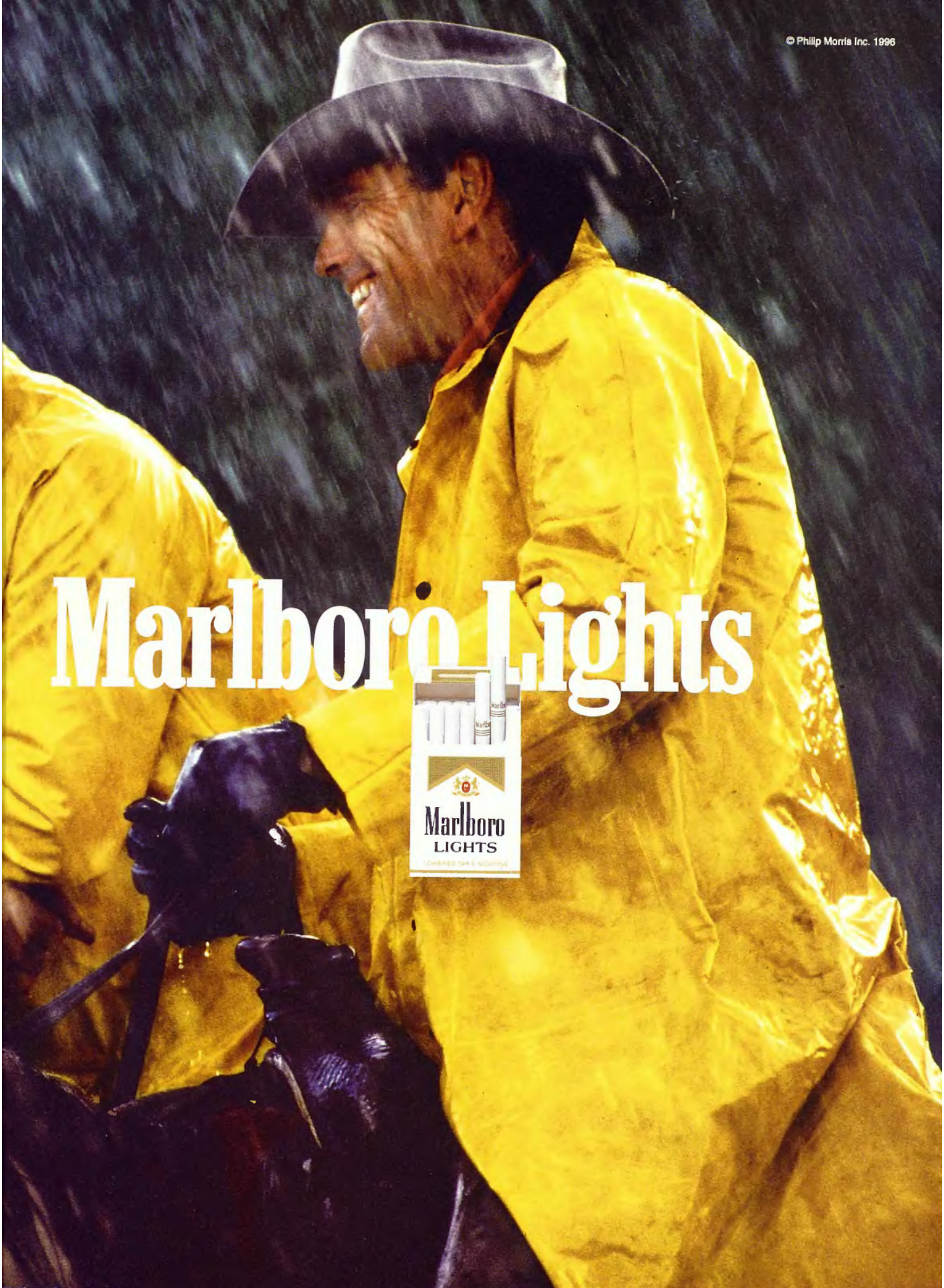

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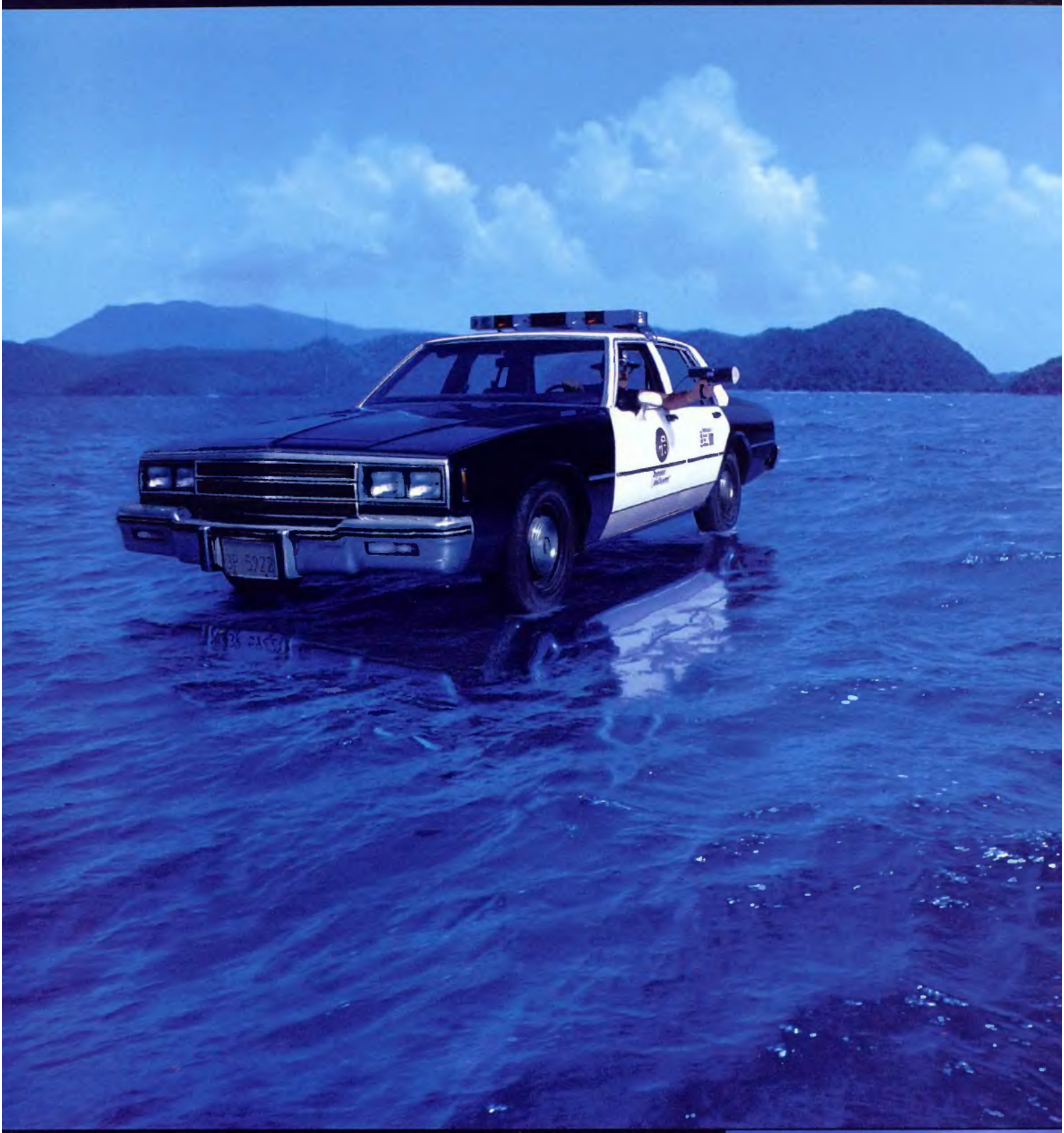

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EVER SINCE Tailhook, gender politics has swamped the Navy. Admirals and officers have walked the plank—but to no lasting effect. *Conduct Unbecoming*, by **Dana Priest** of *The Washington Post*, is an up-to-date log of this salty state of affairs. Where rum, sodomy and the lash once ruled, zero tolerance now holds sway. Or does it? The fire below decks may still rage, but some brass are being punished for nothing worse than faulty social sonar.

Guess what? It's election year. This month we put our money where President Clinton's mouth is—in the hands of homespun spin doctor **James Carville.** It's the *Playboy Interview*, stupid. We sent reporter **Brian Karem** to the set of *The People Versus Larry Flynt* (in which Carville makes his feature-film debut) for a preview of the 1996 presidential race. Carville, whose new book is *We're Right, They're Wrong*, attacks Newt Gingrich for taking cheap shots at liberals and claims that Republicans do the wrong things in the right way. Karem says Carville "is fiercely partisan—especially about his wife." So we took him at his word and offered Mrs. Carville, a.k.a. **Mary Matalin,** a chance to deflate her mate (on the political front). See her sharp retorts in *Equal Time*.

A natural-born prosecutor, **Vincent Bugliosi** has perhaps the best legal mind to match—or beat—today's brilliant defense attorneys. A former assistant district attorney in Los Angeles (he helped put away Charles Manson), Bugliosi wrote a shockingly clear indictment of O.J. Simpson for our December 1994 issue. In this month's article, *Outrage* (illustrated by **John Thompson**), he says the prosecution let O.J. get away with murder. (It's an excerpt from his book of the same title, out soon from W.W. Norton). Another scandal, argues *Men* columnist **Asa Baber,** was the cover-up after the downing of Korean Air Lines flight 007. His column this month charges conspiracy at the highest levels of government.

You wouldn't expect it, but today's hottest Italian American actor goes by the name of Chazz. After Robert De Niro directed him in *A Bronx Tale*, **Chazz Palminteri** brought some Bronx cheer to films such as *Bullets Over Broadway* and the recent *Faithful*. Fellow New Yorker **Warren Kalbacker** conducted a *20 Questions* with Palminteri over an Italian meal. They dine on Frank Sinatra's olive and put the knife in some wiseguys. For dessert, they follow Linda Fiorentino with Sharon Stone. From the *paisan* to the puncher: Superlightweight challenger **Oscar De La Hoya** has a two-ton punch and the face of a movie star. He could also be the best fighter, pound for pound, since Sugar Ray Robinson. In *Golden Boy*, boxing vet **Vic Ziegel** weighs De La Hoya's chances in his bout against Julio César Chavez and concludes the kid has a shot. For more tough guys, our fiction turns up the Florida heat with *The Mark* by **Pat Jordan.** (**Kent Williams** did the illustration.) It's the tale of a drug wheeler-dealer who's really a mafioso who's really—well, you'll just have to read it.

Relax with a tall cool one while you do. **John Oldcastle** has the latest on summer drinks. And look sharp in a great shirt—we show you *The Ten Best* in fashion. (**Wilson McLean** did the unusual artwork.) If lounging's not your thing, read *Summer Speed* and discover the fastest machines for surf and turf.

Did you think we forgot pictorials? Us? Our cover this month should bring a thrill of recognition. MTV superstar **Jenny McCarthy** was our very own Playmate of the Year in 1994. There are ten glorious pages of bathing beauties in *The Girls of Venus Swimwear*. And our unearthly Playmate **Angel Boris,** photographed by **Arny Freytag,** is a heavenly creature who smokes cigars. Fire!

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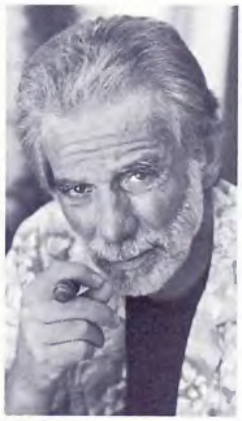
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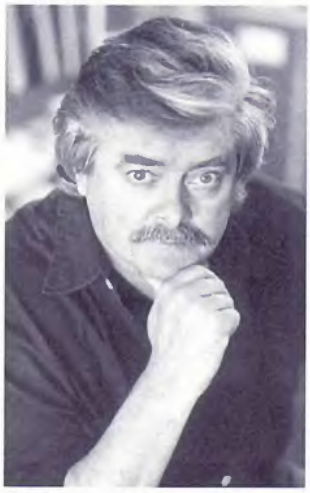
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COVER STORY

The McCarthy era is here and now. Jenny McCarthy, that is. Miss October 1993 went from Playmate of the Year to MTV host—she's the star of the hit *Singled Out*—and on to the big screen in nothing flat. We had Jenny singled out for success from the very beginning. Our cover was shot by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag. Thanks to Tracy Cianflone for Jenny's makeup and to stylist Monique St. Pierre. For our Rabbit, Jenny generates bodice heat.

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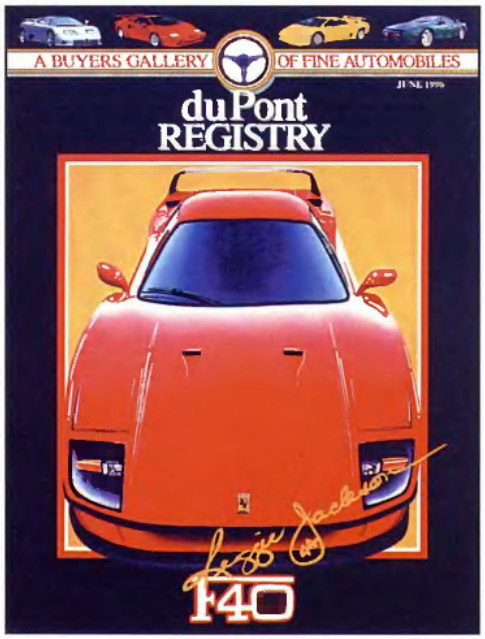

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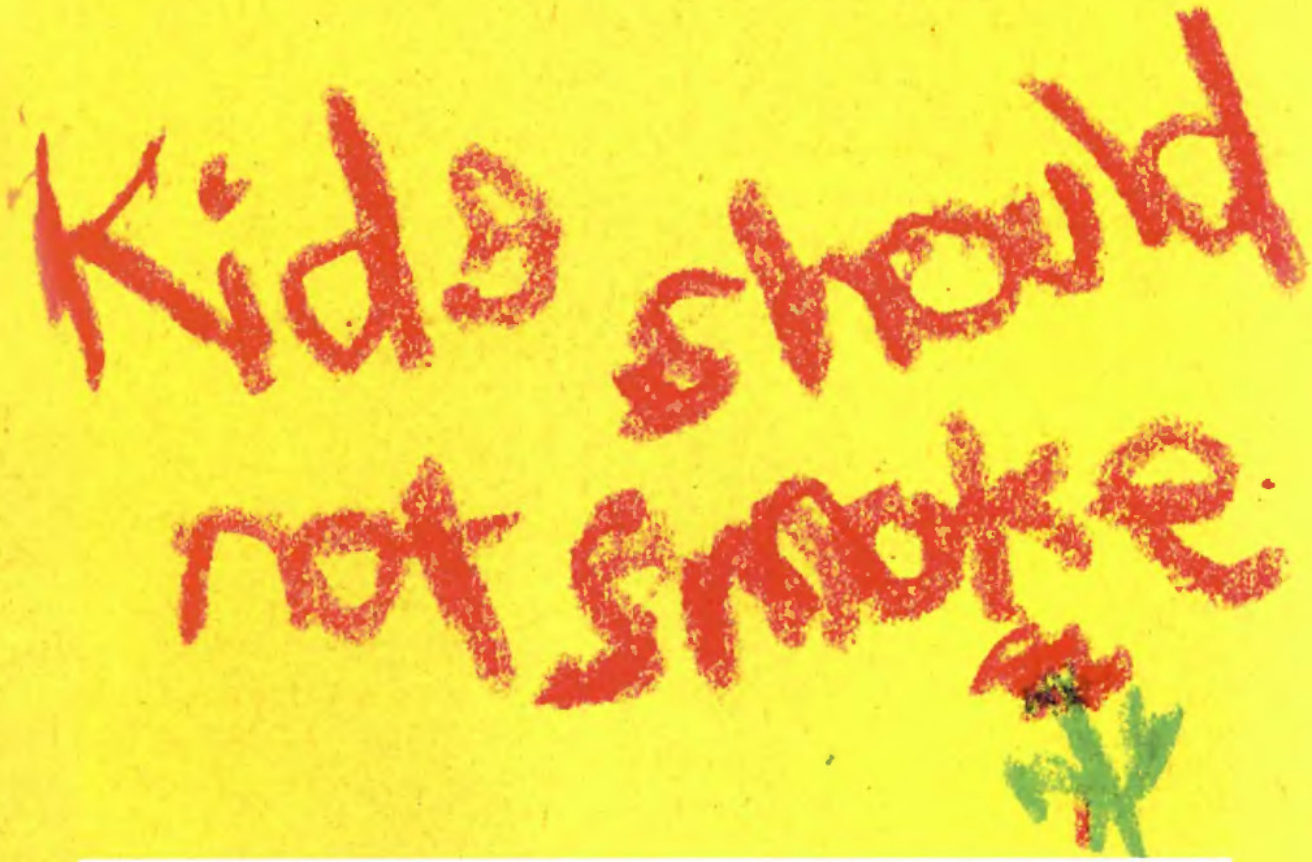

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We're also supporting the passage of state legislation to more effectively enforce minimum-age laws.

These are just some of the things we're doing to help prevent underage smoking. We don't claim that any one of them is an answer by itself.

But they all help keep cigarettes away from kids.

And that's the best way to keep kids away from cigarettes.

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Action Against Access.

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PLAYBOY 2000

The Playboy Philosophy of the Sixties still makes sense. The world of Hugh Hefner (April) continually defies the world predicted by George Orwell. The First Amendment lives.

George Sidoti
East Northport, New York

POLITICALLY INCORRECT?

If Bill Maher (*The Reluctant Conservative*, April) believes it's his right to make financial decisions about his life, then he is not conservative. He is libertarian.

Todd Greene
tgreen59@alliance.net
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Oops, Maher said a nasty. He said "libertarian." What has the word conservative come to mean? Petty, bluenosed and punitive. I always knew PLAYBOY was libertarian, and now you've confessed it. Gotcha!

Donald Silberger
New Paltz, New York

I, too, have held my nose and voted Republican for years simply because I can't stomach big government. But now that the Republicans can flex their muscles, I worry about losing social freedoms.

Ken Hamady
Langhorne, Pennsylvania

If Maher and his liberal buddies want to spend themselves into bankruptcy with their own money, that's fine. But our elected officials must be financially responsible, even if it's not cool.

John Simpson
Springfield, Missouri

LETTER OF THE LAW

It was interesting to read that some attorneys feel Gerry Spence (*Buckaroo Barrister*, April) dresses funny to impress upon jurors that he's different. I'm glad there are lawyers who help protect the little people from injustice. If these attorneys choose to dress casually, more power to them. They win cases based on facts, not expensive suits.

Sinclair Cullen
Greenville, California

After seeing F. Lee Bailey jailed, I feel the words dream and team should never again be used to describe O.J. Simpson's legal counsel. Hooray for Spence.

Arnie Brown
Fremont, Nebraska

Would Spence help the little guy who didn't have a high-profile case? Only if an attorney is willing to help anyone in need do I consider him a leader in his profession. Otherwise, it's my opinion that most lawyers are leeches, living off the woes of society.

Dana Locke
Tennessee Colony, Texas

Spence's buckskin uniform is just plain corny and not very professional. I'd like to rename this article *Bullshit Buckaroo Extraordinaire*.

John Ward
New River, Arizona

THE INTERNET WOMEN

I'd like to cast my vote for *Women of the Internet* (April) as your magazine's most timely pictorial. These beautiful women are hot enough to melt a CD-ROM, so turn on your modem and watch your DOS go into hyperdrive.

Jean-Pierre Melli
New York, New York

Revenge of the nerds is a dish that is best served up on the pages of PLAYBOY. *Women of the Internet* proves to everyone what we pocket protector–wearing geeks have always known: Cyberspace is where it's at.

Gary Jodon
gaj@iwaynet.net
Columbus, Ohio

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Now that I know who's on the other side of some computer screens, I'll never get out of the chat rooms.

Jeremy Larance
http://redrock.sewanee.edu
Sewanee, Tennessee

INTERVIEW

Novelist Salman Rushdie (*Playboy Interview*, April) should be grateful both to Iran and to the Ayatollah Khomeini. By issuing the fatwa, Khomeini made Rushdie famous and a millionaire. His *Satanic Verses*, which may have sold a few thousand copies at most, sold like hotcakes and has subsequently been translated into many languages. What else could Rushdie conceivably want? He should count both his money and his blessings.

Dr. M.A. Alikhan
malikhan@nickel.laurentian.ca
Sudbury, Ontario

After years of hearing what various Islamic fundamentalists think of Salman Rushdie, it was fascinating to read what he thinks of himself. If a writer can't use the events in his own life to create fiction, we'll have nothing three-dimensional to read.

Joanna Miller
Los Angeles, California

PLAYMATE REVISITED

Lovely, lissome Lillian Müller (April) proves that life begins at 40. I live with a Teutonic beauty from Bavaria who also has an umlaut in her last name. Good looks must be in their genes.

Jon Tipton
South Hadley, Massachusetts

Norway gave a present to the world, and her name is Lillian Müller. She is sexier than ever.

Edgar Oyervides
San Antonio, Texas

20 QUESTIONS

Although I really liked Michael Madsen (April) in *Thelma & Louise* and *Reservoir Dogs*, I admit I didn't recognize his name when I thumbed through the magazine. Now I realize that I have overlooked a real star.

Charley Van Stone
Gig Harbor, Washington

It sounds like Madsen had a screwed-up childhood. It's sad that he thinks friends are overrated.

G.A. Spires
Georgetown, Illinois

I love your *20 Questions* with Madsen. I'm one of his biggest fans, and while I've searched everywhere for profiles or articles about him, I've had no luck until now. Thanks.

Tracy Swift
Orlando, Florida

GO, GILLIAN

Ten years ago, I worked at a modeling agency in Atlanta that represented Gillian Bonner (*Virtually Gillian*, April). She was a shy, fresh-faced girl with a winning smile. It was a surprise to see her in PLAYBOY, complete with tattoos, a navel ring and the report that she owns her own company. I have one thing to say to her: "Gillian, you go girl."

Katherine Robertson-Harris
Cornelius, North Carolina

I've been in a cast for two months with a torn Achilles tendon. One look at Gillian made my tattoo tingle.

Todd Wood
Waitsburg, Washington

I've always admired your centerfold models. They are beautiful, classy women. But when you feature a woman with tattoos and pierced body parts, beauty is

diminished. PLAYBOY is a stylish periodical. Please don't ruin it.

Denis Niles
St. Catharines, Ontario

After drinking a bottle of 1966 Château Larose, I thought I had experienced the finest that 1966 had to offer. That was before I received my April issue and saw Gillian.

Eric Krasner
Rockville, Maryland

Thanks for featuring a woman who's not afraid to be different. Tattoos and body piercing are expressions of a free and beautiful spirit. Bravo PLAYBOY.

Lisa Marie Grande
New York, New York

PAT ON THE BACK

Jonathan Franklin's caricature of Pat Buchanan (*Inside Buchanan's Bunker*, April) is amusing, but he didn't explain what Pat stands for. Instead, he turned his poisoned pen against Buchanan's volunteers. This article is intended to ridicule Buchanan, but come November, he'll get my vote.

Jennifer Hernandez
Boise, Idaho

The morning after Buchanan's New Hampshire victory, I listened to my favorite morning radio show, which replayed his "peasants with pitchforks" victory speech. An alert listener called in to say how much Buchanan sounds like George C. Scott in *Patton*. My immediate thought was, Let's get George C. Scott in the White House. After all, we had one actor there for eight years.

Ken Aten
Garland, Texas

According to Franklin, Buchanan mortally wounded George Bush four years ago and paved the way for Bill Clinton. In fact, Bush was wounded by the electorate's misreading of the state of the economy and by an egoistic gnome named Ross Perot.

Leverett Saltonstall III
Trumansburg, New York

Bravo to Pat Buchanan for giving the finger to the political establishment. He's the only candidate in 1996 with the guts to tell it the way it is.

Peter Groulx
Reno, Nevada

Inside Buchanan's Bunker reads either like poor fiction or an awful attempt at satire. It's a pity your mentally challenged author couldn't find time to interview Buchanan or Mike Hammond, New Hampshire's campaign chairman.

Adrian Krieg
Acworth, New Hampshire

I'll bet you got a lot of mail from whining Buchananites, but they should listen up. Buchanan talks so much that he has no secrets from the electorate. Everything he thinks comes right out of his mouth. It's getting old.

Ken Barber
Cleveland, Ohio

WHAT KIND OF WOMAN . . .

Your April *What Sort of Man Reads Playboy?* advertisement inspires me to describe what sort of woman reads PLAYBOY. She exudes confidence and possesses a wealth of talent and knowledge. She strives for betterment and she's well balanced. Oh, and, by the way, she owns a motorcycle and a sports coupe. Well, at least this one does. Thanks for a fabulous magazine.

Claudia Montero
Altoona, Pennsylvania

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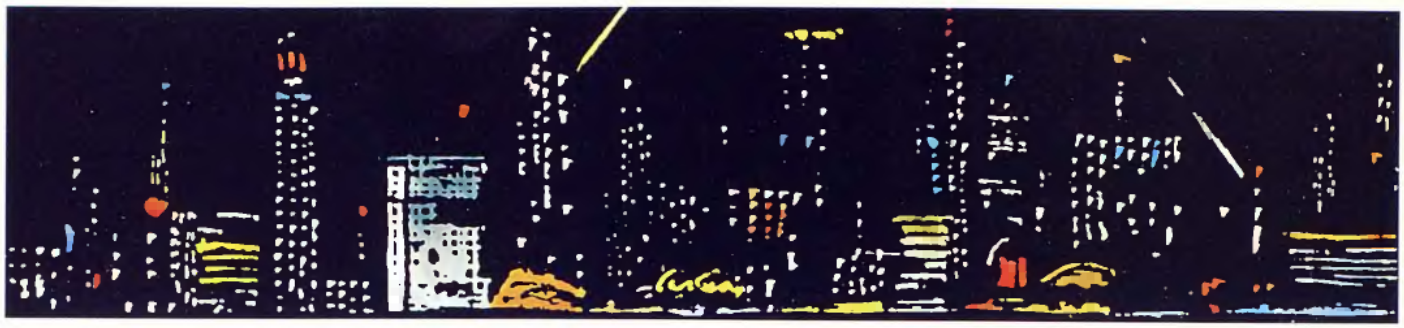

TOKYO STROKE EXCHANGE

Wait until Gloria Steinem reads this—or takes the train in from Narita. For most of us, riding a crowded subway train is unpleasant. But according to *The New York Times*, a jammed subway car in Tokyo is a way for some Japanese to get off long before their stops. Samu Yamamoto explains, "When men and women are packed together, I think everybody has some kind of desire to touch someone else's body." Yamamoto belongs to a molesters group that meets in secret to share stories. "If someone were molesting on a train elsewhere in the world, they'd be accused of sexual harassment. It's unique to Japan that people put up with this." He's even written a book about his encounters, which includes a section about a woman he groped who later became his wife. Protests from women's groups forced the book from stores, but Yamamoto seems unbowed. He is looking forward to holidays and the attendant parties. "Many women get drunk, so there are lots of opportunities."

STATE OF DENIAL

The state of Missouri recently passed a bill that weighed five pounds and was 1012 pages long. It was a measure to cut state-generated paperwork.

CRASH DIET

American Airlines claims that so many of its passengers request recipes for its in-flight entrees, it was compelled to publish a cookbook of favorite dishes called *A Taste of Something Special*. To create the proper ambience, make the portions small, cool them for 20 minutes before serving and have a small child kick the back of your seat as you dine. One of those emergency bags may come in handy, too.

VACANCY!

We love the way English gets translated around the world. *Utne Reader* published a collection of signs and notices that were written in English but didn't quite say what was intended. Some of our favorites include: (on a Swiss menu) "Our wines leave you nothing to hope for"; (advertisement for donkey rides in Thailand) "Would you like to ride on your own ass?"; (in an Austrian hotel catering to skiers) "Not to perambulate the corridors in the hours of repose in the boots of ascension"; (in a Yugoslavian hotel) "The flattening of underwear with pleasure is the job of the chambermaid"; and, finally (in an Acapulco hotel), "The manager has personally passed all the water served here."

ARTLESS AND CHARTLESS

A lot of unfortunate recordings have been made. The oeuvre of Vanilla Ice comes to mind. But we have George Gimarc and Pat Reeder to thank for *Hollywood Hi-Fi* (St. Martin's Griffin), a book that surveys the ill-conceived platters that have polluted music and killed vinyl over the years. The authors point to the obvious: *Rock Sings "Pillow Talk,"* Mae West's *Great Balls of Fire*, *The Ethel Merman Disco Album* and Hugh O'Brian's *TV's Wyatt Earp Sings*—which includes a narrative encomium to his extra-long pistol (he calls it his "portable posse" and his "one-eyed jury"). But the book also includes harder-to-find gems such as Sebastian Cabot's dramatic reading of Bob Dylan lyrics, and *You're My Girl: Romantic Reflections by Jack Webb*. In case you think only vintage efforts are ridiculed, Crispin Glover's CD, *The Big Problem*, with its rap song about masturbation, *Auto-Manipulator*, and his disturbed cover of *These Boots Are Made for Walkin'*, is also here. The book's one misstep is including Penn and Teller's *Never Mind the Sex Pistols, Here's Bongos, Bass and Bob*, which was meant to be everything it is.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

AD NAUSEAM

When the FH Co., a Norwegian import firm, advertised a position for a service-oriented, hardworking and personable job seeker, there was no response. So FH ran another ad: "Tiresome and boring wholesale company seeks indolent person with a total lack of service-mindedness for a job that is completely without challenge. If you can be bothered, call." About 130 people were able to drag themselves to the phone.

TURN THE OTHER CHEEKS

While most religious types work at casting off demons, temptation and evil ways, a growing number of Christians are also electing to cast off their garments. In February about 40 devoted skinny-dipping soul-barers gathered for prayer, hymns and karaoke at a Christian Nudist Conference. The bare-again movement publishes a newsletter, *Fig Leaf Forum*, and has formed a nudist group whose chairman says that its goal is to give Christian nudists greater visibility. That would seem to go without saying.

SMOKIN'

We have a jones for the work of Coherent Light Photography, an Oklahoma outfit that produces videos "solely to document the allure of erotic smoking." Its catalog shows Paula "in a veiled hat, doing her best French inhales." Yes, the entire video is a close-up of Paula

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Our view of society is that we're all public-television viewers, when in fact we're all watching *The Gong Show*."—HOWARD STERN ON WHY HIS BOOKS SELL BETTER THAN THOSE OF NATIONAL BOOK AWARD NOMINEES

SUPER SHOW

Of the 50 all-time top-rated television shows, number that are Super Bowls: 18.

STEEP JEEP

The cost of the U.S. Army's infamous Humvee: $65,000. The sticker price on the civilian version of the Humvee, called the Hummer, which can climb a 60 percent grade, ford 30 inches of water and tow 9000 pounds: $39,988.

CHECK THE BALANCES

Percentage of respondents to a 1995 news poll who said they believed Congress had cut the federal deficit by billions of dollars: 24. Percentage who said the deficit had not been cut: 50. Amount by which the deficit has declined since Bill Clinton took office: $100 billion.

LOVE MUSCLE

According to a survey by the women's magazine *Fitness*, percentage of respondents who said that men who stay fit make better lovers than out-of-shape men: 66. Percentage who said that out-of-shape guys can still be good in bed: 79. Percentage who are turned off if a man exercises too often: 17. Percentage who prefer the look of a bodybuilder: 25. Percentage who wouldn't date a man who is too muscular: 38.

MONEY BOXES

Number of automated teller machines in the U.S. in 1995: 105,000. Year the ATM was introduced: 1965 (in England). Average number of times per year that the cardholder uses an ATM: 78. The approximate cost of a basic model, as in a convenience store: $9000. The cost of a state-of-the-art bank-lobby ATM: $16,000.

WALTER TARAMYCHINE

FACTS OF THE MONTH

According to a recent survey of 5000 men in the U.K., 25 percent of British men cross-dress at some time in their lives, and 8 percent do so at least once a week.

BADASS GRASS

Of the 15 National Football League stadiums that have artificial turf, number that are outdoors: 7. In a survey of nearly 1000 players by the NFL Players Association, the percentage who said they would rather play on grass: 85. Percentage who believe artificial turf shortens their careers: 92.

PAPER SHORTAGE

Number of daily newspapers in the U.S. at the start of the century: 2600. Number in 1995: 1550.

TRAVEL AND LEISURE

Percentage of U.S. workers who did some kind of job-related activity while on vacation last year: 23. Percentage of Americans who believe work is more important than leisure: 39. Percentage who feel the opposite: 37. Percentage who believe work and leisure are equally important: 20.

MATCHES MADE IN HEAVEN

Selling price at a 1991 auction for one of ten existing copies of a 1927 matchbook cover honoring Charles Lindbergh: $4000. Price for a matchbook dropped over the Philippines in 1944 that features a picture of General Douglas MacArthur: $160.

RADIO-FREE AMERICA

According to *M Street Journal*, number of country music stations in the U.S.: 2648; number of adult contemporary stations: 1215. —BETTY SCHAAL

smoking—with and without a cigarette holder. And there's 30 minutes of Selena, "a petite blonde with ruby lips smoking slim white cigarettes." She's a real puff pastry. Frankly, the whole idea of watching a beautiful woman smoke brings us alive with pleasure.

DEAR ABBIE

Columnist Herb Caen notes that Gladis, the online library card catalog at Berkeley, has the following listing for Hoffman, Abbie: "*Steal This Book*, by Abbie Hoffman. Main stack HX844.H56. Library has: 2 copies. Missing."

GIZA ON THE HUDSON

The towering garbage dump on Staten Island with the official title of Fresh Kills Landfill offers guides so interested people can have an informed look around. And there's a lot to look at. Among the highlights of the landfill are the cranes that off-load garbage barges 24 hours a day and the rush of seagulls and other birds that swoop down for a snack of discarded fish. But remember, this tourist spot is also a smell-o-rama, so be prepared for the impact of the fermenting sluice of a million diapers combined with banana peels. Deputy Landfill Director William Cloke says there is a tour almost every day. "People come from all over: Japan, the Czech Republic, Russia. There seems to be an increasing demand."

THE MARTIAL PLAN

When it comes to reporting world history, the folks at Johnson & Johnson should take a powder. In a recently published time-line of important events of the 20th century, the company's entire account of World War Two reads, "World War Two brings great demand for silk (used in parachutes), so Johnson & Johnson switches to nylon floss."

GAME CON

Career criminal Bill Becker summed up his life and craft this way: "I robbed from the rich, kind of like Robin Hood, except I kept it."

SEER SUCKER

We think enough time has passed to expose the false prophet who appeared in the June 20, 1995 issue of the *National Enquirer*. Psychic Shawn Robbins—who allegedly foretold the assassination attempt on Pope John Paul II—claimed that Hugh Hefner would renounce his Playboy empire by year's end to cultivate a new variety of sunflower called the Sun Bunny. We're relieved he was wrong about Hef, but we are still hopeful about another of his predictions: that Tonya Harding would open an all-nude skating rink. We've always wanted to see a naked salchow.

T U R N I T O N

W H I P I T U P

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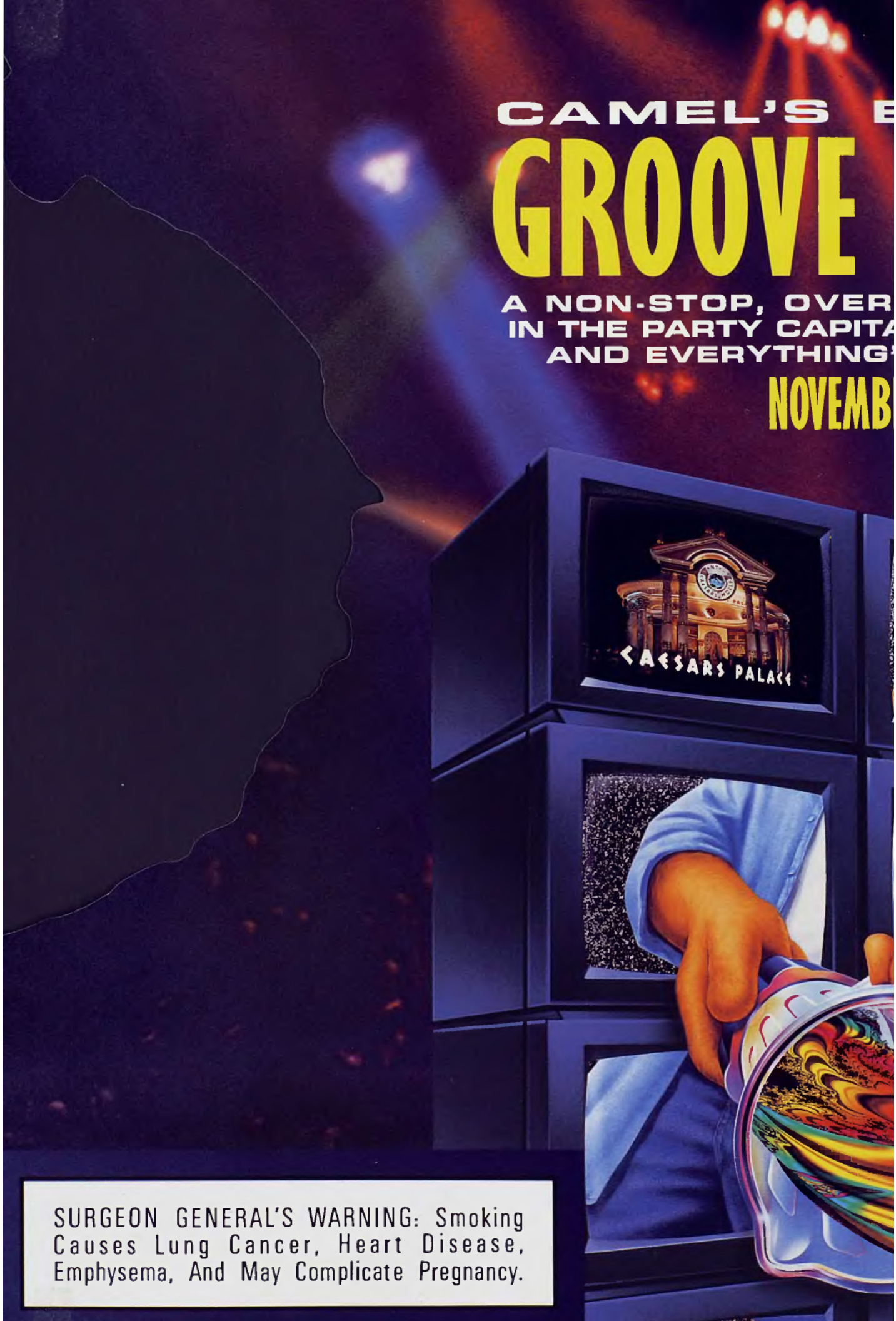
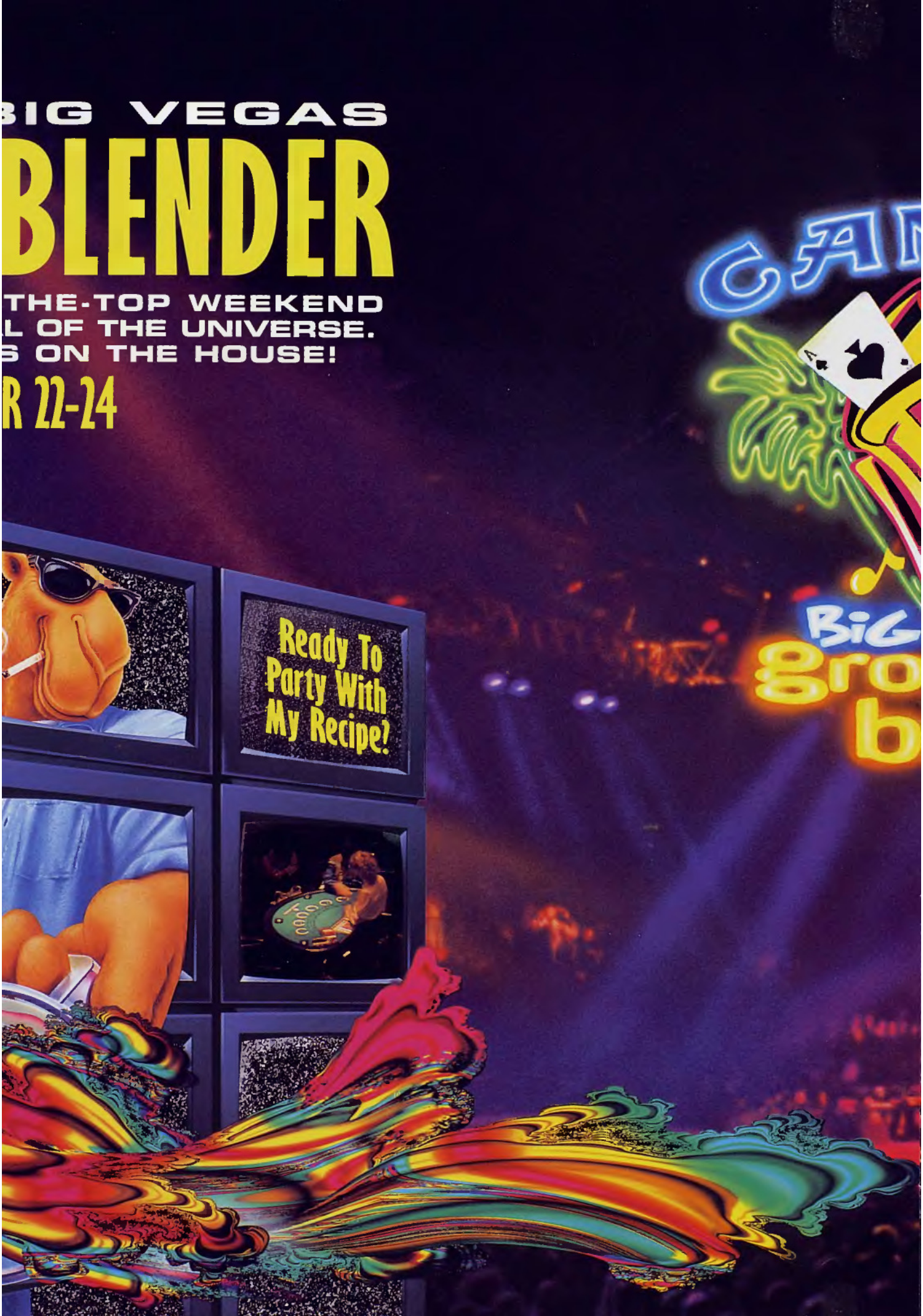


SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.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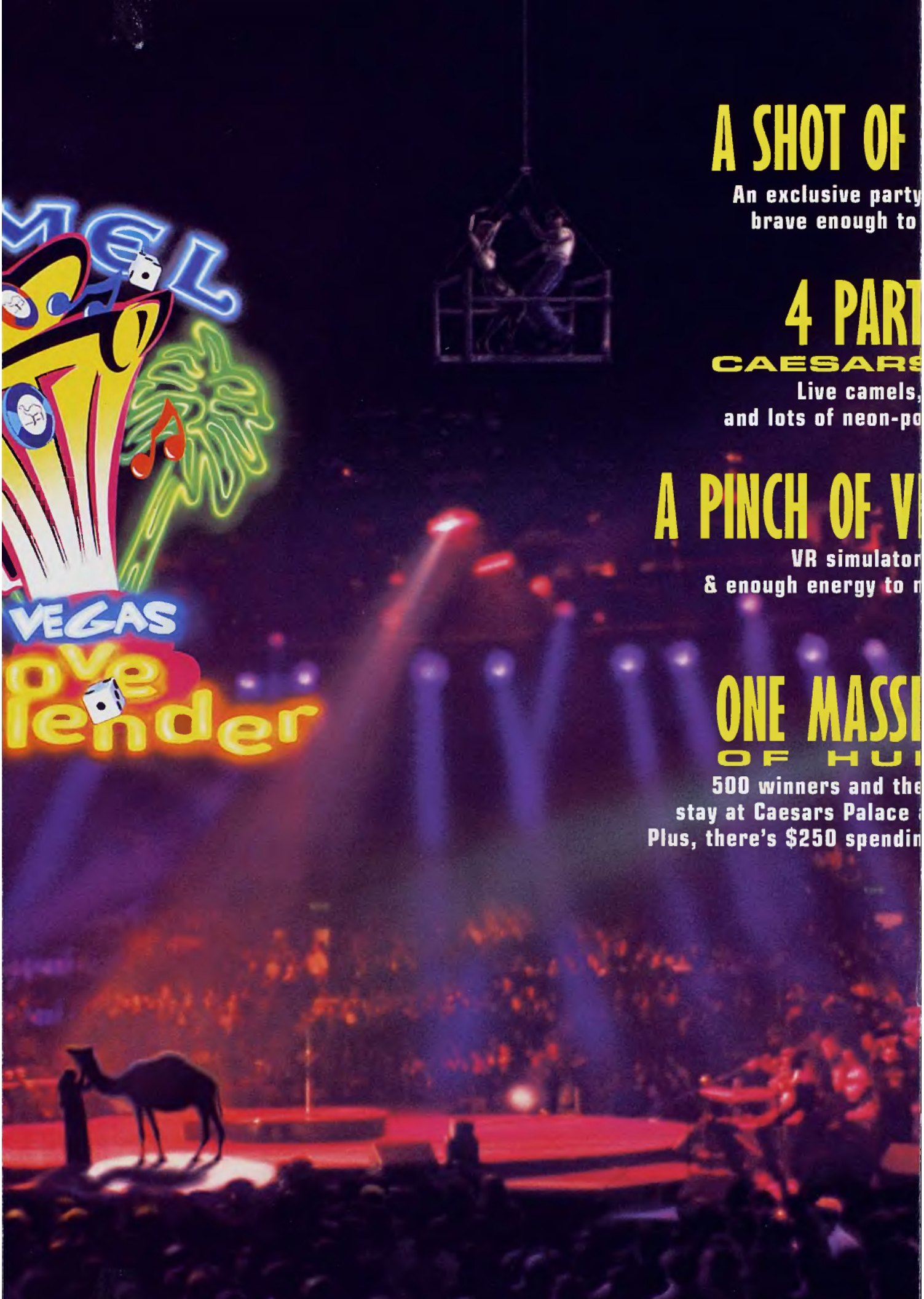

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5. All entries must be received by September 10, 1996. There will be 500 Prize Winners. Winners will be determined by a random drawing from all entries received. The drawing will be held on or about September 11th, 1996 by an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this promotion. Odds of winning depend upon the number of eligible entries received but will not exceed 1 in 130,000. Provisional prize winners will be notified by mail. Provisional prize winners must execute and return an Affidavit of Eligibility/Release of Liability/Publicity/Prize Acceptance Form within 20 days of attempted delivery. Provisional prize winners are subject to age verification. Travel companions must sign and return a liability release and where legal, a publicity release prior to issuance of travel documents. Noncompliance within the 20 day time period or return of any provisional prize notification as undeliverable may result in disqualification and the selection of an alternate provisional prize winner. No substitution, transfer of prizes, or election of cash in lieu of prizes will be permitted except at sole discretion of Sponsor. All federal, state and local income and other taxes on prizes are solely the responsibility of the winners. In the event of prize unavailability, Sponsor reserves the right to substitute a prize of equal or greater value. Acceptance of prize offered constitutes permission to use winner's name, biographical information, and/or likeness for purposes of advertising and promotion without further compensation, unless prohibited by law. All prizes will be awarded and will be fulfilled in November, 1996.
6. PRIZES: The following prizes will be awarded: 500 Prizes of 2 round-trip airplane tickets to Las Vegas, hotel accommodations for November 22nd and 23rd, 1996, $250 cash, attendance to Camel party, valued at approximately $1,350.00 each. Total value of all prize values is approximately $675,000. Travel must be completed by November 24th, 1996. Restrictions and black-out dates may apply. Accommodations are subject to availability and change without notice. Trip companions must be 21 years of age or older and must sign and return a liability/publicity release prior to travel. Taxes, tips, alcoholic beverages, ground transportation not specified herein and all others expenses not specified herein are solely the responsibility of winners. All airfare will be round-trip coach, unless otherwise specified herein, from airport nearest winner's home location. All hotel lodging is one-room double occupancy unless otherwise specified herein. The difference between any stated value and actual value will not be awarded to winners. In the event of cancellation by winner, the ability to reschedule will be allowed only at Sponsor's discretion.
7. Any game materials including without limitation the offer, rules and announcement of winners, containing production, printing or typographical errors, or obtained outside authorized, legitimate channels are automatically void; and the liability of Sponsor, if any, is limited to the replacement of such materials and recipient agrees to release Sponsor, its parent, the judging organization and their respective officers, directors, employees and agents from any and all losses, claims, or damages that may result.
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9. For advance copies of Affidavit of Eligibility/Release of Liability/Publicity/Prize Acceptance Form or the names of prize winners (available after 10/15/96), send a separate, self-addressed stamped envelope to Camel's Big Vegas Groove Blender, Winners List, P.O. Box 5526, Norwood, MN 55583-5526. Indicate "Affidavit" or "Winners List" as applicable on the outside of the envelope.

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TRAVEL

DOUBLE OR NOTHING

A growing number of hotels and cruise lines are becoming more flexible in their prices and policies for single travelers. Many tour operators will offer to match solo travelers with a roommate of the same sex. Some firms will even split the cost of the single supplement if a suite mate fails to come through. Cruise lines offer either a limited number of single cabins (without a hefty supplement) or a "guaranteed share" program. And if you book late, you're likely to get a private cabin without the surcharge. La Source (800-544-2883), an all-inclusive beachfront resort in Grenada, welcomes solo-traveler bookings with no single supplement from April 13 through December 13 and with a reasonable $40 per night charge the rest of the year. Many other Caribbean hotels drop their single supplement during the off-season. Then there are solo travel clubs. Travel Companions Exchange (800-392-1256), one of the oldest, publishes a bimonthly newsletter with travel tips for singles, travel news and a list of about 500 members per issue. A subscription is $48 a year. Membership for eight months with a listing is $99. Also check out *Connecting* (604-737-7791), a bimonthly, international networking newsletter for people who travel alone. Price: $25 annually. Finally, if you're biking or hiking, Backroads (800-462-2848) offers more than 50 bicycling and walking itineraries specifically for solo travelers. Here's the deal for singles: If you book either a U.S. or Canadian trip 60 days in advance and are willing to allow the company to pair you with another single, there will be no single supplement—whether or not they find a person to share the room with you.

NIGHT MOVES: DUBLIN

Dublin is one of the great dating-and-drinking cities in Europe, and everything is within walking distance. The Irish like to engage in a conversational banter called the *craic*, which makes for a friendly atmosphere in bars and pubs. Begin a Friday evening at the Shelbourne Hotel, overlooking St. Stephen's Green. Don't be shy about wriggling your way in to the Horseshoe Bar for a pint of Guinness, but try not to jostle Julia Roberts or Liam Neeson. No one bothers celebrities here, or in the hotel's quieter Shelbourne Bar. Just down the road and more down-to-earth is Doheny and Nesbitt's, the definitive Dublin pub (5 Lower Baggot Street). O'Donoghue's pub (15 Merrion Row) has traditional Irish music after nine PM. For dinner, book ahead to dine on truffles and turbot at big, bustling La Stampa (35 Dawson Street). Next drop by Cafe En Seine (popularly rendered as "insane") at 40 Dawson Street. Then head for Temple Bar, a street and district that is Dublin's answer to Greenwich Village, and dance to country music at the amiable Bad Bob's (8 Upper Fitzwilliam Street). The Chocolate Bar, adjoining the dance club the Pod, opens at midnight. Both are in the old Harcourt Street train station. There's also Thomas Read (One Parliament Street), a bar just across the street from Dublin Castle, which won the Beck's Taste of Temple Bar award for Best Ambience in 1995. It's a friendly place. Or drink and dance at Lillie's Bordello (Adam Court, off Grafton Street). It's a ritual to spend the midnight hour at the Olympia (72 Dame Street), an old theater that has late rock concerts with unreserved seating and a great bar.

GREAT ESCAPE

SMALL CATTLE COMPANY

City slickers won't be harassed by Curly while moving cattle along the Continental Divide. Instead, they'll be cowboying with champion broncobuster Butch Small and "painter, picker and pancake mixer" T-Bone Clark. Riding herd is just one of the chores you'll have during five days at the base camp of the Small Cattle Company ranch, nestled among 6000 acres between the Bitterroot and Grand

Teton mountains in southern Idaho. You'll also round up strays, haul salt and ride fence during the day and kick back to longnecks and tall tales or play horseshoes at night before bunking down in your tepee. Price: $1050, including pickup at the Idaho Falls Airport. And novices are welcome. Call American Wilderness Experience at 800-444-0099 for more information.

ROAD STUFF

Quickdraw, a napa-leather cellular-phone holster, straps to your body just like a gun holster for a discreet, comfortable way to carry your cell phone. Taico, its manufacturer, warns people to "avoid quick moves toward the holster when in the presence of law enforcement personnel or persons accompanied by bodyguards!" Price: $49.95. • The O'Leary Lock is a portable dead bolt that installs in seconds, requires no tools and leaves no marks. It fits any standard door and can withstand up to 1700 pounds of pressure. Just the thing for your next trip to Algiers. Price: $21.95. • How do planes avoid one another in the sky? Why would a customs officer pick on you? *Cleared for Take-Off* by Stephen Barlay is an $11.95 softcover distributed by Trafalgar Square that reveals "what really goes on behind the scenes of air travel." It's a must-read for million-milers and white-knucklers alike. • To keep your car's leather interior spiffy and lustrous year-round, Zymöl has introduced a leather-care kit consisting of a glycerin-enriched cleaner and a cream conditioner. Price: about $15 at auto-products stores.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 142.

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Get in touch with your masculine side.

MUSIC

RAP

THE FUGEES are two Haitian American cousins who specialize in hip-hop beats and rhymes, and one actress who attends Columbia University. Like many promising lineups, this one debuted with an album I felt guilty about not enjoying more. But their latest, ***The Score*** (Ruffhouse/Columbia) is smart, strong and beautiful. They are multicultural without sanctimony, militant about cops and contemptuous of criminals. They take such contagious pleasure in wordplay that trying to get every detail would only distract listeners from other pleasures—seductively rhythmic sounds both strange and strangely familiar. You'll remember the Fugees.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

On ***Best of 25 Years of Swamp Dogg . . . or F*** the Bomb, Stop the Drugs*** (Virgin/Pointblank), Jerry Williams, the legendary Swamp Dogg, serves as an unheralded gangsta grandfather. It's a point borne out in such songs as *California Is Drowning and I Live Down by the River, Call Me Nigger* and *Understanding California Women*. The Dogg is hilarious, tough, politically insightful, and above all, soulful.

—DAVE MARSH

BLUES

While the blues transcend fads and styles, fans are always on the lookout for the next innovator—the new Stevie Ray Vaughan or Robert Cray. Roy Rogers, one of the few modern masters of slide guitar, carries the torch. If Ry Cooder and Bonnie Raitt teamed up, they would sound a lot like Rogers. Named after the singing cowboy, Roy plays with John Lee Hooker and produced Hooker's past four albums. His solo album, ***Rhythm and Groove*** (Virgin/Pointblank), emphasizes syncopated rhythms, fine songwriting and the sweet sting of his remarkable slide. Like many sidemen Rogers overestimates his vocal skills, but if he finds a worthy frontperson, he'd give Bonnie and Ry something to talk about.

—VIC GARBARINI

WORLD

With the death of Luamba Franco in 1989, singer Tabu Ley Rochereau became the grand old man of Zairean *soukous*. Like most seigneurs, he tends to coast. But on ***Africa Worldwide*** (Rounder), he reprises 12 of his thousands of songs—and provides a glorious introduction to this lilting pan-African style.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Juan Luis Guerra is arguably the most popular singer in the Western Hemisphere right now, and with good reason. He is witty, intense and a grand singer. His band stamps its insignia on influences that range from obvious (salsa, merengue) to surprising (rock power ballads, African juju). ***Grandes Exitos de Juan Luis Guerra y 4 40*** (Karen/BMG) are greatest hits in any language.

—DAVE MARSH

Keeping *Score* with the Fugees.

The Fugees rap, Roy Rogers plays slide and John Wesley Harding does gangsta folk.

CLASSICAL

Many ambitious African American artists have attempted to render the terror, pain and ultimate spiritual triumph of their ancestors' transport to America as slaves. The trumpeter-composer Hannibal, in collaboration with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, has created ***African Portraits*** (Teldec), a collection of songs that traces the 400-year-old African American experience. Recorded live at a Chicago concert, this sweeping song cycle uses gospel (a solo by Jevetta Steele), blues (presented by David "Honeyboy" Edwards) and jazz (by Hannibal's own quartet), along with operatic sections, to tell this tale.

There isn't a lot of synergy between the disparate musical elements. African drumming and orchestral arrangements sit side by side, and aren't integrated into a whole as much as they work in counterpoint to each other. The result is quite ambitious, even a touch bombastic, which speaks to the difficulty of this task. It's not easy to communicate the journey of Africans to America. But the composer does a more than adequate job of peeking into the dark heart of profound events that shaped this nation.

—NELSON GEORGE

ROCK

The Butthole Surfers, America's greatest psychedelic band since the early Eighties, have a talent for surreal ranting that continues to astound on ***Electric Larryland*** (Capitol). While you're never quite sure what vocalist Gibby Haynes is upset about, you know he's extremely discombobulated. Guitarist Paul Leary plays in what he calls a "retarded" style, laying a foundation of simple droning riffs under solos that make liberal use of the whammy bar and a circus of special effects. Leary doesn't like to hit notes so much as wiggle around them in a way that jumbles the lobes of your brain like nothing this side of LSD. Drummer King Coffey has a special feel for tribal rhythms that aid him in creating hypnotic grooves. What could be more apt than the Hendrix reference in the album title? Chromosome damage, anyone? The best cut is probably *Pepper*, which drips with so much tremolo, it'll melt your CD player.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Pulp's Jarvis Cocker knows how to write songs that mean something. The basic theme of the highly potent ***Different Class*** (Island) is that sex is a weapon of class warfare. If Americans understood that, fools wouldn't get away with demonizing hip-hop. I hope your curiosity is piqued. Cocker has as much to say about the sex part as he does about the class part.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

If you think that all San Francisco bands from the summer of love were too stoned to get it together live or in the studio, you're in for a shock. In honor of the Jefferson Airplane's recent induction into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, the band's 1969 live album, ***Bless Its Pointed Little Head***, has been remastered and reissued by RCA. Hits such as *Somebody to Love* boast searing vocals, thundering rhythms and incendiary guitars. This is as close as you can get to the musical magic that dazzled the Fillmore West crowds. Far out, indeed.

With all the talent in town, why can't Nashville produce a decent rock band? Too much sentiment and not enough sweat? The Screamin' Cheetah Wheelies could change all of that. They have the bluesy soulfulness and rock cojones to blow the funny hats off Music City cowboys. On ***Magnolia*** (Atlantic), the Wheelies fuse the jazz fluidity of the Allmans with the edgy grit of Lynyrd Skynyrd.

What the Black Crowes did to the Stones-Faces stylebook, the Wheelies do for Southern rock. —VIC GARBARINI

FOLK

Onstage, John Wesley Harding refers to his current music as "gangsta folk." Harding absolutely terrorizes the stereotype of the sensitive acoustic-plucking folkie. His earlier albums were called folk mainly because the instrumentation and singing were so spare, but they are actually much tougher than the folk stereotype can allow. Harding's early work is musically astringent, verbally acerbic (his official bio says "cynical") and reminiscent of Billy Bragg without the sectarianism—which brings it close to the young Dylan. Harding's ***New Deal*** (Forward/Rhino) turns a corner. He is now using poetic, even mythic, themes and images to convey stories that blur the lines between social and personal concerns. The best of these songs—*God Lives Upstairs, Cupid and Psycho, The Triumph of Trash, Other People's Failure*—have a Lennonesque melodicism, and Harding's performances bring them a similar eloquence and wit. Indeed, the closing track, *The Speed of Normal*, is Harding's *Norwegian Wood*. Folk or rock, that's not a comparison that can be used very often, but *New Deal* lives up to it. —DAVE MARSH

COUNTRY

Traditional country fans should be alerted to ***Sweet Harmony*** (Rounder) by the Whitstein Brothers—Robert and Charles. Their harmonies are modestly understated in the title. Glorious and delicate might be better adjectives. Whatever you call them, they certainly fit the innocently honest sentiment of these songs—some of which are new, some of which are old, and you won't be able to tell the difference unless you're a country historian. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

John Anderson is another keeper of the traditional-country flame. On ***Paradise*** (BNA), he continues to celebrate basic values. The lilting title track suggests all you need to get by are "tomatoes in a jar, a fire and a VCR." The Band's Levon Helm's Delta bark is a natural counterpoint to Anderson's bluesy sound on *The Band Played On*. *Paradise* is a crossover success. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

On ***The Road Goes On Forever*** (Liberty), Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings, Johnny Cash and Kris Kristofferson join forces as the Highwaymen. A few of the ten songs are about living outside the law, but most of the songs are about growing old, which by now they know much more about. It's a knowledge they have the grace to convey with candor.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Hannibal *African Portraits*	6	5	7	5	6
Butthole Surfers *Electric Larrylond*	7	7	7	8	9
Fugees *The Score*	9	7	8	8	8
John Wesley Harding *New Deal*	4	5	7	8	6
Ray Rogers *Rhythm and Groove*	7	7	6	5	7

PUCKER UP DEPARTMENT: When you saw the guys in **Kiss** in full makeup at the Grammys, didn't you get a little nostalgic? You can see them again, in what is expected to be a hot reunion tour running into 1997. Ticket prices are expected to be far more reasonable than those for the **Eagles** reunion. And the costumes are better.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Phil Collins** will score Disney's feature-length animated production of *Tarzan*. . . . Miramax Films and **Robert De Niro's** production company have optioned the **Michael Jackson** musical *Sisterella* for Broadway and a feature movie. Jackson produced the concept album, but won't be involved in the Broadway run or the movie. . . . **Coolio** will appear in *The Big Payback* and do a song on the soundtrack. He has also had a recent acting role on the Fox TV show *Space: Above and Beyond*. . . . **Whitney Houston** has optioned the rights to the book *How to Marry a Black Man: The Real Deal* for a movie. . . . **Mick Fleetwood** scores and acts in *14 Palms*.

NEWSBREAKS: **Boyz II Men** have set up their own recording company through Sony. Boyz will be releasing albums by artists they have discovered. This deal does increase speculation about the band's relationship with its own label, Motown. . . . **U2** is working in Dublin on an album that will be out any day now. An American tour could start in spring 1997. . . . Cellist **Caroline Lavelle** has recorded **Joni Mitchell's** *A Case of You* on her debut album *Spirit*. Lavelle has played on **Peter Gabriel's** *So* and appeared with the **Cranberries** on their *MTV Unplugged* special. Catch her in concert, if you can. . . . A second *In Defense of Animals* CD will include **Björk**, the **Beastie Boys, PJ Harvey, White Zombie** and **Rage Against the Machine**. . . . New technology is already in place to fight piracy, monitor the Internet flow of music, track royalties and make it easier for fans to identify songs. Musicode will allow record companies to encode each track on any album with a silent copyright message. . . . The **Ramones** will do their swan song on **Lollapalooza '96. Metallica, Rancid** and **Soundgarden** will also perform. This year, most concerts will be staged in fields instead of on permanent standing structures. . . . **Ice Cube** will have his own album out in the fall. He's also collaborating with **WC** (from **Maad Circle**) and **Mack 10** on another CD to be released soon. . . . **Blues Traveler's** live double CD, *Live From the Fall*, will be out soon. Culled from their autumn tour, it includes songs from all four albums, a couple of unreleased tracks and a cover of *Imagine*. . . . **Brandy's** TV series, *Moesha*, has been renewed for next season. . . . A tip of the hat from one great tunesmith to another: **Paul McCartney's** liner notes on the recently released boxed set of *Pet Sounds* read, "I've given each of my children a copy of this record because nobody is educated musically until they've heard *Pet Sounds*." . . . Look for a new supergroup made up of **Duff McKagan** and **Matt Sorum** of **Guns N' Roses, Duran Duran's John Taylor** and **Steve Jones** from the **Sex Pistols**. Calling themselves the **Neurotic Outsiders**, they will be produced by **Jerry Harrison** of the **Talking Heads**. . . . When you're in San Francisco, check out Hello Gorgeous, a museum and store dedicated to **Barbra Streisand**. . . . Hands down, the best album title belongs to **Pete Townshend**, for calling his greatest hits collection *Coolwalkingsmoothtalkingstraightsmokingfirestoking*. Who is going to top that? —BARBARA NELLIS

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIES ABOUT growing pains have reached a new level with ***Welcome to the Dollhouse*** (Sony Classics) by writer-producer-director Todd Solondz. Dawn, his 11-year-old heroine, wears glasses, has spaces between her teeth and generally endures the hell of preadolescence in a New Jersey suburb. Dawn's parents clearly prefer her kid sister, Missy, an obnoxious would-be ballerina, while Dawn's schoolmates enjoy humiliating her with accusations of lesbianism, apple-polishing and nerdiness. Movie newcomer Heather Matarazzo's unmannered performance as Dawn is a marvel of restraint, and Solondz guides her from rejection to rejection as if this preteen's angst were his main concern. In fact, Dawn's trauma merely serves as a framework for this sly satire of suburbia, which won the Grand Jury Prize at this year's Sundance Film Festival. ¥¥¥

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Playing a taxi dancer at Nick's Dance Club in the East L.A. barrio, Rosie Perez carves out her comic niche as Mercedes, the volatile star attraction of ***Somebody to Love*** (October Films/Lumiere Pictures). Perez' rough-and-tumble acting style may be an acquired taste, but everyone will appreciate the backup performances in co-author–director Alexandre Rockwell's kinky dark comedy about a wannabe actress wedged into a romantic triangle. The two main men on her short list are a married former TV star named Harry (Harvey Keitel) and Ernesto (Michael DeLorenzo), an ardent illegal immigrant scorned by Mercedes as a klutz who can't dance. Here, the plot counts for less than the smoky atmosphere and flashy footwork on the sidelines—largely off the dance floor—by Steve Buscemi as a drag queen and Stanley Tucci, Anthony Quinn and veteran director Sam Fuller as assorted eccentrics. It's all bizarre, with lots of ethnic empathy. ¥¥

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In their native France, Juliette Binoche and Olivier Martinez are movie stars. Her winsome beauty combined with his dash and derring-do make ***The Horseman on the Roof*** (Miramax) a rich, elegant 19th century spectacular that's already a hit in Paris. Based on a novel by Jean Giono, director Jean-Paul Rappeneau's vivid love story concerns two beautiful people on the run through cholera-ridden Provence in 1832. Martinez as Angelo is a sword-swinging Italian fugitive, scaling roofs and eluding his pursuers when he meets the fair Pauline (Binoche), a seemingly fearless noblewoman waiting to be reunited with her husband. While the perils of Pauline and her rescuer are life-threatening, their cross-country flight is scenic. Too much narration slows the action at times, but *Horseman* picks right up again to deliver vintage thrills, spills and romance. ¥¥¥

Binoche and Martinez: Riding high.

Dorky in middle America, dancing in the barrio and done for down in Texas.

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So far, the best movie ever made by protean director John Sayles is ***Lone Star*** (Sony Classics), his tenth in an admirable string of movies. Written like a filmed novel, it's a modern Western murder mystery set in a Texas border town where a skeleton discovered in the desert raises many questions. The central kicker seems to be: Are the bones those of former sheriff Charley Wade (Kris Kristofferson), who presumably disappeared some three decades ago with $10,000 worth of embezzled cash? That's one for current sheriff Sam Deeds (Chris Cooper) to ponder, but he has other things on his mind as well. His memories—which intersect with the present in Sayles' seamless flashbacks—ultimately involve more than a dozen local characters. Among them are the town mayor (Clifton James), a bar owner (Ron Canada) estranged from his son (Joe Morton), and a schoolteacher named Pilar (Elizabeth Peña) who was Sam's secret love as a teenager. The film's richly layered story has subplots to spare, and Sayles somehow keeps them all balanced and engrossing. Every performance is believable and low-key, from Cooper's quiet conviction to Peña's warm reawakened passion and Kristofferson's knockout stint as the vicious bad guy everyone remembers. He fits perfectly into a cross-section of Texas manners and mores. Sayles makes all of it hard to forget in a cool minor classic reminiscent of *Giant* and *The Last Picture Show*. ¥¥¥¥

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A beautiful dentist (Julia Ormond) whose marriage is on the rocks spends two days a week treating inmates at a London prison. There she meets a convicted murderer (Tim Roth) who is finishing his ten-year sentence and is released from jail once a week to attend college classes. Thus, the unlikely costars of ***Captives*** (Miramax) manage to consummate their furtive love affair on the tile floor of the ladies' room in a London café. As he catches his bus back to prison, it's clear there's going to be hell to pay. Director Angela Pope's problem, aside from some dubious logic in Frank Deasy's screenplay, is that she's telling a hard-to-swallow story with the wrong actors. While both are first-rate performers, Ormond seems far too composed and sensible to let herself be drawn into a situation that leads inevitably to exposure, blackmail and murder. Nor is Roth at his best as the sort of irresistibly sexy jailbird who would make a woman risk everything to have him. In this case, a trashier twosome is needed to help an audience suspend disbelief. ¥¥

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Seeing the first public appearance of a gifted 23-year-old Chinese soprano on film in the title role of ***Madame Butterfly*** (Sony Classical) is a rare treat for opera fans. Ying Huang plays poor, fragile Cio-Cio-San, who is married to, then left in the lurch by, Lieutenant Pinkerton (Richard Troxell), a fickle American naval officer. Shot on location in Tunisia (re-creating the Nagasaki of 1904), this version of Puccini's durable *Butterfly* is directed by Fréderic Mitterand, a nephew of the French president. Compensation for Mitterand's modest moviemaking skills is his choice of this fresh, poignant leading lady. ¥¥¥

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A shy misfit named Victor (Pruitt Taylor Vince) is the rotund pivotal figure in ***Heavy*** (Cinepix), though he is just one of the sad cases on the job at Pete and Dolly's roadside bar-diner. Dolly (Shelley Winters), who owns the joint, has a fatal illness. Delores (Deborah Harry) is a bitter, tired barmaid, and newly hired Callie (Liv Tyler) is a confused dropout with an unsympathetic boyfriend. Pizza chef Victor has a secret yen for Callie, who is

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Elwes: True Brit, American-style.

OFF CAMERA

Like Gary Oldman, Anthony Hopkins and other British actors he admires, handsome Englishman **Cary Elwes,** 34, often portrays Americans without his native accent. Right now he is in *Twister* as "a storm-chasing meteorologist" from Oklahoma. He was a young Civil War officer in *Glory* and a race-car driver competing against Tom Cruise in *Days of Thunder*. During filming of the latter, he was such a hotshot behind the wheel that he began to get speeding tickets on location in North Carolina. "It was difficult," he recalls, "to get out of a stock car that does 250 miles an hour and crawl into a rented Ford."

Elwes enrolled in Sarah Lawrence College when he was 18 but gave it up to find theater work back home. "I was lousy onstage. I went for an audition, and they told me to try out for a movie. I did and landed my first role, as a gay guy in *Another Country*."

When he was subsequently cast as the dashing swain in *The Princess Bride*, he began "making fun of my own image" as a latter-day Errol Flynn. As the lead in Mel Brooks' *Robin Hood:Men in Tights*, he boasted, "I've got a real English accent," clearly mocking Kevin Costner's flat Prince of Thieves. "I can't take myself too seriously," notes Elwes, who attributes his sense of humor to the hours he spent watching *Monty Python* when he was a lad.

He shares a house in Malibu with Lisa, his girlfriend of five years, who is not an actress. "I've tried living with actresses, and it doesn't work. Too much shoptalk."

He has just finished a TV movie, *Field of Blood*, playing a British officer who arrests an Irish terrorist. The role changed Elwes' view of Northern Ireland's struggles.

On a lighter note, he'll gladly show off an ankle tattoo acquired "during a silly period of my life. It's a stingray taking a shower."

way out of his class. Writer-director James Mangold's low-rent human drama is mostly notable for showcasing Tyler—a striking screen presence about to make waves in a new Woody Allen movie, *Everyone Says I Love You*, and oppo site Jeremy Irons in Bernardo Bertolucci's *Stealing Beauty*. ¥¥

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Another relative newcomer marked for big-screen success is David Schwimmer (from NBC's *Friends*), who triumphs as a winner playing a loser in ***The Pallbearer*** (Miramax). This blithe, original comedy of bad manners, directed by Matt Reeves (also co-author with Jason Katims), casts Schwimmer as a jobless New York architect named Tom, still living with his mother (Carol Kane) and unlucky in love. His life begins to change—not necessarily for the better—when he is asked to be a pallbearer for a schoolmate he doesn't remember. Too nice and nerdy to admit the truth, he agrees to deliver the eulogy while his best friends (Michael Rapaport, Bitty Schram, Michael Vartan and Toni Collette) suppress their mirth in the mourners' section. Before the basic mystery of who's who is resolved, Tom renews acquaintance with his high school crush (Gwyneth Paltrow) and sleeps with the dead boy's bereaved but impulsive mom (Barbara Hershey). Schwimmer's understated body language, combined with the hangdog air of a basset hound, makes *The Pallbearer* a howl. ¥¥¥

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A Perfect Candidate (Seventh Art Releasing) is a chilling depiction of an election. Produced and directed by R.J. Cutler (*The War Room*) and David Van Taylor (*TV Nation*), the documentary follows the 1994 Virginia race for the Senate between Oliver North and incumbent Charles Robb. Former Lieutenant Colonel North, saddled with the baggage of Iran-contra, gets lots of footage. The problem for Robb's spin doctors is his reputation as a party lover who shared hotel rooms with the wrong women. North's flag-waving, God-and-country pitches aside, *Candidate* is a timely reminder of the divide-and-conquer nature of campaigning. North's feisty strategist Mark Goodin (presently working for Bob Dole) vows to go for his opponent's balls next time around. Goodin's cynical, often crude observations on the campaign trail are complemented by other telling vignettes—one involves a small boy at a North rally, toting a shotgun and jokingly told to "shoot clay pigeons and Democrats." Liberal *Washington Post* correspondent Don Baker even hints that it might be good for democracy—in the present political climate—to elect someone like North. This disturbing documentary should be required viewing in 1996. ¥¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Birdcage (Reviewed 5/96) Feathery farce about gay family values. ¥¥¥¥
Butterfly Kiss (6/96) A team of female English psychos hits the road. ¥¥½
Captives (See review) Prison inmate and visiting dentist find love. ¥¥
Cold Comfort Farm (6/96) Offbeat English comedy about a city cousin taking on her rowdy country folk. ¥¥¥½
A Family Thing (6/96) Robert Duvall and James Earl Jones in a deft comedy about racial harmony. ¥¥¥
Heavy (See review) Low-level life in a diner, enlivened by Liv Tyler. ¥¥
The Horseman on the Roof (See review) Two beautiful people outrun cholera in a spectacular period epic. ¥¥¥
I Shot Andy Warhol (6/96) Lili Taylor is a revelation in this bright, black social comedy of an era. ¥¥¥½
Jane Eyre (6/96) The Brontë classic, durable but not memorable. ¥¥½
Land and Freedom (5/96) Talky drama about the Spanish Civil War. ¥¥¥
The Last Supper (5/96) Meanies at dinner get their just deserts. ¥¥½
Loaded (5/96) Shooting a horror movie becomes a nightmare. ¥¥
Lone Star (See review) Director John Sayles' compelling murder mystery turns into an entirely new brand of Western. ¥¥¥¥
Madame Butterfly (See review) The Puccini opera, starring a fine new soprano. ¥¥¥
Maybe . . . Maybe Not (5/96) Gays rescue a German womanizer. ¥¥½
The Monster (5/96) Italy's droll Benigni is mistaken for a serial killer. ¥¥
Mystery Science Theater 3000 (6/96) The movie version of a TV spoof show. ¥¥
The Pallbearer (See review) A comedy of mistaken identity—with Schwimmer holding up his end, and then some. ¥¥¥
A Perfect Candidate (See review) Ollie North on the Senate stump. ¥¥¥½
Primal Fear (5/96) Gere's just right as a publicity-mad defense lawyer handling a front-page murder case. ¥¥¥
Rude (6/96) Mannered but vivid look at the lives of inner-city blacks. ¥¥
Somebody to Love (See review) Rosie Perez as an L.A. taxi dancer. ¥¥
Someone Else's America (6/96) Two colorful immigrant families try their comic best to make it over here. ¥¥¥
Two Friends (6/96) Director Jane (*The Piano*) Campion's promising early feature about girl chums. ¥¥½
Welcome to the Dollhouse (See review) Middle America satirized from the viewpoint of an 11-year-old. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

"*Yankee Doodle Dandy* is an all-time video favorite," reports **Conan O'Brien,** redheaded *Late Night* rambler and confessed Cagney wannabe. "My biggest disappointment in life is that showbiz isn't exactly like that." He likes to rewind the occasional comedy, such as the Marx Brothers' *Duck Soup* or the subtly nutty *Being There*. "And Albert Brooks' *Real Life* is the funniest movie ever made." He's also a fan of documentaries ("anything from the life cycle of a silkworm to the midlife crisis of Eleanor Roosevelt"), but his real passion is Mafia movies ("I love Coppola's *Godfather I* and *II* and Scorsese's *Goodfellas*"). Still, it's Cagney's killer looks in *The Roaring Twenties* that top O'Brien's most-wanted list. "I get drawn in by the gangster lifestyle. It's so different from my own." —BRIAN COURTNEY

VIDBITS

Has *Sense and Sensibility* kicked off a new yen for refined entertainment? From the BBC and CBS/Fox comes ***The Buccaneers*** (three volumes, $60), Masterpiece Theater's elegant adaptation of Edith Wharton's novel about American debs in 1870s England. Also available: ***The Final Cut*** (two volumes, $40), based on Michael Dobbs' *House of Cards* trilogy, starring Ian Richardson as England's wily prime minister who's bent on retiring rich. . . . And we thought we'd seen it all. TV's popular *American Gladiators* is spoofed in a full-length parody called ***American Flatulators*** (Madacy, $19.95). Yep, the brawn here focuses on, well, intestinal fortitude, as challengers called Gaseous Clay and Felicia Fullercheeks try to go the distance in a variety of explosive events. Our fave: Pumped-up participants vie to burst a nine-gauge, high-density rubber balloon with human wind. Try this at home—please.

VIDEO RED LIGHT

Times have changed since the first best-actress Oscar went to Janet Gaynor for her portrayal of a prostitute in *Street Angel* (1928). Now Roberts (*Pretty Woman*), Shue (*Leaving Las Vegas*) and Sorvino (*Mighty Aphrodite*) have tried the life. Want a date? Consider:

Belle de Jour (1967): Spoiled, rich Catherine Deneuve won't do hubby—but bangs the rest of Paris nine-to-five. An erotic must-see from Luis Buñuel.

Sweet Charity (1969): Fosse's glossy musical tracks high-kicking callgirl Shirley MacLaine, who falls for a "nice guy." Look for Sammy Davis Jr. and chorus boy Ben Vereen.

Elmer Gantry (1960): Shirley Jones turns tricks after being dumped by tent evangelist Burt Lancaster. Both stars hooked an Academy Award.

Pretty Baby (1978): Director Louis Malle robs the cradle in his American film debut, casting Brooke Shields as a young trickster in New Orleans. Susan Sarandon is Brooke's hooker mom.

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas (1982): Chicken Ranch madam Dolly Parton rubs up against sheriff Burt Reynolds in big-screen version of red-light–redneck musical. Dolly's pipes save it.

Taxi Driver (1976): De Niro clearly drives this Scorsese vehicle, but it was 12-year-old Jodie Foster who turned pro and won critical acclaim.

Irma la Douce (1963): MacLaine walks the streets again—this time in Paris, to a cool Previn score—and Jack Lemmon is the smitten gendarme. Billy Wilder directs.

Butterfield 8 (1960): Liz Taylor dials an Oscar-winning number as a high-priced hustler trying to go straight with the man of her dreams, married socialite Laurence Harvey.

Whore (1991): Cinematic horse-hockey from director Ken Russell features routine paces by titular tramp Theresa Russell (no relation). Stick with Russell's ***Crimes of Passion*** (1984), starring Kathleen Turner as China Blue, the kinkiest chick on the streets.

Midnight Cowboy (1969): Traffic runs both ways: Dustin Hoffman's hick pal Jon Voight turns stud hustler in first (and only) X-rated film to win best-picture gold.

Klute (1971): Private dick Sutherland pumps Fonda for info on missing man. Jane's next john: Oscar. —DAVID STINE

VIDEO TURN-ON OF THE MONTH:

The six-volume ***Secrets of Love*** series is the perfect home study guide for those who cut Comp Lit, rounding up 12 erotic classics from the likes of de Maupassant (*The Greenhouse*), Chaucer (*The Contest*) and de Sade (*Augustine*). Stories feature pretty backdrops, decent camera work and great period costumes—when they're being worn, that is. (Tee Dee Gee, Ltd., $19.95 each.)

LASER FARE

The only people who complain more than athletes do about getting their minutes are movie buffs, and Image Entertainment has some good news on that front. Sergio Leone's 1972 epic about the Mexican Revolution, ***Duck, You Sucker,*** weighs in on disc at its original 158-minute length. Television versions of the film—also known as *A Fistful of Dynamite*—usually chop at least 20 minutes out of that. So get yourself a really big bag of popcorn. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
DRAMA	***Dead Man Walking*** (Penn's a doomed con, Oscar-winner Sarandon's his angel of mercy in Tim Robbins' taut death-penalty debate), ***White Man's Burden*** (hove-not Trovolta kidnaps boss Belafonte in racial flip-flop story; worth a look).
FANTASY	***12 Monkeys*** (weathered Willis travels through time to stop apocolyptic virus; Gilliam's best since *Brazil*), ***Jumanji*** (jungle critters spring from kids' board game; see it for Spielbergion speciol effects—not for Robin Williams).
FAMILY	***Sense and Sensibility*** (sisters—one stiff, one sossy—find like-minded men; Emmo's Oscar-winning spin on Austen), ***Mr. Holland's Opus*** (maestro puts off composer career to teach kids; soapy, but Dreyfuss conducts himself splendidly).
ACTION	***Heat*** (übercop Pacino, übercrook De Niro—plus Val Kilmer and fireworks golore; o bit long, feel free to FF), ***Money Train*** (cops Wesley and Woody continue the *Defiant* Ones shtick on NYC's subways; no stops).
REMAKE	***Sabrina*** (slick Kinnear competes with bland big bro Ford for Julio Ormond's hond; no match for Wilder's 1954 take, but OK), ***Richard III*** (Bard's basics updated by Ian McKellen as Thirties fascist; winter critics were unjustly discontented).

VIRTUAL VIGILANTES

The Guardian Angels have gone from patrolling the subway to patrolling the highway—the information highway, that is. The Cyberangels, a new chapter of the New York–based vigilante group, go after data thieves and other modem-equipped miscreants. Their main targets are, however, child pornographers and pedophiles who use online services to reach unsuspecting kids. On the Cyberangels' Web site (www.safesurf.com/cyberangels/), the group calls for volunteers to cruise the Net for two hours a week, searching for "unacceptable" activity in chat areas, newsgroups and "kids' sites of all types." They say anyone can qualify, which makes us wonder how they're going to screen out sleazebags. And they don't mention a hazard of gathering such evidence. Amateur sleuths

JOE CIARDIELLO

become accessories the moment they download child pornography—even if it's done with honorable intentions. That means Angels and other do-gooders could find themselves behind bars with the very people they are fighting.

CLUB WEB

If you can't make it to the Macintosh New York Music Festival July 14–20, the organizers will deliver the entertainment to you—and the world—over the Internet. Fifteen live music venues and more than 300 bands will participate in the event. According to Michael Dorf, co–executive producer of the festival and owner of the Knitting Factory, one of the featured clubs, each venue will broadcast performance footage on a Web site called the Global Internet Gathering, or the Gig (http://www.knittingfactory.com/thegig/). "It will be the largest Internet event ever," says Dorf, adding that clubs in the U.K., France, Russia and Japan will also be involved. "We think of it as a way of linking like-minded clubs worldwide," he says. Going a step further, Dorf has aligned with MCI to create the Knitting Factory V-Stage, an online virtual-reality venue that blends the music of bands playing on two separate stages. "That means a singer and bassist in New York can play with a lead guitarist and drummer in Paris," Dorf says. "To viewers on the Net, it will appear as though they're jamming together." For more information, check out the club's Web site at http://www.knittingfactory.com.

DIGITAL DRIVER'S ED

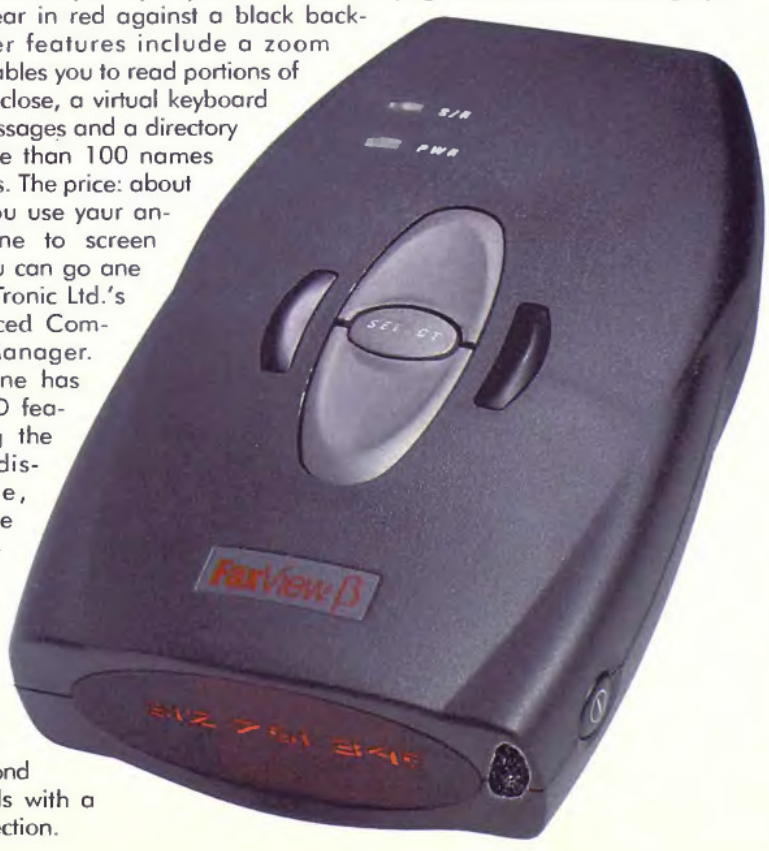
Drivers may have howled at the dim-witted talking dashboards of the Eighties, but the new interactive voice system for autos is getting positive feedback. Amerigon's IVS, the world's first and only voice-prompted car navigation system, listens while you explain your current location and destination. Give the computer ten to 20 seconds to calculate the fastest route (scanning CD data), and a voice begins to direct your course. IVS can find a street or any landmark, be it a sports arena or the nearest ATM. And if you can't remember a command or you hit a roadblock, say "repeat" or

AMY CREMORE

"no turn" and the system runs the command again or plots an alternate route. Between instructions, it switches back to the radio, a CD or a new breed of interactive voice entertainment disc that might pit you against the computer in a game of blackjack or *Jeopardy*. IVS is currently available in New York, Los Angeles and Chicago. Alpine, Clarion, Eclipse and Kenwood offer the hardware. Prices: about $1200 installed.

WILD THINGS

Hook the Foxview (pictured here) up to your cellular phone and you can receive, store and send faxed info anyplace, any time. The eight-ounce device uses some of the same technology featured in Nintendo's Virtual Boy game system. By holding Faxview's one-inch display window to your eyes, you can read a full page of text and detailed graphics (which appear in red against a black background). Other features include a zoom function that enables you to read portions of a document up close, a virtual keyboard for typing in messages and a directory for storing more than 100 names and fax numbers. The price: about $500. • If you use your answering machine to screen phone calls, you can go one better with Bel-Tronic Ltd.'s CF-130 Advanced Communications Manager. This $180 phone has several caller-ID features, including the simultaneous display of name, number and date for both incoming calls and for call waiting; a 100-number memory; and a call-reject function that will automatically respond to specified calls with a digital voice rejection.



The DV1 can boldly go where no camcorder has gone before.

Introducing the world's smallest and lightest digital camcorder that's also a digital still camera.

Discover the newest frontier in camcorder portability. Weighing a mere one pound and with dimensions smaller than a paperback book, the DV1 can fit in places where no other camcorder can.

The DV1 is small on size, but big on features. Its digital technology empowers it with a superior picture, CD quality audio, 100X digital zoom, and sophisticated effects which offer 18 scene transitions and 12 special effects. In its unique snapshot mode, up to 5,400 still shots can be captured on a single tape. To produce a vivid color print, just connect it to its optional GV-PT1 video printer. A docking station, which is included with the DV1, allows it to perform digital zoom and five other digital effects, all during post production. And, the JLIP interface lets it connect with AV equipment and personal computers for radical multimedia use. Feature for feature, no other camcorder compares to the DV1.

Camera shown actual size.

Actual color print

The JVC DV1 CyberCam. Putting a world of possibilities, right in your pocket.

DIGITAL CyberCam
Digital Video Camera

JVC

Technically Perfect. Perfectly Simple.

MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

ON CD-ROM

The Hive is a marksman's paradise—and one tough game. Each of its 18 levels offers nonstop trigger action with distinct 3-D environments, opponents and objectives, all presented in superb cinematic style. As a Federation agent, you're charged with stopping the sinister Noirdyne Corp. from creating biological weapons made of a substance produced by genetically engineered bees. OK, so the plot is thinner than Kevin Costner's hair. But with the kind of action this game provides, there's little room for anything else. As you're blowing away enemy fighters, ground troops and the deadly Hivasects, your point of view alternates seamlessly between intricate action sequences and fixed-position battles in which you can turn 360 degrees in a fully rendered world. (By Trimark Interactive, for Windows '95, about $50.)

CYBERSCOOP

If the real election activities aren't satisfying your political cravings, check out ***President '96,*** a simulation that runs through November on the Web and America Online. Although candidates in this contest are fictitious, the mudslinging and controversy seem familiar.

AT&T is offering its long-distance customers two excellent yearlong deals: five free hours on the Net per month ($2.50 for each additional hour) and $19.95 per month unlimited access. You must sign up before the end of 1996.

In the rapidly expanding world of adult CD-ROMs, ***Dirty Tricks*** represents the ideal fusion of concept and medium. You're a hacker who has been imprisoned for cyberspace security violations. Your mission? To hack back into the Net to dig up hard-core sexual dirt on top execs of the Coalition for a Decent Society, a powerful right-wing political group poised to gain the majority in an upcoming election. The game play is engaging and challenging, the 3-D graphics are slick and the video clips are appropriately nasty. But beware: If you linger too long on the Net, the Coalition's security force will lock on to your location, cut your line and send you back to the slammer. (By Bacchus Releasing, for Windows and Mac, $50.)

Tuned to music on the Web

The Mayo Clinic, the world's leading diagnostic center, is where people go for first-rate health care advice. Now Mayo brings answers to you with its CD-ROM ***Mayo Clinic Family Health, 1996 Edition.*** The disc updates Mayo's best-selling predecessor with current information on more than 1000 ailments and 4000 drugs. Say your kidneys ache or you're experiencing pain around your temples. You punch in the symptoms and the program suggests a family of potential causes. The software stores your health records and comes with Netscape's Web browser, which allows you to call up thousands of health- and medical-related sites on the Internet. This CD-ROM is no substitute for a doctor, but it does arm you with the information you need to be a wiser health care consumer. (By IVI Publishing, for Mac and Windows, $60.)

Tax man on the midway

Because we consider the Residents' Freak Show to be among the best CD-ROMs of all time, we thought it would be tough for the San Francisco performance artists to top themselves. But they've done that—and then some—with their latest CD-ROM release, ***The Residents' Bad Day on the Midway.*** Another collaboration with Jim Ludtke, the gifted animator and designer of Freak Show, Bad Day places you in the midst of a run-down carnival owned by Ike, a comatose Nazi sympathizer, and his hillbilly wife, Dixie. You enter the park as Timmy, a wide-eyed innocent who thinks everything is "neato!" The truth is, the Midway and its cast of 12 creepy characters have nasty secrets. There's murder, blackmail, adultery, suspicious accidents, a killer plague and, worst of all, an IRS tax man on the loose. To unravel the mysteries, you have to switch personas with each of the people you encounter as you walk the grounds. After chatting with Dagmar the tattooed stripper, for example, you click on her image and view the Midway through her eyes. There are plenty of surreal exhibits to explore, including Kill a Commie Shooting Gallery. Some of these exhibits can be entered only by certain characters, so be sure to switch as often as possible. (By Inscape, for Windows and Mac, $50.)

ONLINE

Most of today's alternative radio stations are just slaves to playlists—or rather the over-playlists—packed with Pearl Jam clones. So where's a rock fan to go for original music? The World Wide Web, where you will find several sites that are devoted to indie-label bands and unsigned artists—complete with samples of their tunes. The best place to start is the ***Internet Underground Music Archive*** (www.iuma.com/). In addition to its cool retro graphics, the archive highlights more than 800 independent acts. ***The Indie Music Hub*** (www.clark.net/pub/rt/indiehub.html) offers timely information on fringe labels, bands and more. ***Visual Radio Inc.*** (www.visualradio.com/) goes beyond rock, with sections devoted to performance art, poetry and dance. ***Rocktropolis*** has two must-see areas: KNDY radio, an online radio station that is delivered via Real Audio, and the Eldorado Club, where you can review various clips by unsigned musicians and cast your vote in Battle of the Bands contests. Check it out at www.rocktropolis.com. And for a round-up of tune sites, pick up a copy of *net music* from Michael Wolff & Co. at your local bookstore.

DIGITAL DUDS

Meet Media Band: We're all for progressive entertainment, but this melding of performance art, music and interactive multimedia is avant-garbage.

Lifetime Encyclopedia of Letters: A collection of notes covering everything from condolences to complaints? No wander America has a literacy problem.

See what's happening on Playboy's Home Page at http://www.playboy.com.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 142.

"The party really started when the boar was poured!"

London Dry Gin, 40% Alc/Vol. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. Grapefruit Flavored London Gin, 35% Alc/Vol. © 1996 United Distillers USA, Inc., Stamford, CT.

STYLE

DRESSED TO A TEE

Now that golf-inspired clothing has gone mainstream, several top menswear designers have added duffer duds to their sportswear collections. The Polo by Ralph Lauren line, for example, includes a nylon-and-cotton long-sleeved windshirt in navy with a red windowpane pattern ($200, pictured). Giorgio Armani Golf gets jazzy with a pair of ombré-plaid linen-and-cotton pants ($235) and a button-front minicheck cotton cardigan jacket ($385). For a preppy swing, Tommy Hilfiger's cotton crewneck cable sweater features argyle-patterned stripes ($120, pictured). Bobby Jones, the original designer of fashions for the greens, offers a merino wool crewneck in a navy, gold and burgundy tartan plaid ($225) as well as a link-stitch, baby alpaca V-neck sweater ($200) that's great for early morning tee-offs. Likewise, the Greg Norman Collection helps you brave the elements with a merino wool sweater with a windproof and water-resistant lining ($215). And for country club luxury, try Luciano Barbera's nubuck vest with a cashmere lining ($1300). Any of these looks would go great with a pair of Hush Puppies (one of summer's hottest footwear brands). We suggest a two-tone style in water-resistant suede ($90, pictured).

HOT SHOPPING: PORTLAND

Portland, Oregon is a cool glass of water in July, and the downtown area is a stirring blend of business and punk chic. The Future (717 S.W. Adler St.): Club clothes made of rubber, vinyl and velvet, with hologram buttondown shirts, faux cheetah and faux zebra jackets and pin-up-girl T-shirts. • Another State of Mind (222 W. Burnside St.): This shop rocks, with punk shirts and CDs, band buttons and posters. • London Underground (616 S.W. Broadway): A Doc Martens superstore that also stocks Frye boots, Simple Skate shoes, Alpha flight jackets and Lip Service clubwear. • Big Bang (616 S.W. Park Ave.): New and recycled streetwear—cords, chinos and Kramer-style bowling shirts. • Spartacus (300 S.W. 12th Ave.): It's fantasies unlimited at this upscale adult store, which stocks leather and lingerie.

CLOTHES LINE

Fresh from his Broadway debut in *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, **John Stamos** admits that until recently he had no fashion sense. His attire was courtesy of the wardrobe department at his NBC sitcom, *Full House*. In fact, after a recent expedition to Barneys in New York, he joked, "I thought the total on the bill was the store's phone number." What did that hefty tab include? A handsome, dark-gray, three-button suit by Richard Tyler that appeals to Stamos' retro sensibilities. He also picked up a Dolce & Gabbana white cotton shirt with a big collar, which he plans to wear without a tie. "I like the open-collar Tom Jones look."

GET YOUR GOATEE

Brad Pitt, Bruce Willis and Dennis Rodman are among the many guys who have sported goatees in the past year. Once relegated to sinister types (think Satan), goatees are now Everyman's way to change his look without the bother of a full beard or a shaggy mustache. Most men can grow one in a week—or less if you have a heavy beard. Beverly Hills hairstylist Giuseppe Franco—who, like his business partner Mickey Rourke, sports a goatee—suggests you keep it short. Use a trimmer that adjusts to different lengths, such as Wahl's Beard & Mustache Trimmer ($20 to $25). Limit the hair to your chin, or drop two straight lines from a well-trimmed mustache. If your beard is coarse, massage in a conditioner while showering. We like minty American Crew or Molton Brown Ultra Light.

A SUMMER FACE

Leathery skin is fine for the Ancient Mariner, but that parched look pales onshore. Sun-dried skin cracks, flakes and emphasizes creases and wrinkles in your face. To avoid that, try a soothing after-sun moisturizer. Key West natives use Save a Tan, an 80 percent aloe vera lotion with emollients. For sunburned skin, Banana Boat's Aloe Vera gel is a greaseless, cooling quick fix. The Body Shop's Cocoa Butter After Sun Lotion maintains your tan with aloe and has a summery scent. Polo Sport Lotion Sports Moisturizer contains hydrating organics, such as sea kelp, and a light sunscreen. Finally, treat your sun-dried hair and scalp to Phytoplage After-Sun Repair Mask leave-in conditioner, loaded with moisturizing botanicals such as coconut, jojoba and Hawaiian kukui oil.

STYLE METER

SUNGLASSES	IN	OUT
STYLES	Rounded or rectangular Buddy Holly horn-rims; futuristic wroporounds; wide temples	Small John Lennon and Ben Fronklin specs; oversize and odd-shaped sports goggles
MATERIALS	Matte and shiny block or tortoiseshell plostics; wide metal frames	Clear or metollic plastics; gold-and-tortoise-shell nerd styles
LENSES	Rust or chocolate brown; emerald green or sapphire blue; mirrored or graduated lenses	Gray or fuchsia; photosensitive lenses; wire clip-ons

Where & How to Buy on page 142.

A MAN'S GUIDE *to buying* DIAMONDS

ARE YOU *one of the* TWO MILLION victims of engagement ring *anxiety*?

❶ Relax. Guys simply are not supposed to know this stuff. Dads rarely say "Son, let's talk diamonds."

❷ But it's still your call. So read on.

❸ Spend wisely. It's tricky because no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago and found in the most remote corners of the world, rough diamonds are sorted by DeBeers' experts into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be aware of what you are buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.

❹ Learn the jargon. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called *The 4Cs*. They are: *Cut*, not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets or flat surfaces are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color*, actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity*, the fewer natural marks or "inclusions" the better; *Carat weight*, the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.

❺ Determine your price range. What do you spend on the one woman in the world who is smart enough to marry you? Most people use the *two months' salary guideline*. Spend less and the relatives will talk. Spend more, and they'll rave.

❻ Watch her as you browse. Go by how she reacts, not by what she says. She may be reluctant to tell you what she really wants. Then once you have an idea of her taste, don't involve her in the actual purchase. You both will cherish the memory of your surprise.

❼ Find a reputable jeweler, someone you can trust to ensure you're getting a diamond you can be proud of. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. Avoid Joe's Mattress & Diamond Discounters.

❽ Learn more. For the booklet, *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give"*, call the American Gem Society, representing fine jewelers upholding gemological standards across the U.S., at 800-341-6214.

❾ Finally, think romance. And don't compromise. This is one of life's most important occasions. You want a diamond as unique as your love. Besides, how else can two months' salary last forever?

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

WHEN Leonard Lewin's ***Report From Iron Mountain*** (The Free Press) appeared in 1967, it was soon after exposed as a satirical hoax, a clever parody of think-tank rhetoric. Now it's being republished, with a new introduction by Victor Navasky, because this send-up of conservative thinking has become a "sort of bible" among the Michigan Militia and other radical right-wing groups. That a Sixties liberal joke should inspire today's paramilitary suggests how pathetically distorted our national political discussion has become.

The premise of Lewin's spoof is that a secret government report about the dangers of world peace has been leaked. The report concludes that sustained peace may require "the organized repression of minority groups, and even the reestablishment of slavery." We would be faced with the necessity of deliberate intensification of air and water pollution and the probability of universal test-tube procreation. In fact, it says the world could not endure the disastrous effects of a permanent peace without periodic planned wars for economic stimulation and population control.

Why do superpatriots rally round this gag? Because Lewin's skillful combination of half-truths and contorted reasoning is couched in the authoritative jargon used by news commentators and political candidates. The report addresses some of our deepest fears and appeals to some of our ugliest prejudices.

Just in time for Father's Day is the latest fictional adventure of Kit Deleeuw, the suburban detective. ***The Father's Club*** (Doubleday), by Jon Katz, is his most believable blend of family life and murder mystery. Deleeuw is hired to locate a divorced father who is late on his child support payments, and just as Deleeuw finds the deadbeat dad murdered, he is informed that his own 14-year-old son has been suspended from school for smoking pot. Deleeuw joins a men's support group in an effort to gather information about the murder but instead finds himself discussing the parallels between his son's problems and his own.

Another first-rate crime novel this month is George Higgins' ***Sandra Nichols Found Dead*** (Henry Holt), featuring criminal lawyer Jeremiah F. Kennedy. Using his mastery of Massachusetts accents, Higgins tells the story in Kennedy's first-person voice, with delightful digressions on various aspects of the law. Kennedy's clients are orphaned children whose mother, Sandra Nichols, was probably snuffed by her ex-husband. As Higgins closes in for the kill, his readers may wish this captivating story would meander along for another hundred pages.

The *Report From Iron Mountain*.

A 29-year-old political hoax is replayed and Higgins reappears with another dead body.

If you need a diversion at the convention, skip ***Why I Am a Democrat*** (Holt), by JFK wonk Theodore Sorensen. It reads like a numbing 230-page campaign speech and will make you want to switch parties and read ***Ain't You Glad You Joined the Republicans: A Short History of the GOP*** (Holt), by John Calvin Batchelor. He opens with a description of Lincoln's victory at the 1860 presidential nominating convention and follows with an anecdotal pop history that runs up to the Republican congressional sweep of 1994. Batchelor has fun describing the exploits of Teddy Roosevelt and handles Nixon's resignation with evenhanded brevity. It's well illustrated with political cartoons and historical images.

Finally, this month brings a trio of excellent biographies: ***Tramp: The Life of Charlie Chaplin*** (Harper Collins), by Joyce Milton; ***Hellman and Hammett: The Legendary Passion of Lily and Dash*** (Harper Collins), by Joan Mellen; and ***Wilder Times: The Life of Billy Wilder*** (Holt), by Kevin Lally. Milton's warts-and-all portrait of the star who clowned his way through 81 movies presents Chaplin as a brilliant perfectionist in his acting and a womanizer in his private life. The advent of talking pictures devastated Chaplin, but his manic-depression heightened his creativity. Mellen takes bold liberties in re-creating scenes from the private lives of Lillian Hellman and Dashiell Hammett. In doing so, she brings them alive more vividly than any previous writings—including Hellman's own. In the more than 50 films that he wrote and/or directed, Billy Wilder proved to be one of the wittiest and most versatile filmmakers. Lally's exhaustive critical biography examines the creative process behind *Double Indemnity*, *Sunset Boulevard*, *Some Like It Hot* and *The Apartment*.

BOOK BAG

The Ultimate Fishing Guide (Harper Perennial), by Steven D. Price: Where to go, what to take, what to wear and other indispensable tips for the angler.

Nightline: History in the Making and the Making of Television (Times Books), by Ted Koppel and Kyle Gibson: *Nightline*'s anchor and former producer take you into the studio, the booking office and the control room for an intimate look.

The Joy of Keeping Score (Warker and Co.), by Paul Dickson: A great gift for baseball fans that celebrates the scorecard—from the first one in 1845 to the latest, which was created by L.L. Bean.

Bodies of Water (Hyperion), by Rosanne Cash: Johnny's daughter takes her skills as a lyricist and applies them to fiction with moving results.

Smokin' Joe (Macmillan), by Joe Frazier with Phil Berger: The former heavyweight champ describes his relationships with Ali, Tyson and Foreman.

In Defense of Government (Scribner), by Jacob Weisberg: Political columnist and editor Weisberg examines what's turning the Democrats into a minority party and why Republicans have turned the government into public enemy number one.

I Was Right on Time (Simon & Schuster), by Buck O'Neil with Steve Wulf and David Conrads: Memorable anecdotes from seven decades of baseball by an 82-year-old legend who started in the Negro leagues with Satchel Paige and scouts for the Kansas City Royals today.

Please Kill Me: The Uncensored Oral History of Punk (Grove Press), by Legs McNeil and Gillian McCain: This saga of nasty lyrics, deafening music, leather jackets, drugs and early death is told in the voices of those who lived through it, including Lou Reed, Iggy Pop and Patti Smith.

Lucille's Car Care (Hyperion), by Lucille Treganowan with Gina Catanzarite: Solid advice on automotive maintenance and repair—and a funny section on deciphering those engine noises—from a 64-year-old woman who has spent her life under the hood.

Kink (Henry Holt), by Kathe Koja: Set in late-night clubs, the story tells of one man and two women who have an erotic obsession. Classy smut.

SPORTS

By CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Professional sport may be defined by its rivalries—corporate churl (Cowboys vs. 49ers), fierce elegance (Lakers vs. Celtics), simple sociopath (Mike Tyson vs. Civilization itself)—but how do we define tennis? When 1995 began, the men's and women's tours seemed on the verge of a wonderful era. Pete Sampras—the cool, quiet Gen Xer next door—and Andre Agassi—the hot, loud, earringed grunger—would contest Grand Slam finals and number one rankings into the next millennium, or at least until Nike, Mountain Dew and milk exhausted their commercials. On the women's side, the father-impaired Steffi Graf and the resurrected Monica Seles, co–number ones, would battle each other until only one of their personal soap operas was left breathing.

But these rivalries simply didn't pan out. The Australian Open, the year's first major, provided a hint of unraveling: Seles won, but Graf, recovering from foot surgery, didn't play. Both Sampras and Agassi failed to reach the finals. Moreover, as the tours alighted in Europe this past summer for the French and Wimbledon championships, Graf had come back to win the two important American events, at Indian Wells, California and Key Biscayne, Florida. But—touché, *très* chic—Seles missed both events. Ducking one another is a splendid tradition among top-ranked females.

The men's tour is even more in flux. Sampras' fragile feet are injury-prone and Sampras' emotional state wavers while his coach and close friend, Tim Gullikson, battles cancer. With Agassi, there's always the question of effort and motivation. The emergence of Thomas Muster, Goran Ivanisevic, even the ancient German lion Boris Becker (he's all of 28), has the sport in a quandary. Does it rejoice in a more variegated, global competition at the top? Or hope that Sampras and Agassi dispose of everybody to save the rivalry?

The problem is star power. Muster is dour, boring and unpopular with his peers. Ivanisevic, a monster server who once smacked 38 aces past Sampras, has the temperament of a chimpanzee; he's as likely to tank a match as finish one. The women's tour is in a similar bind. There are several budding talents, but is there anybody out there who possesses not merely the game but also the will, glamour and charisma to challenge for the top and then transcend it?

ABBIE SINNETT

TEEN STARS BLAST OFF

Nick Bollettieri, the Florida teaching guru who started Agassi and Seles, may again have the next superstars. Anna Kournikova, 14, out of Moscow by way of Rodeo Drive, has been a celebrity since swaddling clothes. Coaches, agents and marketeers have been tracking her every move. When Kournikova finally achieved the number one ranking among world juniors, she turned pro and won two small tournaments. She appeared as smug, quotable and self-possessed as Madonna. "I can do it all," she says. "Hit anything I want. I feel no fear. I deserve every bit of the attention." Bound in her snug, slit-leg tunic, with her blonde ponytail flapping, Kournikova is an example of drop-dead gorgeousness; she may not have to win another point to be a star. "A wild colt," says Bollettieri. "I've given up trying to rein her in. She says anything, does anything she wants. The girl's a goddamn Dennis Rodman."

Mark Philippoussis, 19, also owns a basketball look. At six-foot-four and 202 pounds, he has the chiseled face and body of a Greek god. His countrymen in Melbourne, Australia call Philippoussis Scud because of the extraordinary power of his shots—especially his serve, which has been clocked at 133 miles per hour. After barely a year and a half on tour, Philippoussis has jumped from a ranking of 304 into the top 30. In a tournament at Kuala Lumpur, he fired a record 44 aces in three sets against Byron Black. In Tokyo he beat Stefan Edberg (who has won six Grand Slams) 6–0, 6–2 in 43 minutes, as players flocked out of the locker room to observe the carnage. "The guy's from another planet," Edberg said.

The two matches he's had against Sampras have created a legend of this son of a taxi driver. At his debut in the 1995 U.S. Open Philippoussis hooked the New York cognoscenti by sticking close to the champion in a narrow third-round defeat. Then, facing Sampras again in January in Melbourne, Scud blasted him out of the Australian Open, serving 29 aces in a straight-sets upset. "I was shocked, amazed and overwhelmed. It was frightening," said Bollettieri, who started honing Philippoussis' game last fall. "It showed me I could beat anybody in the world," said Philippoussis.

He has been a media event waiting to happen since the age of six but never part of the establishment. Early on, Tennis Australia, the ruling body of the sport down under, perceived the then overweight junior as lazy, wild and erratic. Reports circulated that on a national junior traveling team this slacker overloaded on chocolate mousse, pounded on girls' doors and quit matches, all of which led to his being kicked off the team. His father, Nick, insists the federation "had biased minds. They never thought Mark would be anything. 'How can a Greek play tennis?' Hey, now that they are suddenly nice, we are still not kissing ass."

"Mark's going to be too great to be bothered by the small stuff," says his coach. "I just tell him to be patient. I don't want him to feel there's a clock ticking."

But tennis prodigies know when it's their time. Bollettieri's beauteous babes were together at the opening of their coach's restaurant in Bradenton, Florida this spring when Kournikova kept dragging Philippoussis in front of the paparazzi. "She's so sure, so cocky," he said. "The way Anna looks at the camera, she just knows what she's got."

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Vol. 3. Meking Sex Fun #9504	~~$29.95~~	$19.95	
The 3-Volume Set - save $10! #9506		$49.85	
Erotic Guide To Oral Sex #1057 (with purchase)		FREE	FREE
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		TOTAL	$

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MEN

By ASA BABER

THE TRUTH ABOUT KAL 007?

If you were watching *ABC News Nightline* on August 31, 1983, you saw Ted Koppel announce that Korean Air Lines flight 007, en route from the U.S. to South Korea, had mistakenly flown into Soviet airspace and had then been forced down by Soviet fighters onto Sakhalin island. Sixty Americans were on board, including a congressman, and it was said that the plane was safe and sitting on an airport runway.

The next night Koppel announced that the previous night's story was false: "Senior U.S. officials led us to believe, and we led you to believe, that the plane had landed safely in Soviet territory. Sadly, that was not true." Koppel went on to report that, in fact, KAL 007 had been shot down and destroyed by a Soviet air-to-air missile over Sakhalin. All 269 passengers and crew were missing and believed dead.

I watched both TV programs and had a considerable problem with that second night's change of direction. Understanding something about our surveillance capabilities in Asia, I knew we hadn't simply lost track of the Korean airliner. Nor did I think our government honestly believed that KAL 007 had landed safely on Sakhalin. What we were being fed, I felt, were two different cover stories in as many nights, courtesy of Uncle Sam's intelligence agencies.

Something was dreadfully wrong, and I could not walk away from the story. Over the years, I wrote about it (see *A Reporter's Notebook*, PLAYBOY, March 1984) and interviewed scores of informed sources. Some people said I was obsessed with the subject, and they were right. That's why I want to tell you about an important book.

Incident at Sakhalin: The True Mission of KAL Flight 007 (published by Four Walls Eight Windows) is a meticulously researched work by Michel Brun, a French aviation expert who is fluent in several languages, including Japanese. In his varied career Brun has also been a captain in the merchant marines, chief executive of a Tahitian airline, an investigator of aircraft accidents and a pilot of multiengine aircraft. For the past ten years, Brun has investigated the KAL 007 incident, aided by John Keppel, a retired American foreign-service officer. The story they uncovered is startling:

- For several hours, Brun and Keppel suggest, KAL 007 was on the periphery of an extremely complex American operation designed to provoke the Russians to "light up the board" (i.e., turn on all radar and air defense systems and scramble their fighters in response to American threats), a multilayered provocation made even more complicated for the Russians by the inclusion of what appeared to be a civilian airliner in the mix.
- A number of U.S. military aircraft approached Sakhalin from several directions, speeds and altitudes that night. They were met with a strong Soviet response, and an air battle of nearly three hours' duration commenced, resulting in the loss of at least ten U.S. planes and 30 U.S. servicemen.
- While the combat raged over Sakhalin that night, the Japanese Air Self-Defense Forces declared a Defcon 3 alert for the Northern Command (one step shy of a general mobilization). "The Japanese Defense Agency had been aware as early as 2:30 A.M. Tokyo time that alarming events were taking place to the north of Japan," Brun writes. Seventy-two fighters (half the Japanese active force) and two military rescue squadrons assembled at Chitose, on Hokkaido (the Japanese territory nearest Sakhalin), poised for combat.

"What I discovered was beyond belief," Brun writes. "Other aircraft had overflown the Soviet island at the time, some of which had been shot down. . . . The KAL 007 disaster was by no means the simple story we had been told." He made several trips to Japan, researched the coverage in Japanese newspapers, talked with Japanese defense officials, and walked the beaches of northern Japan, finding debris from both American military aircraft and KAL 007.

Based on his findings, Brun calculates that KAL 007 was demolished about 400 miles south of the site claimed by our government, some 25 miles off the coast of Niigata, Japan, and 45 minutes later than reported by U.S officials. Brun brings a wealth of information to support his theory, including radar data, voice transmissions and personal interviews. He says there was no debris where it should have been. It was only a week later that currents brought debris to the supposed crash site.

It may turn out that KAL 007 never overflew Sakhalin at all. It may have allowed a military aircraft to act as a substitute for it (thus allowing that aircraft to run the more significant risk of violating Soviet airspace) while it flew south of Sakhalin. Who destroyed KAL 007 remains a mystery, but the odds are that it was not the Soviets. Brun hints at Japan: Its mobilized air defense, after all, watched a large unidentified aircraft approach a major city from an area of intense aerial conflict. The aircraft refused to identify itself correctly, simulating radio failure and sending false transponder codes, as it flew closer to the coastline.

According to Brun, the single-plane, single-shoot-down scenario (complete with interviews, charts, maps, radio transcripts, radar plots and black boxes) presented by U.S. officials to the American public was in fact hours of combat edited and trimmed in an effort to confirm the second cover story.

What seems to have happened was a gross American miscalculation that killed innocent people and took us to the edge of war. *Incident at Sakhalin* is an investigative triumph. Let us congratulate Brun and Keppel for a job well done. And let us then demand a congressional inquiry into this calamity.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I'm watching Homer drift into a nap. His eyes blink, close, snap open at a vague sound. I am nuts about Homer, the sweetest, most loyal dog on earth. He enchants me. I adopted him three and a half years ago, when he was 11. I'd hoped to have a year with him. Now I'm in denial. I secretly believe he will never die.

Humans are good at denial. We read through the newspaper in a coma, past all the stories of genocide, plague and global warming. We don't wake up until we get to the gossip. Bruce and Demi. They're crucial.

Our biggest denial involves animals. We go bonkers over puppies, lambs, calves, ducklings, kittens, chicks. Our connection to animals is deep and strong and unconscious. It has to be unconscious to keep us from going insane.

Just last March there were two dog-related news items: Two dogs apparently saved the life of a child with Down's syndrome who was lost in a forest. They kept watch and cuddled close to the kid to keep him from freezing to death. Then another dog, a trained Irish setter, dialed 911 because its owner was having trouble breathing. Is that cool, or what?

I don't know about you, but it takes all my strength to confront the fact that we have a dog and cat holocaust in this country, that 12 million animals are euthanatized every year. Which is why I want everyone to spay or neuter their pets, why I freak when people tell me their cat had kittens so the children could experience "the miracle of birth." How about the miracle of death, I want to ask them.

I'm a dog activist. I spend my money and time on dog rescue. But you know how it is. You give money to one organization and the next day your mailbox is overflowing with sad pictures. One organization wanted me to help save farm animals.

Farm animals, I thought. Please, spare me. Who in the world wants to think about the fate of cows, pigs, lambs and chickens? Not me. I want to eat bacon. Doesn't the smell of bacon in the morning get you dancing out of bed? Doesn't it waft into your brain and make you drool uncontrollably?

Then some ratbag sent me this KCET documentary called *Diet for a New America*, which I refused to watch for an entire year. When I finally did, boy, was I sorry.

JESSI MORGAN

HAMBURGERS UNITE!

I'm going to write the next part quickly because it's painful.

Farm animals are tortured. Cows and pigs are confined in spaces so small they can't move. They never run or see the sky or act upon any of their instincts. Chickens are piled one on top of another, debeaked, legs dangling from wire mesh. Calves are taken from their mothers when they are a day old, causing the mothers agony. Then the calves are forced into a tiny, dark box, chained by the neck so their muscles atrophy. Then they are slaughtered. Foie gras is the liver of a goose that was force-fed. Farm animals are slaughtered inhumanely, en masse. They smell the blood, hear the other animals scream, die terrified.

They have no lives, hideous deaths, then we eat them. Never look into their eyes, because you will see your own dog in every cow and pig—all feelings and life force, a soulful individuality—and it will put you right off your feed. (Homer's tail is wagging as he sleeps. I love him so.)

But maybe if we put on extra-large blinders, we could still live in denial. What the hell. They're only animals, right? Animals have no souls, right? Right? (Homer has a soul. It may be a soul that likes to eat cat shit, but I know my dog and he has a soul.)

Even if we believe animals are on the earth only to be human commodities, we still have an apocalyptic problem.

Cows are destroying our planet. But who cares about that? The rain forests are in some third world country, for God's sake. OK, cows are destroying America.

I know it sounds weird.

It's not our horrible, smoggy, human-infested cities. It's cows. They've taken all our land. We consume twice as much meat per person as we did in 1900. Cows outnumber people four to one. We feed cows grain, not grass, so they'll have tasty, fat-marbled flesh. They eat 80 percent of our corn, 90 percent of our soybeans. Our land has become primarily grazing pasture. If we didn't have so many cows, we could have forests again. Go camping, maybe.

Then there's the water. Cows need most of it. One puny pound of beef requires 5000 gallons of water. In California, more water goes to irrigating crops for livestock than is used by every city in the state. The Ogallala aquifer, an immense body of water under the Great Plains, is being drained so fast it may not last 30 years.

Then there are the mountains of cow manure, which contain nitrates and pesticides that pollute our water and poison fish and birds. The Environmental Protection Agency says half the water wells in rural America are contaminated. We're stupid enough without nitrates depleting our brains of oxygen. Let's not even talk about birth defects. Or the chronic overuse of antibiotics for livestock and what that does to our health, never mind the animals'. Or heart attacks, high blood pressure, strokes and what causes them (OK, animal protein). Or cow farts.

I haven't had any bacon since I watched that documentary and, well, saw *Babe*. No more beef or chicken either, unless it's that fancy free-range stuff that costs its weight in gold. Never, ever veal. I can no longer pretend that those nice, sanitary meat cartons in supermarkets have nothing to do with carnage and cruelty. Let's all eat at least one less hamburger a week so Homer can run in a nice forest.

I can't help thinking that what we are doing to our animals we are also doing to ourselves. Deny that.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My boyfriend and I have been together for a year. For the first four months, he wanted to have sex every night. Since we moved in together, we make love about once a week. What happened?—K.T., Seattle, Washington

Your situation is fairly normal, hence the old saying about pennies in a jar: If you put a penny in a jar each time you have sex during your first year together and then take one out each time you have sex in the years that follow, you'll never empty the jar. The challenge of any long-term relationship is to keep the sex sexy after the novelty wears off. As we've said many times in the past, the best way to do that is to share intimacy outside the bedroom that will lead back to it. That and a sense of humor and adventure can work wonders. In a situation where new lovers become roommates, you also shouldn't discount the sexual psychology at work. When you were dating but living apart, your boyfriend was less certain when and if he'd have sex with you again. Sure, you could make plans for Friday night, but what if something came up at work, you fell ill, you weren't in the mood, you got your period, Elvis returned or you decided to dump him? Like many people in new relationships, he had a certain get-it-while-you-can energy. This may explain why studies have shown single people are more likely to have several acts of intercourse in a single evening than couples. Once you begin sharing a bed, the sense of urgency and privilege can dissipate if you don't stay on top of things. So to speak.

I hosted a birthday dinner for a friend. We ordered a bottle of wine to get started, but when a second bottle of the same wine arrived later, it tasted slightly different. Everyone at the table commented on it. Should we have requested a new bottle?—R.S., Miami, Florida

Although flavor variations are common, especially with older wines, the food served after the first bottle but before the second may have changed your perception. Or perhaps the bottle was stored improperly, either near heat or upright rather than on its side. If a wine doesn't agree with your palate, don't hesitate to make a change. As the host, you should be heartened that your guests paid such close attention to your selection.

About a year ago, my girlfriend and I got hooked up to the Internet, and since then she has become addicted. Last week I logged on and read some of her archived mail. I found dozens of explicit messages from some jerk in California. My girlfriend admitted she exchanges e-mail with this guy at least twice a day and often has cybersex with him. They have even exchanged pictures and spoken on the phone. I'm not sure how to react. She says it's just a game. I'm not so

sure. Our sex life has become almost nonexistent and we hardly spend time together anymore because she's always online. Is my girlfriend cheating on me?—P.C., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Yes. It sounds as if she has deleted you from her emotional life, and anything that siphons off sexual energy from a relationship qualifies as cheating in our book. Earlier this year, a New Jersey man found himself in a similar situation when he suspected his wife of digital adultery. After discovering incriminating e-mail, he filed for divorce and custody of the couple's two children. His wife's lawyers argued that because she had never met her online lover face-to-face, their steamy exchanges didn't qualify as adultery. She also claimed her husband violated state wiretap laws by reading her e-mail. Plenty of lust, not much trust. If you and your girlfriend decide your partnership is worth saving, the first step should be to unplug the computer and start talking. Perhaps someday you can log on again and exchange steamy messages with each other.

My wife just had our second child, and she is breast-feeding. The other night I asked if I could suck her nipples, but she said my request was "disgusting." When this issue came up after our first child was born, we sought help. The female counselor told us, "There is nothing wrong with that. A nursing woman's body naturally replaces whatever milk is taken that way." Upon hearing that, my wife got angry. I have never turned down any of her sexual requests. What is your view?—R.T., Las Vegas, Nevada

We agree with the counselor in principle, but it's not her body. You have to respect your wife's right to say no, which she's done twice. Be thankful she's not talking about something that will still be an issue in a few months, such as oral sex, talking dirty or that funky thing you do with the honey bear.

Twenty years ago, when I was in my 20s, a girlfriend measured my erection at 6.25 inches. Today it measures closer to seven. I've gained about 20 pounds of muscle in the interim, and this new muscle requires more blood. Therefore, my total blood volume has increased. Since erections are vascular instead of muscular, I have more blood to pump to my erection. The benefits of exercise never cease! Have you ever heard of this?—M.S., Los Angeles, California

Talk about pumping up. Circulation and blood pressure do play a key role in the size and stiffness of an erection, but fatigue, varying levels of arousal or even where you place the ruler—along the top is the scientific method—can cause fluctuations. Whatever the explanation, your fitness trainer will be pleased to hear the news. Couch potatoes: Trim your pubic hair for similar results.

Last year, you answered a letter from a reader who asked how to hydrate when out on the water. I've found the best way to keep water in my system is to eat a well-chilled head of lettuce 30 minutes before working out. Lettuce is mostly water and is absorbed slowly. What do you think?—C.S., Cleveland, Ohio

Eating an entire head of lettuce would be exercise enough for us.

Recently my wife asked me if I knew the difference between having sex and making love. When I told her I didn't, she stormed out of the room. What should I have said?—K.M., Memphis, Tennessee

The answer she was looking for is, "Before I met you, it was just sex." But that won't get you off the hook at this point, so you'll have to show her you mean business. Set aside an hour (at least) and give her as much pleasure as she can stand. Don't think erection; think construction. Build her lust slowly; keep yours in control. Pamper her, whisper her name, fall to your knees, touch every centimeter of her body. Tell her what you're going to do, do it, then remind her of what you did. She may not be able to define making love any better than you can in dictionary terms, but she'll know it when she sees it.

Thanks for the information on prostate cancer in the June *Advisor*. You probably saved some lives. But I'm surprised you didn't mention benign prostatic hyperplasia, which can be troublesome for old farts like me. After I started having trouble urinating, I waited six months before

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

seeing a doctor. I wish I'd gone sooner.—T.R., Kansas City, Missouri

The prostate gland may not be the sexiest topic we've addressed here, but it is one of the most important. The gland is a walnut-sized wad of tissue at the base of the bladder that produces 30 percent of the fluid in semen. It can go haywire in several ways. One of the most common ailments is prostatitis, a painful inflammation often associated with a bacterial infection. Another is BPH, which affects more than half of all men over the age of 60 and is marked by frequent and difficult urination. Treatments for BPH include watchful waiting, surgery, prescription drugs, pygeum africanum (a herbal treatment popular in France) and the Prostatron, a device that uses microwaves to trim away the enlarged gland. With everything that is known about treating BPH and similar conditions, why suffer?

My girlfriend of two years and I have a great sex life, but she has an overpowering vaginal odor. As soon as I catch the first hint of it, I get turned off. I try to work around it, but she's starting to catch on. What causes this odor?—S.F., New Orleans, Louisiana

The vagina is not odorless, but it's unusual that it would give off a scent strong enough to drive away a suitor. Your girlfriend probably has a vaginal infection and needs to see a doctor. She may not be happy to hear that you don't like how she smells, but you'll have to mention it sometime.

After reading the *Advisor*'s Frequently Asked Questions document on the Internet, I calculated a method to ease male anxiety about penis size. It's the Penis Volume Quotient, and its basis is the volume of a cylinder. A six-inch penis with a 0.75-inch radius, for example, would have a PVQ of 10.6 cubic inches, or $V=3.1416r^2h$. Do you agree that the PVQ provides a better measure of who is and is not well hung?—V.F., Sanatoga, Pennsylvania

Do you agree that you need more to do?

When I travel, I hate being out of touch, and by that I mean not having access to a fax machine and modem. Why don't airlines provide phone ports or other equipment for business travelers?—M.N., New York, New York

The airlines are coming around. USAir and Delta have installed semiprivate business centers near their shuttle gates at La Guardia, D.C.'s National and Boston's Logan airports, and Canadian Airlines has similar bit stops at shuttle gates in Montreal, Vancouver, Toronto and three other cities. The self-serve centers include phones, fax machines, copiers, laser printers and desktop computers or data ports. If you have access to concourse clubs such as Delta's Crown Room and Canadian's Empress Lounge, you'll find that these services are standard. Many flights offer plug-in ports for sending and receiving digital files and e-mail from the air, and USAir provides in-flight laptops for shuttle fliers. One upstart, Ziosk Inc., has established wired "private spaces in public places" at Minneapolis–St. Paul International Airport and Chicago's Union Station. On the rails, Amtrak has announced plans to build 18 high-speed trains that will include laptop ports at every seat.

Many movies set in the 18th and 19th centuries (*Tombstone* comes to mind) have characters who use the word fuck. Was "fuck" in use then, or are the screenwriters distorting history?—C.V., Duluth, Minnesota

According to "The F-Word," a dictionary devoted to "fuck" and its variations, the earliest written example in English dates from the late 15th century, when it appeared in a cipher. The word also shows up in some dictionaries published during the 18th and 19th centuries. Like any vulgarity, it was taboo to say aloud. But we doubt many Nevada cowboys gave a fuck about prevailing social mores.

In response to the letter in March about premium gasoline, I'd like to dispel some myths. For engines not designed to run on higher-octane fuels, premium will not help an older engine start easier in the winter (as stated by the *Advisor*), make the engine last longer, reduce the likelihood of breakdowns, reduce emissions or improve mileage. You should use premium only if your engine knocks or your owner's manual recommends it. You may also need higher-octane fuel if your vehicle is equipped with knock sensors—about half of the new cars sold in the U.S. have them—and seems sluggish after the first 15,000 miles or so. Knock sensors adjust the engine to correct the problem before the driver may notice it, and those adjustments can reduce power during acceleration.—James Kranzthor, Senior Product Engineer, Chevron, San Francisco, California

Thanks for the information. Knocking is commonly caused by deposits in an engine's combustion chamber, heavy loads, higher altitudes, hotter temperatures and low humidity. The rule of thumb is to use the lowest octane that prevents knocking in the worst conditions you encounter. Unlike drivers who use higher-octane fuel out of habit, we've always relied on premium for problem solving rather than prevention.

A reader in March said she wanted to tie up her husband but wasn't sure what to do to turn him on. Here is my suggestion: After she secures him naked and spread-eagle on the bed, she should invite her girlfriends over to play cards on his chest while tweaking his nipples, rubbing his thighs and placing cold drinks under his testicles. If they want to strip too, fine. Before they leave, they should take snapshots and give everybody copies. I'm 80 and my wife is 65, and we have parties like this all the time. It keeps us young.—H.P., San Diego, California

Your friends must have some fascinating photo albums. We're not sure the woman who wrote us was ready for the group scene, but your gatherings sound like kinky fun. And who could turn down an invitation like "I've tied up my lover, and he makes a dandy table"? Although the bottom (you) should approve all invitations, the top (your wife) can preserve the element of surprise by not revealing which session of bondage will turn into bridge.

Is a tie appropriate with a short-sleeved dress shirt in a work environment? Years ago I read that it might be OK in warm climates.—T.M., Abilene, Texas

Ties don't work with short sleeves, even in Texas. Lose the tie or keep the sleeves.

The other day my husband brought home something called Joy Jelly. He wants to use it during our lovemaking. Can you tell me if it's safe? He agreed to wait for your response.—T.D., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Here you go: Joy Jelly, Booby Bait, Tasty Lovin' and other flavored lotions are designed to enhance foreplay and oral sex. Unfortunately, some lotions contain ingredients such as artificial flavoring, fragrances and dyes that can upset the delicate chemical balance of the vagina and cause urinary tract infections in some women. Many novelty lotions aren't good for massage, either, as they may contain the artificial sweetener sorbitol, which leaves a sticky residue when it dries. Don't assume that because a product has the word jelly in its name that it's as effective as greaseless, odorless, water-soluble and reliable K-Y. (Adam & Eve offers a similar product, Comfort Lube, which comes in a pump bottle and eliminates the mess of squeeze tubes.) The only drawback to K-Y is that, unlike Joy Jelly, it won't necessarily complement the peanut butter he smeared on your other nipple.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com/faq, or check out the Advisor's new book, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

THE V CHIP AND BEYOND

big brother's ultimate babysitter

When my young son dropped an anvil on his sister's head after watching several hours of Saturday cartoons, I knew it was time to install one of those V chips. You know, those gizmos that block out violent television programming.

As soon as I had installed the chip, I could tell it worked. All that gratuitous murder and mayhem was purged, and though I did miss the evening news, I was sure I had done the right thing. But the little ones did not turn off the television and go outside to play in the fresh air. Instead, they sat transfixed by the shows that remained. Clearly, the V chip alone was not going to be enough. I mean, have you seen *Baywatch*? *Savannah*? *Friends*? Horrified, I installed the new T and A chip, and that took care of that.

That also took care of about half the videos on MTV, which is where my kids flipped next. But even without titillating sex, many of the videos still had problems. A nightmarish image of Madonna wearing a rubber suit and spanking a puppy with a riding crop (you think I'm kidding?) persuaded me to install an S&M chip. To eliminate a group called Boyz II Men and countless others that sound like it—I'm easily offended musically—I installed the patented R&B chip. A CBGB chip put an end to the overload of punk rock, and an OG chip halted gangsta rap. The handy ß chip got rid of everything by the artist formerly known and now known again—or not?—as Prince. Married or not, his family values are still a bit too kinky.

Kids will be kids, and even long stretches of dead air couldn't shake their devotion to the tube. They discovered something even more mind-numbing, ludicrous and pervasive than MTV: professional sports. I installed an NBA chip to shield them from trash talk. To protect their eyes from pastel Izod shirts, I installed a PGA chip. To discourage steroid abuse, I installed a WWF chip. (I had thought pro wrestling would be blocked by the original V chip, but apparently the chip realized the violence was fake.)

I was on a roll. A TV/TG chip blocked out any talk show featuring cross-dressers or she-males. Cheesy, overpriced gift items? I countered with a QVC chip. John Tesh? An ET chip. Leftist propaganda? A PBS chip. I even managed to fit in an AEIOU chip to prevent Alex and Vanna from spreading their message of greed.

Finally, after unscrewing the back of my television so many times I had blisters, all that remained were commercials. Call me old-fashioned, but I can't believe some of the products they advertise these days. I had to get an OB chip to censor tampon commercials and an EPT chip to excise a home pregnancy test ad in which a woman actually says, "Just hold it in your urine stream." I'm confident the BMW chip will keep the kids from becoming yuppies, and I used the STD chip to block out safe-sex ads, because the only reason children would need that sort of info is if they plan to have sex (over my dead body).

THAT'S IT! I'VE HAD IT WITH ALL THE SEX AND VIOLENCE ON TV! I'M GOING TO INSTALL AN S CHIP AND A V CHIP!
HA, HA! THIS WILL TEACH THOSE NETWORKS TO FILL THE AIRWAVES WITH FILTH!
BAM
BAM
AW MAN, THIS IS BORING.
I WUV YOU, YOU WUV ME!
MORE GUNS!
BAM
VIOLENCE
SEX
CLAY BUTLER

Eventually, the kids got the idea. I began to look forward to watching my offspring mature in the real world, where there is no danger of being exposed to violence, sex, foul language or rubber-encased women beating small dogs with riding crops. As I'm sure you've guessed, it wasn't that simple. In the real world salesmen tried to entice them with greasy fast food on one hand and megavitamins on the other. I responded with a KFC chip and a GNC chip. To block out solicitations from long-distance companies, I needed an AT&T chip and an MCI chip. Shielding them from train delays required MTA, LIRR, CTA and BART chips. So that they need never wait in line for half-priced show tickets, I got a TKTS chip. To prevent them from becoming fashion victims, I installed a DKNY chip. Afraid that gender-specific fragrances might isolate them, I bought them each a CK One chip. If they ever were going to work safely on computers, they would need an RSI chip. When they told me that all my worrying was making them antsy, I calmed them down with an ADD chip. And because I didn't want them to pick up any other disorders, I splurged on a comprehensive DSM-IV chip.

Yet there were bigger threats. Jackbooted government thugs could kick in the door at any moment, so I hastily installed an FBI chip, an ATF chip and a CIA chip. Maybe, it occurred to me, I could even get an IRS chip.

That's when I realized that the process would never end. I knew what I had to do. I emptied my retirement account and purchased two of those newfangled USA chips and installed them in my kids' butts. As advertised, they filtered out the entire corrupting country! That's just the way I like it.

By DANIEL RADOSH

REAL LIFE

where do we go from here?

The Communications Decency Act seeks to kill sexual fantasy and expression on the Internet for fear that someone under the age of 18 may be watching. How will this repression affect online chat rooms created and populated entirely by busty, insatiable women and well-endowed men (regardless of their real identities)? Cybersex may be forced to come down to earth, and our guess is that the results won't be pretty.

Wellhung: Hello, Sweetheart. What do you look like?

Sweetheart: I am wearing a red silk blouse and a miniskirt and high heels. My measurements are 36-24-36. I work out every day. I'm toned and perfect. What do you look like?

Wellhung: I'm 6'3" and about 250 pounds. I wear glasses and I have on a pair of blue sweatpants I just bought at Wal-Mart. I am also wearing a T-shirt with a few spots of barbecue sauce on it from dinner—it smells a little funny.

Sweetheart: I want you. Would you like to fuck me?

Wellhung: OK.

Sweetheart: We're in my bedroom. There's soft music playing on the stereo and candles on my dresser and night table. I'm looking up into your eyes, smiling. My hand works its way down to your crotch and begins to fondle your huge, swelling bulge.

Wellhung: I'm gulping. I'm beginning to sweat.

Sweetheart: I'm pulling up your shirt and kissing your chest.

Wellhung: Now I'm unbuttoning your blouse. My hands are trembling.

Sweetheart: I'm moaning softly.

Wellhung: I'm taking hold of your blouse and sliding it off slowly.

Sweetheart: I'm throwing my head back in pleasure. The cool silk slides off my warm skin. I'm rubbing your bulge faster, pulling and rubbing.

Wellhung: My hand suddenly jerks spastically and I accidentally rip a hole in your blouse. I'm sorry.

Sweetheart: That's OK, it wasn't really too expensive.

Wellhung: I'll pay for it.

Sweetheart: Don't worry about it. I'm wearing a lacy black bra. My soft breasts are rising and falling, rising and falling, as I breathe harder and harder.

Wellhung: I'm fumbling with the clasp on your bra. I think it's stuck. Do you have any scissors?

Sweetheart: I take your hand and kiss it softly. I'm reaching back and undoing the clasp. The bra slides off my body. The air caresses my breasts. My nipples are erect for you.

Wellhung: How did you do that? I'm picking up the bra and inspecting the clasp.

Sweetheart: I'm arching my back. Oh, baby. I just want to feel your tongue all over me.

Wellhung: I'm dropping the bra. Now I'm licking your, you know, breasts. They're neat!

Sweetheart: I'm running my fingers through your hair. Now I'm nibbling on your ear.

Wellhung: I suddenly sneeze. Your breasts are covered with spit and phlegm.

Sweetheart: What?

Wellhung: I'm so sorry. Really.

Sweetheart: I'm wiping your phlegm off my breasts with the remains of my blouse.

Wellhung: I'm taking the sopping wet blouse from you. I drop it with a <plop>.

Sweetheart: OK. I'm now pulling your sweatpants down and grabbing your cock.

Wellhung: I'm screaming like a woman. Your hands are cold! Yeeeee!

Sweetheart: I'm pulling up my miniskirt. Take off my panties.

Wellhung: I'm pulling off your panties. My tongue is going all over, in and out, nibbling on your . . . umm . . . wait a minute.

Sweetheart: What's the matter?

Wellhung: I've got a pubic hair caught in my throat. I'm choking.

Sweetheart: Are you OK?

Wellhung: I'm having a coughing fit.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER PALOMBI

CYBERSEX

humor by GREG GRABIANSKI

I'm turning all red.

Sweetheart: Can I help?

Wellhung: I'm running to the kitchen, choking wildly. I'm fumbling through the cabinets, looking for a cup. Where do you keep your cups?

Sweetheart: In the cabinet to the right of the sink.

Wellhung: I'm drinking a cup of water. There, that's better.

Sweetheart: Come back to me, lover.

Wellhung: I'm washing the cup now.

Sweetheart: I'm on the bed, aching for you.

Wellhung: I'm drying the cup. Now I'm putting it back in the cabinet. And now I'm walking back to the bedroom. Wait, it's dark. I'm lost. Where's the bedroom?

Sweetheart: Last door on the left at the end of the hall.

Wellhung: I found it.

Sweetheart: I'm tugging off your pants. I'm moaning. I want you so badly.

Wellhung: Me too.

Sweetheart: Your pants are off. I kiss you passionately—our naked bodies pressing against each other.

Wellhung: Your face is pushing my glasses into my face. It hurts.

Sweetheart: Why don't you take off your glasses?

Wellhung: OK, but I can't see very well without them. I place the glasses on the night table.

Sweetheart: I'm bending over the bed. Give it to me, baby!

Wellhung: I have to pee. I'm fumbling my way blindly across the room and toward the bathroom.

Sweetheart: Hurry back, lover.

Wellhung: I find the bathroom. It's dark. I'm feeling around for the toilet. I lift the lid.

Sweetheart: I'm waiting eagerly for your return.

Wellhung: I'm done going. I'm feeling around for the flush handle, but I can't find it. Uh-oh!

Sweetheart: What's the matter now?

Wellhung: I've realized that I've peed into your laundry hamper. Sorry again. I'm walking back to the bedroom now, blindly feeling my way.

Sweetheart: Mmm, yes. Come on.

Wellhung: OK, now I'm going to put my . . . you know . . . thing . . . in your . . . you know . . . woman's thing.

Sweetheart: Yes! Do it, baby! Do it!

Wellhung: I'm touching your smooth butt. It feels so nice. I kiss your neck. Umm, I'm having a little trouble here.

Sweetheart: I'm moving my ass back and forth, moaning. I can't stand it another second! Slide it in! Fuck me now!

Wellhung: I'm flaccid.

Sweetheart: What?

Wellhung: I'm limp. I can't sustain an erection.

Sweetheart: I'm standing up and turning around, an incredulous look on my face.

Wellhung: I'm shrugging with a sad look on my face, my wiener all floppy. I'm going to get my glasses and see what's wrong.

Sweetheart: No, never mind. I'm getting dressed. I'm putting on my underwear. Now I'm putting on my wet, nasty blouse.

Wellhung: No, wait! Now I'm squinting, trying to find the night table. I'm feeling along the dresser, knocking over cans of hair spray, picture frames and your candles.

Sweetheart: I'm buttoning my blouse. Now I'm putting on my shoes.

Wellhung: I've found my glasses. I'm putting them on. My God! One of your candles fell on the curtain. The curtain is on fire! I'm pointing at it, a shocked look on my face.

Sweetheart: Go to hell. I'm logging off, you loser!

Wellhung: Now the carpet is on fire! Oh, noooo!

READER

ZONING

The property rights debate is one of the fastest-growing political issues in America. When we ran James Bovard's article on zoning laws ("Conform . . . or Else," March), The Playboy Forum broke new ground. We realize that most people never come into contact with local government, that not everyone is a property owner. But the right of people to do as they please with their property struck a chord. The article generated letters that touched both sides of the debate.

The basis of zoning is well-intentioned and appropriate. There is nothing unreasonable about a public policy that prohibits the construction of steel mills or glue factories in residential neighborhoods. But the pendulum has swung too far the other way. Every day, in every community, unqualified bureaucrats abuse zoning codes. There are thousands of cases that get no public play because the burden of proof is left to the property owner. This issue is a battlefield. Those who are nauseated by Bovard's examples need to take up the fight. Replace incompetent elected officials. Bring personal lawsuits against overzealous bureaucrats. Read local ordinances and change the bad ones. And if you own land in any significant quantity, find yourself a fire-and-brimstone property rights lawyer right now.

Michael Saylor
Jacksonville, Florida

As one half of the couple mentioned in Bovard's zoning article, I read the piece with great interest. The author describes how my wife was jailed while the municipality drove a backhoe through our lakefront home, razing it. There is more to the story. When our original home was destroyed by fire, we hired an architect to plan a new one. After our home was completed and occupied, the town supervisor came upon a provision of the local laws stating that when a house has been leveled by fire, it must be rebuilt exactly like the prior house, with the same cubic content and footprint. He declared our home to be in violation of the law and demanded that we tear down the structure. As an attorney, I decided to take on the legal battle against the municipality, only to have the district attorney charge me with fraud (a felony under which I would lose my law license) for submitting a contractor's bid for the demolition of our house. I was convicted, and so lost my livelihood and home. The moral of this story is: Zoning is a fine tool—one that rests firmly in the hands of political power brokers who use it as a chain saw for their benefit.

Roger Scott
Syracuse, New York

I am currently engaged in a zoning dispute in Michigan. I own a house, which I rent out, in an area that has been reclassified as "restricted office." When I applied for permits to replace the siding on the house, the township refused, saying that I had violated the law. A previous tenant had received three tickets for parking his lawn service vehicle on the property, and the township used that as evidence of nonconforming usage. I took my case to the zoning commission, which demanded that I prove the site was never used commercially. My argument—if I park my Good Humor truck in my driveway, that doesn't make my home an ice cream factory—did not go over well. The board refused to consider the matter further. I am now trying to find an affordable place for my current tenant and her four children. By digging in behind its ridiculous assertion, the township will win, because my resources will soon be exhausted. I am still free in Waterford Township—free to go bankrupt and live on the streets.

Brian Bloch
Lansing, Michigan

As someone who has worked in municipal zoning for the past 17 years, I find Bovard's article to be inflammatory and misleading. Admittedly, the zoning restrictions in Coral Gables are silly, but no one has to live there. Before you plunk down your hard-earned money for an abode or business with a forested view, you should visit the local city hall, town hall or county zoning office. That beautiful woodland could already be under subdivision application, and the taxpayer who owns it may have the right to destroy your perfect view and build what he wants. So read those ordinances, folks. Pay attention to the dry legal notices in your newspaper that advertise changes to city, town or county laws. Get involved. Get a good attorney. Learn all you can before you buy. You'll save yourself a lot of headaches, avoid a lot of mistakes and live happily ever after.

KarenLu LaPolice
North Kingstown, Rhode Island

Zoning laws and ordinances create artificial barriers for people who want to improve their property. So do tax laws. Property taxes increase with improvements to the point where many homeowners spend more time in court

FOR THE RECORD

SEX SCENES

"Our problem is with TV violence, not TV sex. Sex is life-affirming, but violence is life-denying."

—KEITH SPICER, CHAIRMAN OF CANADA'S COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION, DISCUSSING RESPONSIBLE TELEVISION PROGRAMMING

RESPONSE

than they do with their architect and builder. Many people don't realize that our founding fathers didn't write the Constitution to serve "just us."

George Sidoti
East Northport, New York

Bovard's use and abuse article on property rights makes me sick. We have laws, rules and regulations to ensure that everyone is treated fairly and to keep your neighbor's actions from negatively affecting your life. Self-righteous people like Bovard usually are the first to squeal when a new Wal-Mart is proposed next to their condo.

Thomas Savage
Fredericksburg, Virginia

As a zoning official, I have to dispute Bovard's contentions that zoning codes have become far more invasive and arbitrary in recent years, and that there is no statutory limit to the idiocy of zoning and planning boards. If anything, the opposite is true. The appeals process is the final avenue of challenge to the municipal zoning code, but if a mistake is made at our end, we are liable in circuit court. The city does not act as a buffer between the court and the board; each member of this quasi-judicial board is personally at risk in a lawsuit. Believe me when I say we do not make decisions arbitrarily.

Brian Gavan
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Your zoning article is blatantly one-sided. Nearly two thirds of the voters in Washington State said no to the "takings" bill extolled in your article. Now our nitwitted state legislature is trying to revive this bill, which gives away taxpayers' money to land-use lawyers and developers. The people forced to conform are the citizens of our state, who must watch as greedy real estate developers turn Washington into a strip-mall imitation of southern California. What about community rights against corporate power? Who is being forced to conform?

Matthew Ward
Lopez, Washington

What Bovard says about zoning ordinances is true, but let's not go overboard blaming government for simple human nature. In many suburbs, private organizations called homeowners' associations wield the same dictatorial power over their neighborhoods, and the courts have said people must obey because the obligation is written into the deeds to their houses.

Marc Desmond
Brooklyn, New York

I just read "Conform . . . or Else" and don't know whether to be scared or mad. After reroofing my house, I called the building inspector to sign off on my permit. That's when I found out that the ordinance requiring only one smoke detector had changed—I now needed three. One week and $50 later, I again asked the inspector to verify compliance. Guess what? The ordinance was no longer in effect. Open your eyes, America. There's plenty of room for it to get worse before it gets better.

Neal Ross
Anchorage, Alaska

Did you hear about Charles Flagg? It seems that town fathers were giving Flagg a hard time about an unregistered car in his yard that violated local zoning ordinances. So he dug a hole, buried half the car and called it art.

Peter Parks
Flushing, New York

I applaud Bovard's efforts to provide a national perspective on what is primarily a local government concern. His concluding question, "Are we still free?" has one answer: Sure we are. Municipalities don't come up with zoning regulations in a vacuum. Somewhere down the line, residents requested whatever ordinances are in place. It starts with one neighbor talking to another, then a few others. Before long a neighborhood task force bombards zoning meetings, voicing concern and outright opposition, eventually pushing legislation through that puts a stop to the offending practice. Zoning is one area of government where democracy rules supreme—in some circumstances, even to the detriment of common sense and logic.

Randall Jackson
Palm Springs, California

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

BAD SEX

Each year Britain's *Literary Review* presents a Bad Sex Award for the most tortured sexual description submitted. *Review* editors say that to qualify, a passage must be "redundant, perfunctory, unconvincing, embarrassed and embarrassing, as well as unacceptably crude." One contestant even challenged the basis of the award, contending that there is no such thing as bad sex. Here are some of the entries:

"His tremulous thumbs gathered the elastic waist of her panties and plucked them down over the twin golden domes of her behind and back up over the suspended sentences and Sobranie filter tips of her stocking tops as, obligingly, she brought her knees up to her chest. . . ."

"With a coy smile, the crossed front teeth peeping beaver-like over the lower lip, she removed the brassiere and unleashed the oscillating breasts traced with blue veins around the purple, goose-pimpled nipples."

"Their jaws ground in feverish mutual mastication. Saliva and sweat. Sweat and saliva. There was a purposeful shedding of clothing. . . ."

DAN YACCARINO

THE SCHOOL FOR JOHNS

sex ed, san francisco style

By ALAN DEUTSCHMAN

I arrive at the San Francisco Police Academy at 8:30 A.M. on a stormy Saturday. The classroom is filled with 30 men. It's the most unlikely of fraternities. The guys sit solemnly—utterly still, morbidly quiet, trying to avoid eye contact with one another. It's as if they want to escape the emasculating shame of having paid for sex—and having been stupid enough to get caught by the cops.

These men were all arrested by female vice officers posing as hookers. Because the men have otherwise clean records, the district attorney has promised not to file charges. There's a catch, though. The tricked tricks have to pay up to $500 and attend an all-day seminar. Much to the chagrin of city officials, the First Offender Prostitution Program is commonly known as the School for Johns.

The class is a near-perfect demographic representation of the city's straight adult male population—mostly whites, plenty of Asians, a few Latinos. Working-class guys are mixed with clean-cut professionals wearing wedding bands. A balding father figure sits across from a white kid with dreadlocks. There's a bruiser wearing a cowboy hat. Ragged denim jackets contrast with Eddie Bauer windbreakers. College sweatshirts stand out—UC Santa Cruz, UNLV.

The first presenter is Jerry Coleman, an assistant D.A. His mission is to scare the attendees by describing what will happen if they're caught again. Next time, he says, you won't just get a citation. You'll be herded into a paddy wagon, where you'll sit until it is full—possibly for hours. Then you will be thrown into a holding cell in the city jail, with other assorted bad guys and ne'er-do-wells.

The scare tactics are just starting. Next, Coleman recites the escalating scare of crime and punishment. Probation on the second offense, mandatory 45 days on the third, 90 days on the fourth. Each time you'll be screened for HIV. Test positive and you risk arrest for a felony for the next offense. If the hooker is under 18, that's statutory rape. If she's under 14—which isn't uncommon—you will do up to eight years for child abuse and—here's the shocker—pandering. One day you think you're a regular guy. The next, a judge rules that you're a pimp.

What if you're not so lucky next time? Coleman asks the johns. What if you pick up a real prostitute rather than an undercover officer?

Well, if a cop peers into an alleyway and sees you with a head in your lap, that's a lewd act in public—the Hugh Grant scenario. So how about checking into Hooker Hotel? While you're not looking, the girl might lift your cash. Or her pimp could be lying in wait, wielding a knife or gun. He'll take your wallet, your car keys, your clothes. What are you going to do buck naked in a bad part of town? And much later, when you're trying to forget the incident, the district attorney will make you testify about it, under oath, in public. The shame.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO BUCK NAKED IN A BAD PART OF TOWN?

Now Lieutenant Joe Dutto, head of the vice squad, takes over. He tells of hookers who will drug a john's drink, then rob him. "Fourteen to 16 hours later, if you don't have any medical problems, maybe you'll wake up," Dutto deadpans. "If not, you'll go to a higher authority."

"Use your heads, folks," Coleman concludes. "Or for God's sake use your hands if you have to. Stay off the streets." As an alternative, he shows a slide of a man in front of a computer screen, engaging in some kind of virtual sex.

He has to be kidding—but apparently he's not.

I'm expecting a detailed session on how to improve your masturbatory techniques when Dutto calls the ten o'clock coffee break.

The men line up against the brick wall outside, several paces apart, smoking cigarettes and looking straight ahead like they're in front of a firing squad.

The next speaker is Norma Hotaling, a former heroin-addicted streetwalker now turned health education expert. She narrates a slide show on sexually transmitted diseases—close-up photos of genital warts, syphilis sores, herpes blisters on lips and penises, infected cervices, blind babies born to mothers with herpes, scar tissue in fallopian tubes.

"Are you sick yet?" she asks.

Mercifully, the hour ends. A dozen johns shuffle to the john. I've never seen guys wash their hands so thoroughly in a public rest-room. You'd think they were preparing for surgery.

When class resumes, Hotaling introduces other former streetwalkers who have come to tell their stories.

Carrie looks like an executive, her tailored blue pantsuit showing off her slender figure. In a thick New York accent, she tells of being raped 30 or 40 times—she lost count—and one night walking naked through the streets after a john stole her clothes. One wonders if business picked up on the walk. But Carrie does not allow our thoughts to meander toward the sexual.

"The first day I was out there, my pimp said I could never leave, that he would kill me," she says. "Every time I got into a car, I feared for my life. I hated having sex. What really floors me is that people like you picked me up—and I was disgusting."

Her composure begins to break. The pain surfaces as she speaks with a combination of pride, sorrow and anger: "I'm trying to work through that I'm a good person and not a fucking whore."

Then something strange happens. Almost every man in the room begins to clap, unprompted by the cops or the

D.A.s. These guys are truly moved.

Angel is next, a pretty woman whose straight dark hair falls over the lapels of her leather jacket. She tells of growing up in a "hippie-type communal environment" in San Francisco, where the men started feeding her LSD when she was five and forced her to give them blow jobs. She left home at the age of 15, used crack and heroin, lost custody of her daughter and wound up as a hooker.

"I didn't bathe. I would get into a car with anybody, even if he had only five dollars. I've held my sisters' guts together after they've been stabbed. I've had several venereal diseases. If you guys didn't want to use condoms, I didn't care."

The story ends triumphantly. Angel has been "out of the life" and clean for three years. She once again has contact with her eight-year-old daughter and is fighting for custody. "It's amazing that I can be a mother today and a daughter to my mother," she concludes.

The applause swells—and later resumes at the introduction of Sandra, a black woman with striking features who tells of covering her open sores with makeup and turning $20 tricks without condoms. "You didn't know what I had. I just wanted your money. I would have told you anything."

Rose is a fair-skinned blonde in a thrift-shop coat. From my seat in the back, she looks like Michelle Pfeiffer. She turned tricks for anywhere from five bucks to hundreds of dollars. "You are not people to us," she tells the johns. "You are just a way to get money for drugs."

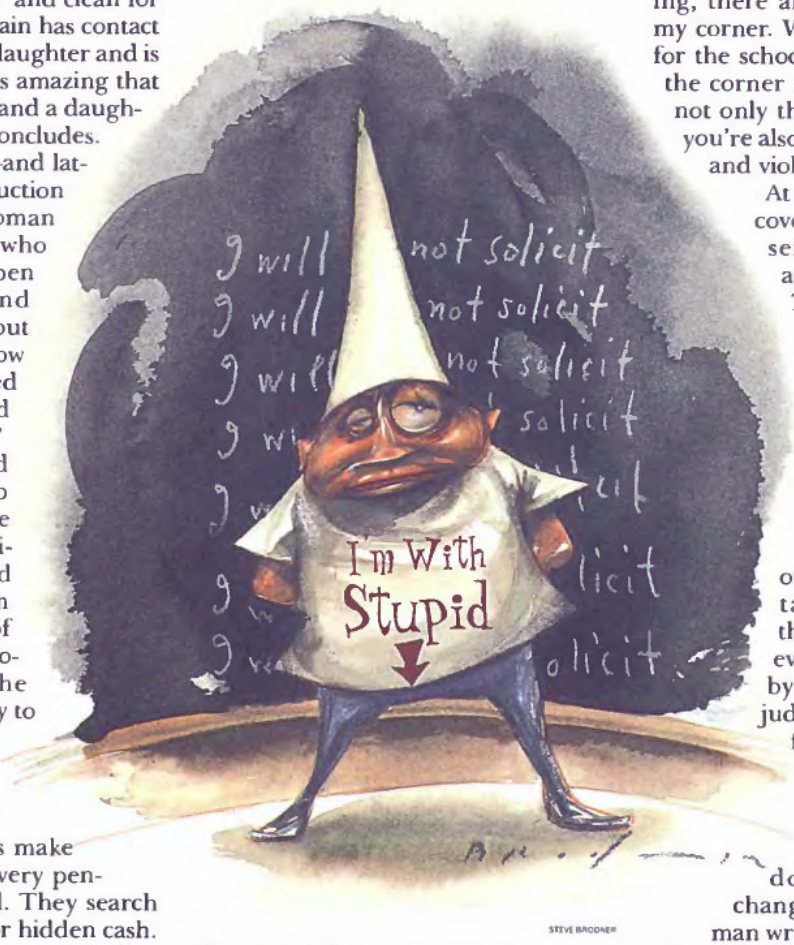
At one o'clock, Hotaling begins a speech on the dynamics of pimping. For starters, pimps make their girls account for every penny they earn and spend. They search the girls' body cavities for hidden cash. Pimps keep their hookers socially isolated, limiting their contact to the other girls (known as wives-in-law or stable sisters). The youngest, prettiest hooker faces a nightly quota as high as $1000. If she earns less, the pimp humiliates her and refuses to have sex with her. She also helps to carry on the cycle, enhancing her own position in the stable by recruiting fresh young girls.

When Hotaling asks street hookers why they do it, the typical response is: for the money. So Hotaling checks the math. By the time they are in their 20s, many streetwalkers have already earned $500,000 to $1 million. "How much do you think they have in the bank? In the mattress? How about mutual funds? Gold bullion? If they were to leave today, how much would they have?"

A few men in the School for Johns mouth the answer: nothing.

The girl can't leave the pimp, Hotaling explains, except to switch to another stable. He knows where her family is. He'll puncture her liver, rupture her spleen, knock out her teeth. If she's pregnant, he'll kick her stomach until he kills the fetus.

By now, the men in the class are ready to sign up for a lynch mob. Kill a pimp for society. And more than a few are wondering why the criminal justice system is so concerned about them—regular guys with no priors—and not the scumbag pimps.



STEVE BRODNER

Lieutenant Dutto steps in. "The most difficult thing for vice cops to do is prosecute pimps," he explains. "You need a victim to come forward." If a hooker drops a dime (these days more likely a quarter), then vice can get a warrant, search the pimp's apartment and turn up illegal drugs or guns. In those cases, though, the renegade hooker often wants to go back to her pimp. She loves him. And so do all her stable sisters, the women who have been her only friends and social support for years.

Now Hotaling tries to shift the blame from the pimps to the johns. "Your involvement in this perpetuates it," she tells them. "If you weren't there, we wouldn't have pimps preying on young girls who are vulnerable to anyone who shows them some attention."

At one-thirty, it's time for community activists to take their shots. "You are the sole cause of prostitution in my neighborhood," says Phillip Faight, an angry Tenderloin district resident. "When I leave my apartment at six in the morning, there are three or four girls on my corner. When the children line up for the school bus, they have to share the corner with the whores. You are not only the cause of prostitution—you're also the cause of drug dealing and violence."

At two o'clock a pair of recovering sex addicts speak on sex addiction. They pass around a handout titled *The Ten Signs of Sexual Addiction*. Number nine begins: "Inordinate amounts of time spent obtaining sex. . . ." Hmm, that describes every man I've ever known between the ages of 16 and 40.

At three-thirty school is out. Terri Jackson, an assistant D.A., lets me look through the 31 anonymous evaluation forms completed by the johns. Twenty men judged the course a four or five, five being the top rating. Only two men weighed in with scores of one and two.

The survey asks, "How do you think this will change your behavior?" One man wrote: "I will seek help." Another answer: "I won't even think of soliciting. This has been humiliating and painful. I'm lucky to still be married."

So far, more than 300 men have graduated from the School for Johns. The program is earning international attention for the San Francisco Police Department, as other cities send cops to study it. But this kind of sex education, however well intentioned, still seems too little, too late. The oldest profession will be with us for a while.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PAPER TIGRESSES

COSTA MESA, CALIFORNIA—*In an effort to battle streetwalking, Costa Mesa police confiscate the clothing of suspected prostitutes as evidence, then release the women*

in standard-issue white paper jumpsuits. One resourceful hooker immediately cut her paper uniform into hot pants and went back to work. A new state law gives local police another weapon: It is now a misdemeanor in California to loiter in public places "with intent of dealing drugs or engaging in prostitution." Civil libertarians have challenged the law, which they say gives the police too much leeway. "They might be a prostitute, but their intent at the time might be to go to church," one public defender told the "Los Angeles Times," as if he believed it. "They might be flagging down a ride to get to the chapel."

HIV UPDATE

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS—*Scientists have discovered that an Asian strain of the AIDS virus infects certain mucous membrane cells in the vagina and mouth more easily than its Western counterpart. Researchers at the Harvard AIDS Institute found that HIV subtype E penetrated Langerhans cells in the female reproductive tract more readily than does the Western world's subtype B. This may explain why 90 percent of AIDS cases in Asia and Africa are attributed to heterosexual contact, while most cases in the U.S. and Europe are linked to homosexual contact or intravenous drug use. Different strains of HIV seem to have varying rates of transmission and responses to treatment.*

THOU SHALT NOT LIE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Just how big is the religious right? The Christian Coalition's claim of 1.8 million members and supporters may be based on faith alone. According to figures filed with the U.S. Post Office and uncovered by Americans United for Separation of Church and State, the coalition has just 310,296 subscribers to its "Christian American" magazine, which is sent to anyone who makes at least a $15 contribution to the organization. The circulation of "Christian American" was down 43,407 from the previous year.*

TWO-STEP PROGRAM

WACO, TEXAS—*A crusade by students at Baylor, the world's largest Baptist university, has persuaded school officials to lift a campus ban on dancing. President Robert Sloan assured alumni there would be no "lewd gyrations" or "excessive closeness" among students who get happy feet, but some Baptists are still nervous. "We know that with the music we have in this day and time, the atmosphere, the dress, the emotions and everything else out there—we're all human," said the Reverend Miles Seaborn of the Southern Baptists of Texas. "Who's going to be the gyration inspector?" Baylor still forbids alcoholic beverages, cigarettes and coed living, and impure thoughts are highly discouraged.*

SCARED STRAIGHT

MERRIMACK, NEW HAMPSHIRE—*Assisted by the American Civil Liberties Union, a group of parents, students and teachers filed a federal lawsuit protesting a school board vote to ban instruction or counseling that offers homosexuality as a "positive lifestyle alternative." (Bigotry, apparently, is OK.) Because the board did not establish specific guidelines, many of the 320 teachers at Merrimack's five schools have curtailed class discussions and reading lists (including selections such as Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" and poetry by Walt Whitman) to avoid sanctions. In response to the lawsuit, board president Christopher Ager blamed "outsiders" for "trying to force [their agenda] down our throats."*

FAMILY TIME

HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS—*For the first time since it revived the death penalty in 1982, Texas has allowed relatives of murder victims to watch the execution of the killer. Leo Jenkins, who shot and killed Mark Kelley and Kara Voss in 1988 during a robbery, died by lethal injection as the siblings' parents, sister and 90-year-old grandmother, along with Kelley's widow, watched from five feet away through thick glass. Jenkins' family did not attend, but his sister told "The Washington Post" that "Leo hoped his death would satisfy the Kelleys. But he thought it was low that the warden would let them watch." Seven of the 38 death penalty states allow victims' families to witness the official revenge.*

VILE EMISSIONS

MODESTO, CALIFORNIA—*A Ku Klux Klan leader who torched a 30-foot cross in his backyard during his 50th birthday party faces a potential $50,000 fine from local air-quality authorities. "When he burns a burlap-wrapped, diesel-soaked cross made of railroad ties, it's a pretty clear violation," said an attorney for the San Joaquin Valley Air Pollution Control District. "We couldn't care less what his*

politics are." Bill Albers, the toxin-spewing, self-proclaimed Imperial Wizard of the California Klan, argues that a cross-burning emits no more muck than a truck. Last year Albers was fined $1000 by the district for another cross-burning but hasn't paid.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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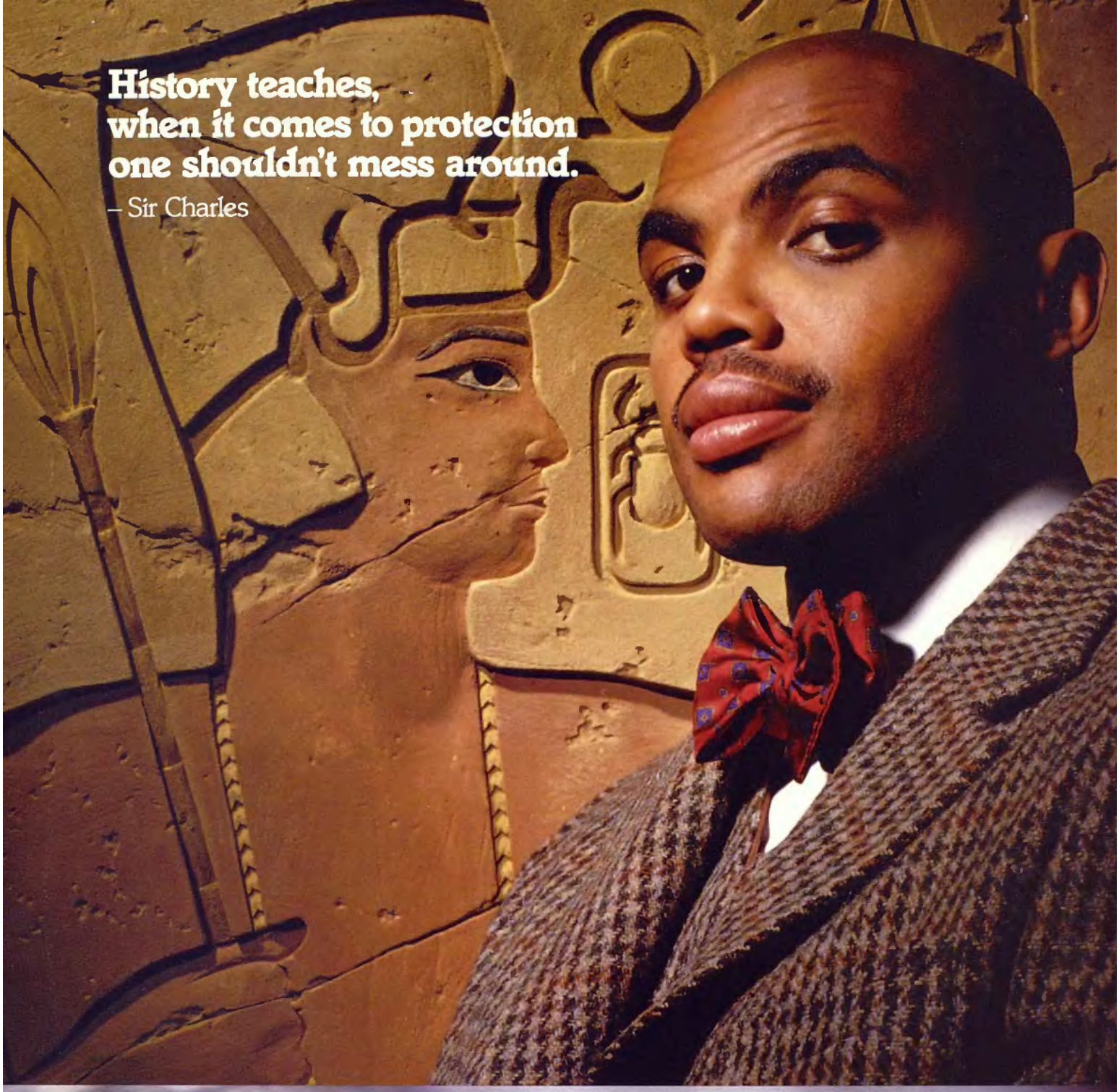

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JAMES CARVILLE

a candid conversation with the president's fire-eating, trash-talking campaign wizard about whining democrats, two-faced republicans, sex, politics and the art of the spin

"He was sitting in my office, glowering and scowling," pollster Mark Mellman once told a reporter. "Then he stood up and walked around on top of the furniture. Then he started screaming as he was pacing. And I thought, Oh my God, I'm in the presence of a lunatic. Genius walks that fine line, I guess."

He is known as the "ragin' Cajun," "Serpent Head" and a host of other unfriendly terms—by his friends, no less. The Republicans, meanwhile, have their own word for him: intimidating.

But James Carville isn't just a jumble of temper tantrums, emotional outbursts and colorful turns of phrase. He's a serious man with a serious job: to persuade millions of people to like someone well enough to give him their votes. This year that someone is an old client: the president of the United States.

Carville is generally credited as the masterful engineer behind Bill Clinton's 1992 presidential victory. From the primaries down to the wire, that race introduced—and, in some cases, perfected—a new brand of campaign warfare, including cranked-up opposition research, hit-and-run attack ads, quick-response rebuttals (sometimes within the same 24-hour news cycle), tag-team spin doctoring, town meetings and bus caravans.

While campaign watchers had come to know Carville fairly well in the months that led up to the election, the rest of America received a crash course on the man in the swell of publicity that followed Clinton's win. Carville became a favorite on the talk show circuit, delighting audiences with campaign tales spun in his spitfire Cajun dialect. He was extolled as the brains behind the campaign's muscle in the Academy Award–nominated documentary "The War Room," which tracks the Clinton crusade from behind the scenes.

Carville's celebrity was given another half-life when he married his onetime nemesis, former George Bush campaign strategist Mary Matalin. It was perhaps the unlikeliest romance in D.C. history: top dogs on opposing political campaigns, facing off in an election for the country's highest office. (When Clinton won, Matalin told Carville: "You make me sick. I hate your guts.")

Once again, Carville is helping steer Clinton's campaign bandwagon—and not only on the stump. His new best-seller, "We're Right, They're Wrong: A Handbook for Spirited Progressives," is Carville's attempt to sway—or perhaps bully—the electorate into seeing the world the way he views it: as a place where one can be politically progressive, socially traditional and outrageously outspoken all at once. One critic even compared the book to Thomas Paine's "Common Sense."

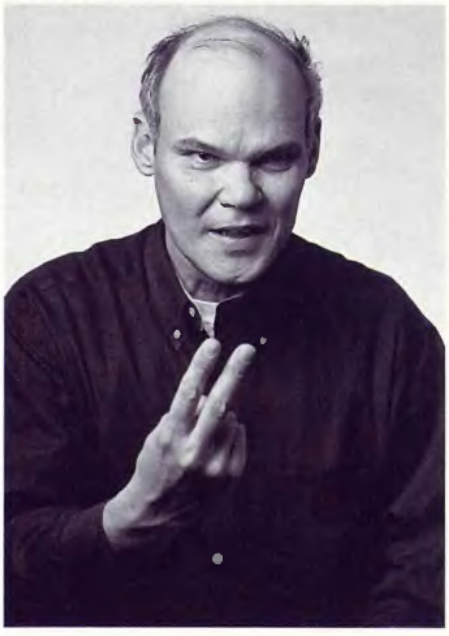
Writes Carville: "People who have sucked from the government sugar-tit all their lives, and now want to make sure it runs dry for everyone else—it's them versus us. Ours is the morally superior position."

Carville is a confessed late-bloomer (the Clinton triumph occurred when he was 48) who embodies the loser-made-good persona. He is a hard-talking, scrappy fighter who learns from his mistakes yet stubbornly continues to make them. He will mercilessly jab at an opponent, then quickly back off and assess the damage with a healthy measure of detached Southern charm.

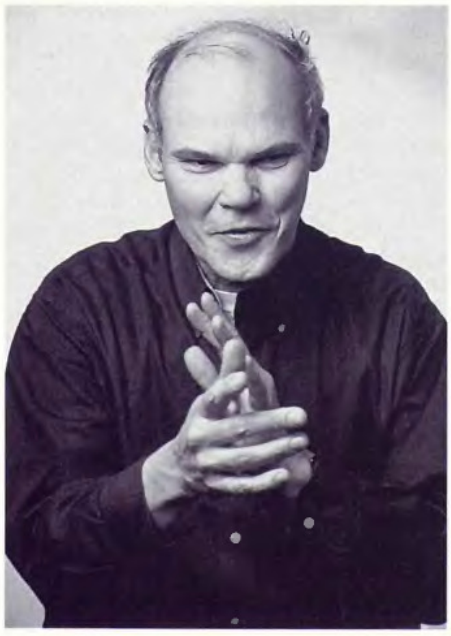
Those who have watched Carville at work say he is the best spin doctor in the business, effortlessly twisting a rival's words or complex policy—or even the truth—to suit his immediate needs. He is also known as a bit of an oddball. "A lot of people who don't know him well think he tries hard to be eccentric," says friend and first lady Hillary Rodham Clinton. "But those of us who know him know that he actually tries very hard to be normal—and never quite gets there."

"I'm like uranium 235," Carville concurs, with pride. "Not quite stable."

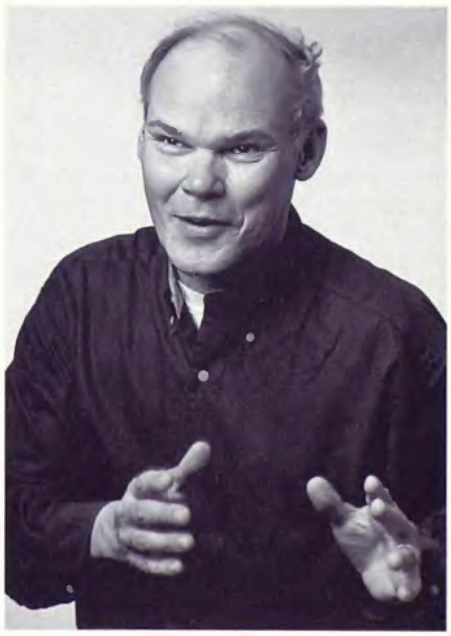
On the way to his success, Carville has alienated a lot of people—and not just Republicans. His histrionic eruptions are widely known. When he exploded during a White House meeting with Hollywood producers,



"Why don't the Republicans admit this is payback time? They're not doing well and they need the fuel. I mean, does anybody believe these senators are going to give one hoot about Whitewater after November? Of course not."



"On election night, when you win, you get to breathe the most rarefied air on earth. A political campaign builds up, explodes and then ends. That's the aphrodisiac. That's how you get the term political junkie. You need a fix."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SAM KITTNER

"If somebody reading this magazine is too stupid to understand that I have the president's interests at heart, then he's probably too stupid to get this far in the interview. I am not an objective guy."

launching into a what-do-you-rich-folks-know-about-life routine, producer Gary David Goldberg dubbed him "Anthony Perkins playing Fidel Castro on acid." Others have accused him of dancing closer to the edge than even Republican strategist Lee Atwater, to whom Carville is often compared.

His over-the-top zeal isn't the only thing that sets him apart. He is also wildly superstitious. For luck, he wore black woolen gloves during the Clinton campaign. In other races, he's worn the same pair of underwear for at least a week, though he insists he washed them out each night. He also spent one election day "in the fetal position."

But beneath the drama and superstition is a masterful mind that runs on all cylinders during a campaign—prodding his candidate, intimidating the opposition, searching for that one message to inspire the electorate. (In 1992 it was the oft-repeated "It's the economy, stupid.") At the same time, Carville is a sucker for the underdog. "If you are on top of the world," White House aide George Stephanopoulos once said, "James doesn't have much time for you. But if the world's on top of you, he's right there."

Yet until his remarkable turnaround in the mid-Eighties, Carville considered himself "a stoned-ass loser."

Born in Louisiana in 1944 to a postmaster and his wife, and raised in a town on the Mississippi River that bears the family name, Chester James Carville Jr. had a happy childhood. Even ordinary boyhood upheavals took on a cheerful, optimistic spin. "When my dad pulled me aside and broke it to me that there was no Santa Claus," Carville remembers, "it was nothing compared with the glee of being the one who knew something that my younger brothers and sisters didn't know. Plus, I got to help my father put the stuff under the tree."

In 1962 Carville entered Louisiana State University, where he concentrated mostly on partying. ("I made John Belushi look like a scholar," he told "People.")

Exiting LSU early (some accounts say he was asked to leave), Carville joined the Marines, where he stayed for two years. He then returned to Baton Rouge, where he taught junior high while finishing college. He then earned a law degree from LSU. After an uneventful stint at a local law firm, Carville found politics. He worked mostly on losing campaigns, including Gary Hart's abortive 1984 presidential run. Things started to pick up in 1986, when Carville helped escort Democrat Bob Casey to the governorship of Pennsylvania. Then came the winning streak: In 1987 Carville engineered Wallace Wilkinson's come-from-behind victory in Kentucky's gubernatorial race; the next year, he managed Senator Frank Lautenberg's successful reelection bid in New Jersey. And in 1990 he took Zell Miller to the governor's mansion in Georgia.

But Carville pulled out all the stops for Bill Clinton's 1992 campaign. The process was captured in detail in "The War Room"—as were the emotions that ran beneath it: In one scene, Carville breaks down during an impassioned farewell speech to his followers after Clinton's victory. It is a moment that defines James Carville, both his political passion and his soul.

These days, Carville is living a more comfortable life—emotionally and financially. Together he and Matalin chronicled the crazy days of the Clinton–Bush contest in the 1994 best-seller "All's Fair: Love, War and Running for President" (Random House/Simon & Schuster), an extended two-for-one interview that reveals as much about their love affair as it does about the campaigns. The couple also tours the lecture circuit, commanding upwards of $20,000 for a few hours of political banter and well-honed arguing. And last year Carville and Matalin became parents—the first time for both—when Mary gave birth to Matalin Mary Carville, whom they call Matty.

To uncork Carville, we sent **Brian Karem,** *who last interviewed Gordon Liddy for* PLAYBOY, *to Memphis, where Carville had a small part as a right-wing prosecutor in director Miloš Forman's film "The People Versus Larry Flynt." Karem reports:*

"Trying to gain insight into Carville's life is like trying to decipher the plot of a movie using a single frame of film. To wit: We began this interview as a casual chat on a commercial flight from Washington, D.C. to Memphis; we continued our talk in fits and starts on the set of 'The People Versus Larry Flynt' (where I had to share James' time not only with Forman but also with co-stars Woody Harrelson, Courtney Love and James Cromwell). We wrapped up the interview with an intense session on a private jet flying from Memphis to Oregon, where Carville and his wife had a speaking engagement.

"In Portland, I got a true glimpse of the man. As subtle as a clenched fist, Carville hyperkinetically orbited his wife upon seeing her. And despite the much-discussed political chasm between them, their affection for each other appears genuine. 'My God, honey, you've got a great figure,' he drawled when he saw her. And then to me: 'Hey, you ever see a woman look so fine so soon after giving birth?'

"The couple pulled no punches while picking on each other onstage that night. But when an audience member asked the pair if they bickered at home about the president—specifically about Clinton's alleged affair with Gennifer Flowers—Carville responded quickly. 'Look at that woman,' he said, pointing at Matalin, dressed smartly in red. 'If you were married to something as fine as that, would you go home and talk about Gennifer Flowers?'

"The audience roared its approval, Matalin smiled and, in that one moment, James Carville was unmasked: At the age of 51, the unabashed defender of the left, the doggedly loyal Clintonite, had become domesticated.

"Does that leave the Democrats without their loudest, most articulate voice against the Republicans in this presidential election year? You be the judge.

"We began our conversation by talking about Carville's new career as an actor."

Did I ever try to drive a story a certain way? Sure. Have I ever been manipulative? The answer is yes.

PLAYBOY: You've been on the set of a movie for two days now. How do you like working with Hollywood people?

CARVILLE: It's like I've been telling them: If you were to put all the people in Washington in Hollywood and all the people in Hollywood in Washington, the rest of the country would never know the difference. Or put it this way: Being in the Marine Corps and working on political campaigns is perfect training for working in the movies. Everything is late and screwed up.

But, no, it's fun. It really is.

PLAYBOY: Some people would say there's something wrong with mixing politics and Hollywood. Some would even charge that, in an election year, you've compromised your credibility by acting in a movie.

CARVILLE: Yeah, most of the people who say that are admirers of Ronald Reagan [*laughs*].

You know, I'm not a philosophical person or anything like that, but politics touches people's lives in many different ways all over the world. Is there a case to be made against those in political life who choose to become celebrities? Yeah. Am I the person to make that case? No.

PLAYBOY: So maybe you're just proving that there's no difference between show business and politics.

CARVILLE: [*Grinning*] That's right. Politics is show business for ugly people.

PLAYBOY: The *Chicago Tribune* once said of you: "Carville is all nerve endings and attitude, a brash and profane Cajun with a mobile face, a weakness for scotch whiskey and a mother named Miss Nippy."

CARVILLE: I take serious issue with that. I have a weakness for bourbon whiskey, too. And gin and red wine.

PLAYBOY: You once said you would never run for anything but the state line. Now, this is the *Playboy Interview*, James. Are you letting us know there's something secret in your past?

CARVILLE: Hmm. Do you think I never bounced a check? Or made a forward remark to a subordinate? Or inhaled?

PLAYBOY: Whoa. We know about your check-bouncing days, but what about that subordinate?

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CARVILLE: Well, that's all in the past. I'm happily married with a daughter now.

PLAYBOY: Fair enough. Let's move along. You have a pretty famous temper, especially when you're dealing with the media. Sam Donaldson once said——

CARVILLE: [*Smiles*] What did my old friend Sam have to say?

PLAYBOY: He told Larry King that whenever you are asked a tough question you don't want to answer, you go into a rage, saying: "How can you believe this bunch of junk?" or "Is this all you have to do with your time?"

CARVILLE: Certainly there are some questions I don't want to answer, but there's an old saying and it's true: There are no bad questions, only bad answers. There's also a sense that if you are big enough to play in this league, you're big enough to take the questions. And of course, the appropriate answer to questions such as the ones Sam asks is, "You're spending too much time on X—it's irrelevant to what people want to know." That's what is called "turning the question." And where is it written, anyway, that the interviewer has to be in total control of the interview? The interviewee can try to turn the interview to his or her agenda.

PLAYBOY: We'll try to remember that.

CARVILLE: Sam is a damn good reporter—a tough reporter—and he understands that a good interview subject isn't just going to sit there and answer his questions word for word.

PLAYBOY: Cynics would call that dodging the truth.

CARVILLE: Some people would say that. Others would say it's cynical for the media to keep asking the kinds of questions people consider irrelevant.

As I see it, the larger point here is that in a political discussion, neither the interviewer nor the interviewee is on a higher moral plane. If you're being interviewed and you're constantly evading, the ultimate arbiter of that will be the listeners, the viewers or the readers. And they'll say, you know, "That guy is just full of shit." If the question being asked is fact-relevant, then it requires a fact-relevant answer. But if the question is irrelevant, the interviewee has the right to point that out.

PLAYBOY: But you do admit that part of your job is to "spin" the truth?

CARVILLE: Certainly. If you're interviewing me on television or in PLAYBOY or in a newspaper, I'm going to put the most faithful light I possibly can on the president. I can't think of anybody who has been better to me, nicer to me or has given me more of a chance to be at the top of the world than President Clinton. And I hope I don't let him down. Does that mean I agree with everything he does? No, I don't. But, you know, he's not there to please me. He has to do what he thinks he needs to do.

PLAYBOY: But we're spinning off the topic again. Do we, as Americans, lose something important if we can't count on people like you to tell us the plain truth?

CARVILLE: No, because people know. If somebody reading this magazine is too stupid to understand that I have the president's interests at heart, then he's probably too stupid to get this far in the interview. I mean, if you're looking to me for objectivity, then put the magazine down, OK?

I am not an objective guy. I am a guy with a point of view. I represent the interests of those I work for. People understand that. I don't pretend to be an impartial observer. I'm not. There's an adage in politics: If your guy is in trouble, throw water. If the other guy is in trouble, throw kerosene.

PLAYBOY: In November 1992 you watched as your finely tuned campaign transformed into the office of the president-elect. How is running a campaign different from the actual art of governing, once you win?

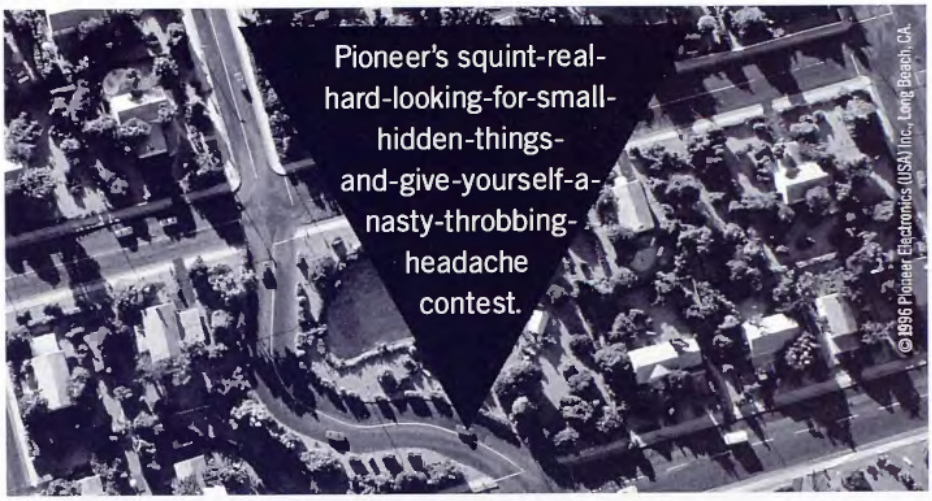
CARVILLE: On election night, when you win, you get to breathe the most rarefied air on earth. The thing that makes political campaigns different from any other endeavor is that one moment, election night. Most other things go on. This magazine, for instance, is going to put out an issue in July. Then it's going to put out an issue in August. And, of course, its goal is to be around in the year 2006, too. A political campaign, on the other hand, builds itself up, explodes and then ends. That's the aphrodisiac of it. That's why when people start working on political campaigns, it's hard for them to do something else. That's how you get the term political junkie. That's why you say the [political] "bug" bites somebody. You need a fix. And that is completely different from governing, which is a process that goes on and on.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever done anything in a campaign that you later regretted?

CARVILLE: Well, when the end of my life is approaching, I'm sure there will be lots of things I will seek redemption for. But in terms of the kinds of campaigns I've run and the relationships I've had, when the great scorer comes to my name, I think he'll say, "Hey, you did more good than bad." But did I ever try to drive a story a certain way? Sure. Have I ever been manipulative? The answer is yes.

PLAYBOY: Like the Bob Casey–William Scranton gubernatorial race in Pennsylvania in 1986? During that election you wanted to put a commercial together saying your opponent had smoked pot. You even leaked that to a reporter.

CARVILLE: No. No. No. It's a little more complicated than that. Casey said he would never bring up our opponent's previous use of drugs. So another guy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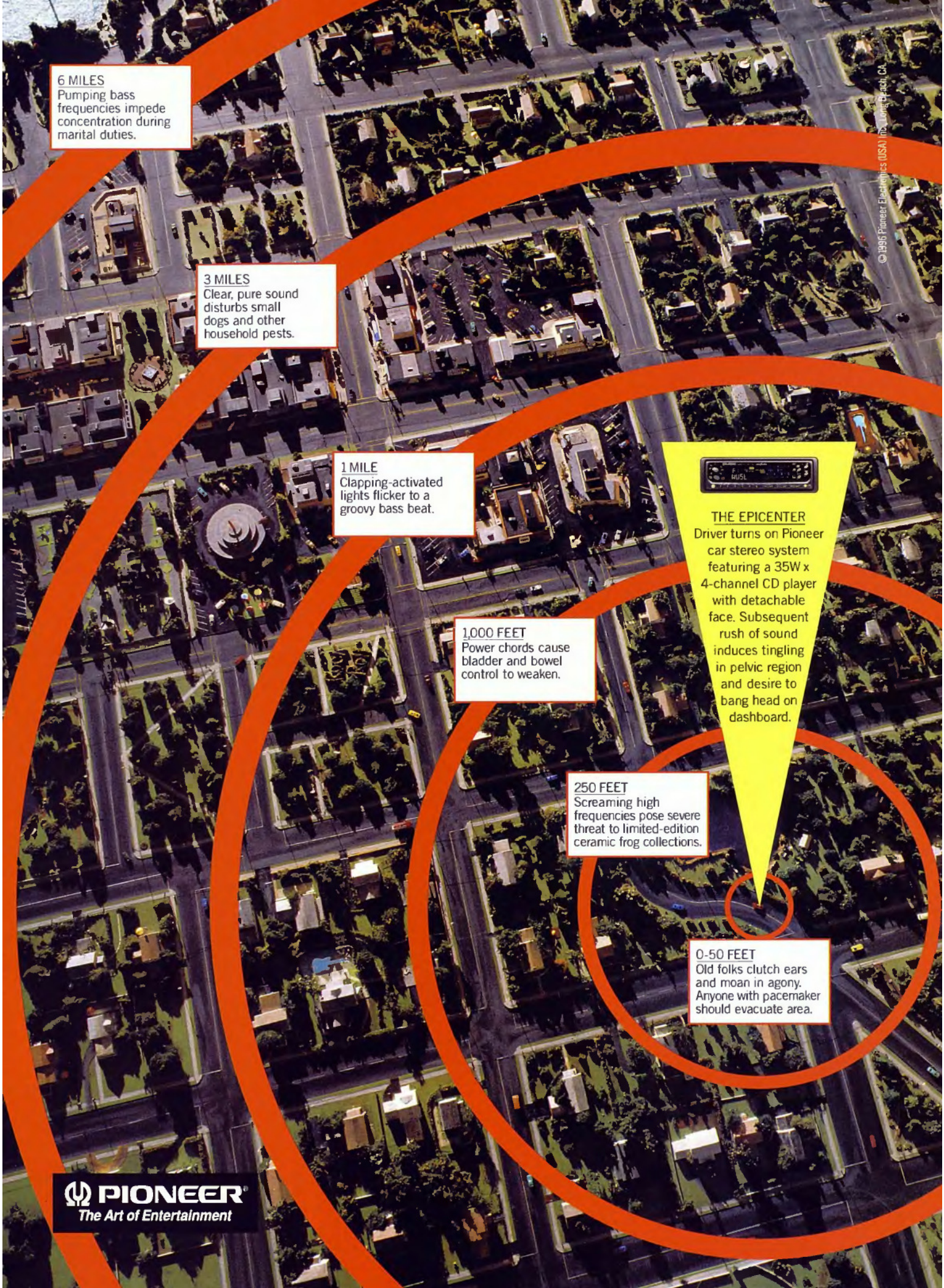
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and I were sitting around, and I said, "Well, let's just tell somebody that we want to make the commercial, but our candidate won't let us." And we got the story in the paper. [*Laughs*] I mean, yeah, it was manipulation.

PLAYBOY: And unethical?

CARVILLE: I don't know how unethical it was. If you ask me if it was my finest hour, then no, it wasn't. And in all honesty, it didn't turn out to be a huge story. Still, it was a close race. I don't think it won the election for us or anything like that. And given the number of questions I've had to answer about it, if we had it to do over again, we probably wouldn't.

PLAYBOY: In any case, that was your first big victory. Then you got on a hot streak, and in 1992 you hooked up with Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton.

CARVILLE: And he gave me my big chance.

PLAYBOY: But the campaign got in trouble early. You actually coached the Clintons on their *60 Minutes* appearance in which they addressed his alleged marital infidelity.

CARVILLE: Let me give credit where credit is due. The impetus behind that was the president and first lady. They both said, "We need to get in front of this." And it just so happens that *60 Minutes* was on right after the Super Bowl.

PLAYBOY: That must have been a particularly tense time.

CARVILLE: You have no idea. I felt like I couldn't win. I had no idea how tired I would get—how tired everybody was. There's just no way to make people understand how much you go through during something like that.

That whole New Hampshire primary in 1992 was something. Whenever you said, "I can't take any more of this," there was always more to take.

PLAYBOY: What did you ultimately learn from it?

CARVILLE: You got a year? I'll tell you, I believe that, basically, my whole life had been a preparation for that. The one thing my folks drilled into me was: Don't be a quitter. If you get into a bad job, don't quit. If you start to work on something, go all out for the team. Don't quit.

PLAYBOY: In the Academy Award–nominated documentary *The War Room*, you break down and cry during your speech to the victorious Clinton campaign workers. What brought on the tears?

CARVILLE: Knowing that I started working toward something when I was 38 years old, and ten years later, realizing that I was at the top of what I set out to do. Remember, I had lived and worked with these people—some of them for ten months. It just hit me. I remember when I got up to give the talk, there was a lot I wanted to say, and I wanted to be eloquent. But I couldn't get any of it out. And I'll never forget when I sat down, I said to myself, "I blew it." But when the president saw the movie, he called me to say how proud he was of me, and how I had raised the truth in that speech.

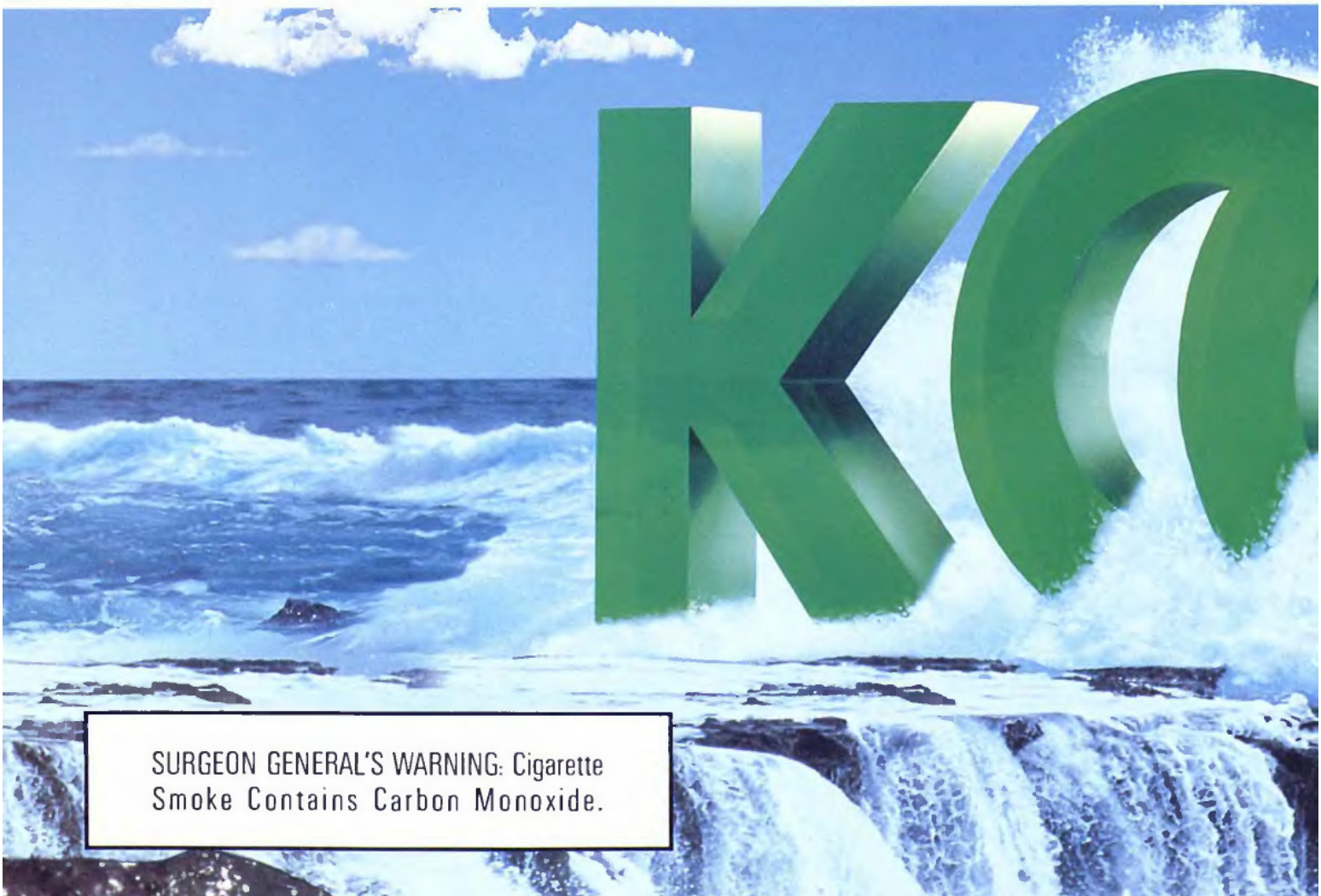
PLAYBOY: And now you have essentially made yourself a national figure by helping deliver the White House back to the Democrats. But let's discuss the opposition. Someone once said, "Republicans are sore losers, but they don't even have the sense to admit when they've been defeated. And for that they are to be both loathed and admired." True?

CARVILLE: Well, I loathe them and admire them, too. But I will tell you one thing I truly admire about the Republicans: They work their butts off.

PLAYBOY: Really?

CARVILLE: Look, I'm tired of the Democrats whining and complaining about Rush Limbaugh. I don't agree with Rush Limbaugh, but he gets up every morning and goes to work. He throws his boots on and he's got a job to do. Then the Democrats whine and complain about the Christian right. Well, the Christian right raises its money and does its thing. I don't want to whine about them—I want to *fight* them. Understand? I think they're wrong, but I don't say, "Oh my God, they're here! They're here!" They go out and organize as hard as they can, and they're beating us not because their ideas are better but because they're outworking us.

If you want to see the whiningest,



complainingest bunch of do-good weenies, look at the liberals. My message is: Quit complaining. Get off your butts and organize. Get out your checkbook. Write letters to the editor. Do the things Republicans do.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying you admire the way Republicans run for office?

CARVILLE: I don't admire the way the Republicans twist the facts. But, yes, I admire their work ethic. As I've said, the difference between the Republicans and the Democrats is that the Republicans go about doing the wrong things in the right way, and the Democrats go about doing the right things in the wrong way.

PLAYBOY: Let's run through some of the president's critics, starting with Bob Dole.

CARVILLE: I don't know about Bob Dole. I don't think he's a bad man—I guess I can grow to dislike him. But his time to be president is gone. He reminds me of what I once said about George Bush: When I look at an old calendar, it reminds me of Bob Dole.

PLAYBOY: Newt Gingrich.

CARVILLE: You know, I've tried to work up some human feelings for Newt Gingrich. I've really tried. And what I've come up with is being within a centimeter of feeling sorry for him. And then I remember him saying that I—and the people who believe as I do—caused [convicted murderer] Susan Smith to push her children into that lake, when, in fact, she had been living with a Republican official who was a member of the Christian Coalition and who was molesting her. Then I got mad.

And as if that weren't enough, Gingrich then said that this horrible case in Chicago—where somebody, I think, ripped the unborn child out of a woman—happened because of people like me and my friends and those I work for.

So deep down inside I just can't muster any sympathy for Newt Gingrich. I don't wish him ill health, I don't wish ill of his family and I hope his daughters and wife love him. Other than that, I can't think of anything I wouldn't like to visit upon him.

[*Clearly agitated*] I mean, I would like to see him defeated. I would like to see him politically disgraced. I would like to see him run out of town.

PLAYBOY: You're angry.

CARVILLE: This is something I've really struggled with. That man has been so callous and has never once apologized. Never once expressed any remorse about what he's said about the president and Mrs. Clinton. And then he talks about having family responsibility. Hell, his own church took up a collection to take care of his kids. He served his first wife divorce papers while she was in the hospital recovering from surgery. But I want to be clear: I don't wish him any unhappiness in his family life. Other than that, let the rain fall.

PLAYBOY: Is Gingrich a secret weapon for the Democratic Party?

CARVILLE: He's not very secret.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on. Pat Buchanan.

CARVILLE: Like most people in Washington, I'm torn about Pat Buchanan. In one sense, I find him to be a personable enough guy, and I like his sense of personal values. But I'm probably closer philosophically to Newt Gingrich than I am to Pat Buchanan. [*Laughs*]

I will say this for Buchanan: He understands more than any other Republican what has happened to the workingman in this country. Still, we have entirely different ideas about how to solve the problem.

PLAYBOY: Is political dialogue in this country getting more or less rancorous?

CARVILLE: It's definitely filled with more rancor. I think it's gotten real bad. But I hope the political marketplace will work its magic. We're already seeing signs that people are tired of politicians' mudslinging. Again, look at the Republicans—I've got to keep coming back to this. No Democrat ever blamed a Republican because someone drove her kids into a lake or ripped a fetus out of somebody. I mean, it was a Republican in Kentucky who had the first lady hung in effigy at a rally. It was a Republican who said the president better have a

bodyguard to come to North Carolina [for his personal safety]. Senator Jesse Helms said that.

PLAYBOY: What does that say about the state of our national debate?

CARVILLE: Well, it certainly doesn't say anything for Jesse Helms. I hope the people of North Carolina will get rid of him next term. That will say something nice about the people of North Carolina.

But, no, the problem with the Republicans is that they want everyone to live life the way they want to. As long as you think the way they do, you're OK. Me, I think the best way to have a happy life is to take what the Republicans say and do the opposite. But in the end, the more people involved in the process of democracy, the better. I mean, the founding fathers were fine and everything, but they weren't perfect. You had to be a white male property owner to vote. Those were the good old days? We should get as many people educated and involved as possible. That's democracy. I think it's a great system. I love it.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk a little more about the media. Do you think the press has been fair to President Clinton?

CARVILLE: No.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

CARVILLE: I'm not sure they've been fair to any president, but I'd say they have been more unfair to President Clinton. I think most of them actually believe it's wrong to be fair. I'll give you my favorite example: Every news organization in this country reported—and every American believed—that President Clinton held up air traffic at Los Angeles International Airport while he got a haircut. That was totally fabricated. And when I tell people that, they look stunned. Now, I have to give *Newsday* credit: Someone went back and got the FAA records and discovered that no commercial aircraft were held up for any length of time. Someone at the FAA even said, "All they had to do was ask us." It's not even the way the commercial aircraft system works.

PLAYBOY: So how does a story like that get started?

CARVILLE: Exactly how they said it got started: The reporters were sitting on the ground and the president made them wait. They wanted to go home, so they got mad and decided to burn him. But the point is, after the media became aware of what the real story was, only three or four [newspapers] bothered to correct it. No network did.

PLAYBOY: None of this is new. Many politicians claim that the press is out to get them. But look at it from the other side: Why would the press want to pick on Clinton like that?

CARVILLE: At the time, the press had decided that President Clinton had gone Hollywood and that he'd sort of lost interest in the people who elected him. So this story fulfilled their prophecy. Of course, they weren't interested in the accuracy of the story—only in fulfilling their prophecy. That's the real weakness of the press. They decide on a point of view and then look for information to back it up. And they ignore any facts that show otherwise.

PLAYBOY: If that's the case, why do the conservatives believe that all of us in the press are nothing but bootlicking liberals?

CARVILLE: There is no liberal bias in the press. There's sort of a "bad-news bias." Like my friend Sam Donaldson once said: No one ever reports that a thousand airplanes landed safely today. My point is, if you're going to report a crash, there actually ought to have been a crash. Don't make one up.

Let me give you another example: the famous Gennifer Flowers tape. All three networks reported on [the taped telephone call with Clinton's alleged former mistress] Gennifer Flowers. When the media found out that the tape was edited in 12 different places, not one of them mentioned that. And if you ask them why they didn't, they look at you like you're crazy: "Why would we do that? That would make us look bad." That's not fair.

PLAYBOY: Another topic the president is frequently forced to address has nothing to do with his job performance. Rather, it's about his wife. On one hand, Mrs. Clinton has been criticized for everything from her handling of health care to her hairdos. On the other hand, and I'll just quote my grandmother here: "Hillary Clinton ought to tell her critics to go to hell and mind their own business." Do you agree?

CARVILLE: Well, I have to make a confession here. I'm a big admirer of Mrs. Clinton. And I think your grandmother sees something in her that a lot of people who don't know her well don't see: She is a very soft, caring lady. That doesn't mean she can't be tough. A lot of people don't understand that when Mrs. Clinton came along, women were bursting into the professional workplace and, by and large, had to be tough. I mean, they didn't have glass ceilings then—they had steel ceilings. Nowadays, people tend to look at these women and say, "Gee, they're kind of abrasive." Well, these women are abrasive for a purpose. They have had to be.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it also the issue of how men are perceived versus how women are perceived? Hillary Clinton appears abrasive, but if she were a man, she wouldn't seem that way.

CARVILLE: Right. And I don't find Hillary Clinton abrasive at all.

PLAYBOY: Cold?

CARVILLE: No. I think that, for good and compelling reasons, she limits the number of people she trusts—and because of that, she is misunderstood. It feeds on itself to some extent. If people would take the time to understand her, they'd see she's warm and very pro-family. In fact, she's a lot more conservative on certain social issues than one might think.

PLAYBOY: Tell us one thing you know about Mrs. Clinton that the rest of us should know.

CARVILLE: OK, I'll tell you something. You have all of these pontificating, lecturing, holier-than-thou Republicans screaming how pro-family they are, how moral they are, how people ought to accept responsibility. Then this great freshman class of 1994 came to Washington to change things. Well, the only thing they've changed is their spouses.

Now, what did Hillary Clinton do when she was first lady of Arkansas? She moved her parents to Arkansas so they could be closer to her and be part of her family. Yet all these great Republicans want to put her down—they get on the pulpit and preach about Mrs. Clinton being antifamily. It's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of. Absolutely absurd.

And I'll tell you another thing—and my wife, who as we know is a Republican, agrees with me on this: We both admire the way the Clintons have brought up their daughter, Chelsea. They have done a magnificent job of raising her.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the president's performance after the election. One of the first big issues he tried to tackle was gays in the military, but his strategy backfired, and he was roundly criticized for it. Was it a mistake to bring up that issue so soon?

CARVILLE: It hurt the president politically, so, yes, it was a political mistake. But I still believe he exercised some moral authority on the issue, even at his own cost. And I don't think we've seen the final chapter on that yet.

PLAYBOY: How so?

CARVILLE: Let's say that one day something happens and we need a president who can speak to the issue of discrimination. I think President Clinton can use his moral authority to say, "I have stood up and fought discrimination. Even at a cost to myself." I don't know. Maybe it will happen after his second term in office. Look at President Carter. His insistence on human rights was vehemently criticized throughout his presidency. It affected his foreign policy and hurt him politically. But now he has the moral authority to represent his country on those issues. So, the act hasn't played out yet for President Clinton. We don't know where it's going to end.

PLAYBOY: We will ask again: Is this spin control?

CARVILLE: That's not spin. [*Pause*] Well, that is spin. But it's fact-based spin.

PLAYBOY: OK. Another early problem in the Clinton administration was universal health care. It failed miserably. Why?

CARVILLE: Because we didn't do a good enough job explaining it to people. What happened there was simple:

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People didn't believe the truth.

PLAYBOY: What was the truth?

CARVILLE: That universal health care would have been cheaper. It is cheaper to insure everyone.

PLAYBOY: So what was the problem?

CARVILLE: We said we could insure more people and it would cost less money. And that is, in fact, what would happen. But the problem is, we were asking people to believe something that rubs against the grain of what they think.

PLAYBOY: Let's be honest, James. Even people well versed on the subject of health care would need a Harvard expert to decipher the plan the president put forward.

CARVILLE: OK, but you need a Harvard expert for the current system, too, and people still can't figure out how it works. Look at Hawaii. About the only thing cheaper than sunlight and pineapples out there is health care. They insure just about everyone. The reason? It's cheaper to insure everyone because the costs go down as the benefits go up.

But the central question is: How do you view health care? Do you view it like food—where, you know, some people can afford to eat at a fine restaurant and others can afford only fast food? If so, should we be satisfied with that? Can we take the huge discrepancies in the amount and quality of health care we receive? If my baby were to get leukemia, would she have any more right to live than someone who can't afford health care? I don't think we're willing to accept that in this country.

PLAYBOY: Certainly no sane person would accept it.

CARVILLE: Well, that's not the way the insurance lobby looks at it. The insurance lobby is out of step with what most Americans want and need.

PLAYBOY: But getting back to the point, you're saying the failure of the president's universal health care plan wasn't his fault—it was the fault of those responsible for getting his message out?

CARVILLE: The truth is, I don't know if it's the fault of the White House and people like me who are supposed to get the president's message out, or the fault of the people in the media who are supposed to report on what's going on in this country. Like most things, I assume it's a combination of both.

PLAYBOY: Can the same thing be said for Whitewater?

CARVILLE: No. [*Angry*] Do you know there have been more hearings on Whitewater than there have been on Watergate, Social Security and Medicare combined?

PLAYBOY: Apparently this is another hot button for you.

CARVILLE: People should understand that the Republican Party is using congressional power and spending time and money on something you shouldn't care about—i.e., Whitewater—when things you should care about—i.e., education and health care—are ignored. Let me tell you: If the Republican Party spent a little more time educating people, keeping this environment going in the right direction and bringing more health care to people, we could be a long way toward solving those problems. But the Republican Party isn't doing that, because it has a singular interest and obsession, and that's Whitewater.

PLAYBOY: That sounds an awful lot like what the Republicans said about the Democrats during Watergate.

CARVILLE: Exactly. So why don't they just admit that this is payback time? They're not doing very well right now, this is an election year and they need the fuel. I can understand that, so let's get on with it. I mean, does anybody in America believe that senators such as Al D'Amato are going to give one hoot about Whitewater after the November elections? Of course not. D'Amato is Dole's national campaign chairman, so they ought to make the Dole campaign pay for the Whitewater hearings. No, this is a purely political thing being dragged out just to help the Republican Party.

PLAYBOY: Then again, with or without opposition, how effective can a president be? Dennis Miller recently said that the president—not just President Clinton, but any president—doesn't really make a difference in how things turn out. The office, he said, is nothing more than that of a PR flack. A lot of younger voters believe that.

CARVILLE: Dennis Miller. I mean, so what? My gut reaction is that Dennis Miller is just somebody else with an opinion. But I believe this president has made a difference. Ask the 44,000 felons who've been stopped from buying handguns. Ask the hundreds of thousands of people who have family and medical leave today if the president has made a difference. Ask the 15 million people who get a tax break under the earned-income tax credit. Ask the hundreds of thousands of people in this country who are not victims of crime because the crime rate has gone down—ask them if the president has made a difference. So you have some bigmouth flapping his jaws on national TV. So what? I mean, Dennis Miller doesn't know what's going on in America any more than he knows about flying to the moon.

PLAYBOY: But getting back to his point, there are a growing number of young people who seem to believe that one person, even the president, can't make a difference.

CARVILLE: I know, so I try to change the people's minds so they know just how much President Clinton has done since he's been in office.

PLAYBOY: So tell us what he's done.

CARVILLE: I already mentioned some of it, but Bill Clinton is also the first president since World War Two to reduce the deficit three years in a row. Also: 8 million jobs created, a sustained economic recovery, a record number of small businesses started, the Brady Bill, the assault weapons ban, the first—albeit mild—increase in students' test scores, and family and medical leave, which means people can go home and take care of their children and their parents. Then look at the rest of the world. Democracy has been restored in Haiti, nuclear weapons have been turned away in the Ukraine and we're working on peace in Northern Ireland. So far we've stopped the war in Bosnia—a war that has killed 250,000 people. Yes, in this process others may be killed. But I hope very few will be Americans.

Look, the accomplishments are there, the record is there, the performance is there. And the more we accentuate that performance, the more people will see the job our president has done.

PLAYBOY: OK, let's take a break and talk about the really important issues, like sex. Your character in the roman à clef *Primary Colors* certainly got laid a lot.

CARVILLE: Yeah, I wish it were true.

PLAYBOY: So that means, no, you didn't get laid a lot during the 1992 campaign?

CARVILLE: [*Laughs*] No, I didn't. Because I'm not as needy as all that. And besides, a presidential campaign is a lot of hard work. You don't have time.

PLAYBOY: Then explain this: In one of the more memorable scenes in the book, your character pulls out his dick and shows it to a campaign worker, and she says, "I have never seen one quite that old."

CARVILLE: That happened, but it was my shirttail.

PLAYBOY: You whipped out your shirttail?

CARVILLE: [*Laughs*] Yeah. I kind of stuck my shirttail through my zipper and said to this woman, "Hey, look-a-here." And she was a real cool-comeback person. She said, "Gee, I've never seen one so old." It was actually nothing but a shirttail. Hey, there's a lot of horsing around on a campaign, just like there is on, you know, movie sets or anywhere else.

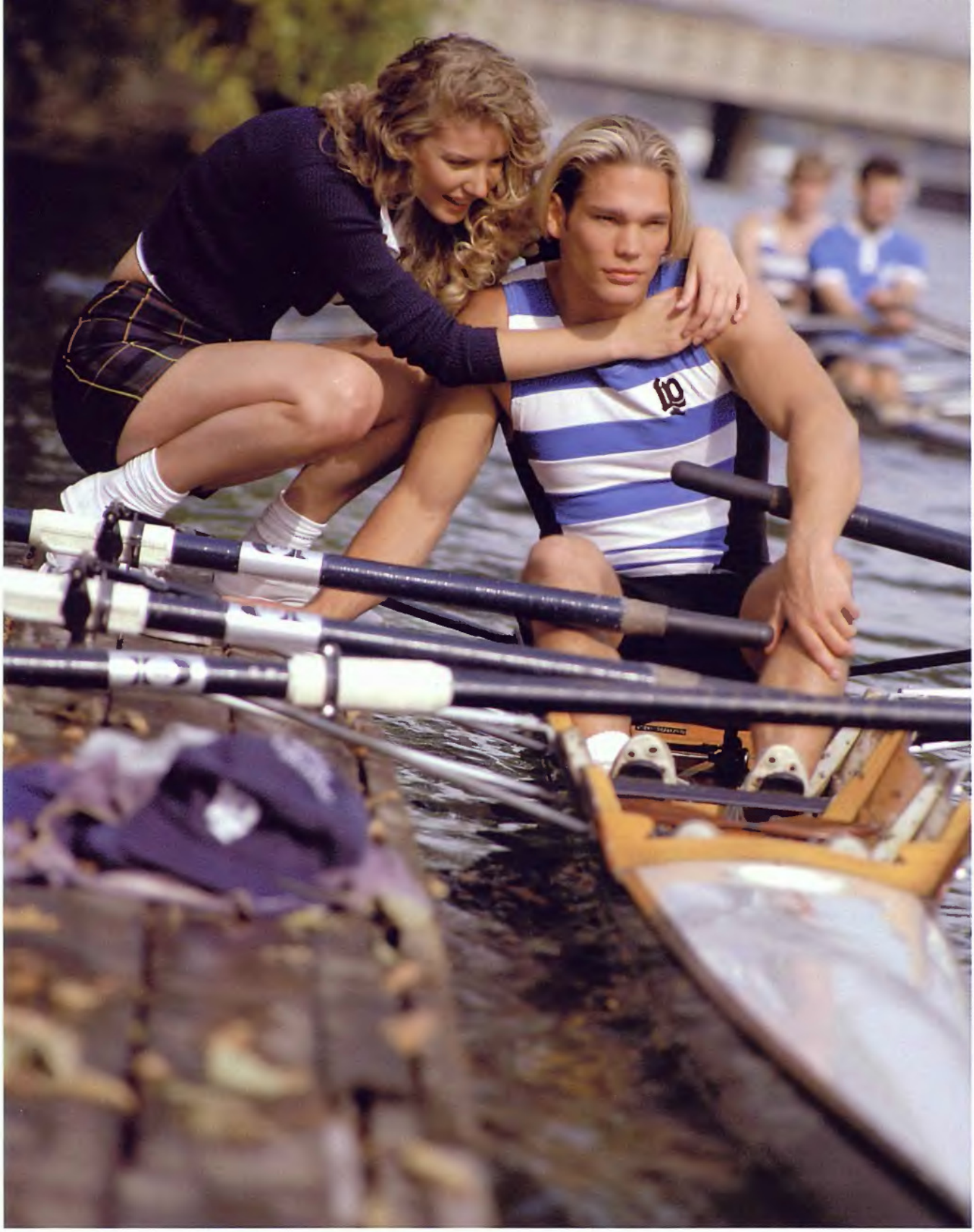
PLAYBOY: So in reality, the campaign pretty much messed up your love life with your future wife [former Bush campaign strategist Mary Matalin].

CARVILLE: Put it this way: If anybody can figure out a way to have a love life when one person lives in Little Rock and the other person lives in Washington, D.C., let me know.

PLAYBOY: So how has life been for the Carvilles since the 1992 election?

CARVILLE: Very good. My wife is a really cool woman. She's fun, she's nice-looking, she's very supportive of her husband and has a real sassy flair about her. I mean, every now and then I'll be watching her at some social event or something and I just stop and think about it. Then I get this smile on my face and say, "Goddamn, you old coon ass,

(continued on page 151)



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IN THE NAVY
SEXUAL HARASSMENT HAS REACHED
TITANIC PROPORTIONS

CONDUCT UNBECOMING

ARTICLE BY DANA PRIEST

THERE IS a ghost haunting the United States Navy these days, and its name is Tailhook. That notorious 1991 event, which left no doubt that there are serious problems with the way some men in the Navy behave toward women, began a process of intensive retraining. But that program is now in trouble because the Navy brass, under the lash of Congress, have established puritanical goals that clash with decades of salty male culture. New rules that are stricter than anything found in most parts of civilian life demand nothing less than exemplary behavior when dealing with the opposite sex. Frustrated, the Navy has tried to undo past sins with dramatic punishments that may only deepen resentment in the ranks. And as the sex scandals persist, it's clear that there will be more rough sailing in the future.

It is not hard to see why change might be difficult in the tradition-bound Navy. From the earliest days, sailors and their officers have ascribed magnificent powers to a woman's body, powers that go beyond a mariner's brawny ability to conquer the sea or to control his own emotions. In the 19th century, men on merchant ships believed that having a woman on board was bad luck, unless she would strip naked. Exposing her bare breasts to the sea, they thought, could calm a raging storm.

Since then sailors have charmed, coerced or hired women to calm their private storms, the ones that build up during long months at sea or during endorphin-drenched flights into combat. Under these conditions, they ritualized

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN

sexual and alcoholic binges, often in foreign ports of call.

During World War Two sailors lined up on the Street of Lonely Hearts at the edge of Honolulu's Chinatown for a few minutes of spastic pleasure and then some drunken brotherly company. If they were heartbroken, they wound up in the tattoo parlors on Hotel Street to make mother, wife or Miss Pin-Up a dark blue part of their flesh.

During the Vietnam war, Thailand and the Philippines were the Epcot Centers of sexual fantasies for sailors and Navy aviators. Olongapo, next to the Subic Bay Naval Station, went from a laid-back fishing village to a place where women and children could be bought for the price of a meal.

The Navy offered its medical expertise to try to keep the men and the prostitutes free of venereal diseases. "Entertainment women" were registered and regularly tested at the social-hygiene clinics set up by the Navy and the city government.

By the hundreds these women were adored and loved, but also regularly infected, drugged, beaten and raped by U.S. servicemen each year. The bar girls smiled, drank and played games the sailors and fliers enjoyed. Throw a coin in Shit River, the open sewer that was Olongapo River, and watch the kids dive for it. Throw wet pesos onstage and laugh while the peso girls sucked them up into their vaginas, dropping them again while they danced. Sit around a crowded table with your pants around your ankles and see who smiles first from the sensation of busy mouths underneath.

When they were without women, Navy men carried sexual fantasies out to sea. New sailors crossing the equator for the first time were forced to crawl on their hands and knees across the deck while their shipmates lashed them and washed them down with rubber hoses. At a ceremony honoring King Neptune, an officer would smear his belly with petroleum jelly and then force young men's faces into it, or he would stick a cherry in his navel and make them eat it.

"The whole aircraft carrier section of the Navy ran on repressed sexual energy," said retired Rear Admiral Eugene Carroll Jr., commander of the Sixth Fleet carrier strike force in the Mediterranean in the early Seventies. "You go to sea, and you're locked up with the same people day after day. There's no alcohol, no perfume, no women. You work 14 to 18 hours a day, and you get to shore and everything changes. You think, I'm entitled because I've been deprived. Then you go for it."

In the privacy of the officers' clubs, hiring strippers was as common as buying a beer. For revered naval aviators, the sky was the limit.

"You need these guys to believe they can't die and they're the absolute best," said Senator John McCain, a former fighter pilot and POW in Vietnam. "There are individuals who felt and probably still feel that female conquests are part of this makeup."

Until Tailhook the Navy managed to ride out potential embarrassment with apologies, mild discipline and new policies that existed mostly on paper. That's what happened in 1987 when a Pentagon-sponsored panel reported widespread sexual harassment at naval bases in the Pacific region. That's what happened in 1989 when Gwen Dreyer, a midshipman at the U.S. Naval Academy, was handcuffed to a urinal and photographed by a group of her male classmates. That's what happened in 1990 when government investigators substantiated six rapes and five sexual assaults at the Navy's boot camp in Orlando, Florida.

Meanwhile, the Navy was slowly catching up with the rest of American society by enlisting more female officers. They were still novelties, however, and many males resented them.

Then came the Tailhook Association convention in Las Vegas, a major event for more than three decades for Navy and Marine Corps aviators and defense contractors. Its after-hours parties were the stuff of legend. Even before 1991, Tailhook was considered a free-fire zone, where top brass made no attempt to stop public sexual activity. In 1991 it drew more than 4000 active duty and retired aviators, as well as hundreds of civilian women.

Lieutenant Paula Coughlin, an aviator and admiral's aide at the age of 30, unwittingly joined one of naval aviation's hallowed traditions when she stepped into the dimly lit third-floor hallway of the Las Vegas Hilton Hotel, where most of the raucous partying was taking place. The tradition was known as the Gauntlet.

In the early evening the third-floor hallway was the place fliers hung out, drinking beer and occasionally whistling at or rating the women who walked by. By ten P.M. there were 250 men, who formed a drunken, 30-yard trap along the corridor. Hundreds of anonymous hands ripped away blouses and skirts, reached for breasts and in between legs. Some women were naked from the waist down by the time the crowd of officers was finished with them. The prey were college women, teenagers, female naval officers, officers' wives and at least one mother of an officer.

When Lt. Coughlin approached, men knew who she was, knew she had a job to kill for. A tall man with bright teeth bumped her hip. "Admiral's aide!" someone yelled. Then the tall guy grabbed her buttocks with such force she was lifted off the ground.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" she shot back. As she turned around to confront him, someone else grabbed her buttocks and she was pushed onward. There was pinching and pulling at her clothes. A pair of hands were thrust down her bra and grabbed at her breasts. She bit the hands, but as they let go another pair reached up under her skirt, groping for her underwear.

She thought she was going to be gang-raped, she later told investigators. When she saw a man turn to walk away, she "reached out and tapped him on the hip, pleading with the man to just let me get in front of him." Instead, he turned around and put his hands on her breasts.

She broke his grip with her arms, dove through the next open door and it was all over.

For the moment.

The Gauntlet was just one of many Tailhook rituals. During the convention, the Navy's finest also urinated and vomited in the hallways and ran naked from suite to suite, around the hotel pool and among the mixed crowds that pressed into some of the hospitality suites sponsored by Navy squadrons.

Strippers were hired for several hospitality suites. Some performed oral sex and had intercourse while roomfuls of men looked on.

From Thursday, September 5 to the early morning hours of Sunday, September 8, at least 90 women and men were indecently assaulted.

The Defense Department's Inspector General found that many aviators believed their behavior was acceptable because it was a continuation of Navy "traditions." They were entitled to whatever they wanted because they considered themselves "heroes" from the Persian Gulf war.

"Many officers likened Tailhook to an overseas deployment, explaining that naval officers traditionally live a spartan existence while on board ship and then party while on liberty in foreign ports," Deputy Inspector General Derek Vander Schaaf concluded in his report. "Officers said activities such as adultery, drunkenness and indecent exposure that occur overseas are not to be discussed or otherwise revealed once the ship returns to home port." Besides, such behavior had been condoned for years by Navy leadership. In fact, Navy Secretary H. Lawrence Garrett III was at Tailhook in 1991.

(continued on page 88)

"I'm a bottom feeder myself."

THE GIRLS OF VENUS SWIMWEAR

build a better swimsuit and the babes will beat a path to your beach

IT WAS ONE of those ideas cooked up in a college dorm room, only this one came true. Daryle Scott knew he wanted to spend his life looking at girls in bikinis. So, how about starting a mail-order company that manufactures and sells bikinis? Then, why not also publish a bunch of magazines that contain your swimsuit catalog? And as a bonus, conduct an annual national model search that gathers together beautiful women who then appear in the magazines? Life is sweet when you have it figured out. That's how Venus Swimwear became the Victoria's Secret of the wet set. Think of it as an empire built on practically nothing. We sent Contributing Photographer David Chan to Jacksonville, Florida, home of Venus Swimwear, for this year's model search. While Venus picked its faves at the finals, Chan picked his. The winners appear on the following pages. Bummed you weren't there to meet them in person? That's natural. You just have a case of Venus envy.

Floridian Holly Gannon (sundecked out, opposite) wants to be a famous cartoonist and enjoys passing the time with her horse, cat, dogs, birds, fish and—sorry, guys—husband and son. Putting it all on the line for Venus (below) are Jennifer Allan (left), a Swedish Irish, Vegas-born lingerie model who adores "sensual massages"; Colorado native Ami Cusack (center), an interior designer you'll see more of later; and Louisiana's Kim Estess (right), who keeps busy playing volleyball, doing the prelaw grind and "goofing around with friends."

In or out of swimweor, Angelo Andrews (above) odmits to being shy, though she did monage to cop the title of Miss Oklohomo USA 1994. Canadian Johon Berube (left) enjoys skiing—"jet, snow ond water"—while Wisconsin's Heather Kodemon (right) prefers indoor octivities such as singing, pointing and feosting on fat-free food. North Carolino monicurist Genny Jordon (below) likes to kickbox ond drive Harleys, ond Utah's Corie Lee Rino (opposite) rides the wove of the future os o "computer model." Boot up, boys.

Surf's up—and suits are off: Stefanie Hastings (top left) is from Wisconsin but relocated to Minnesota, where she's a self-employed makeup artist. Stefanie's passions include hot weather, spicy food and romantic men. Kentucky actress-model Christy Patrick (top right) uses yoga and Zen to keep her head centered, but it's her trusty Hula Hoop that helps her maintain that slim waist. In college, Bridgette Allan (bottom right) had a double major in domestic relations and math education and now manages a Maryland health spa—to the delight of her male clients. If you find Florida's Misti McDuffie (bottom left) taking your order at the local Hooters, keep this in mind: Misti gets misty-eyed over big chests (join the club), green eyes and Gators football. And, opposite, check out what a life of gymnastics, dancing, tennis, roller-skating and weight training can do to a body. Valerie White, a New Yorker, majored in physical therapy—and it shows.

Meet Robin Leigh Brundage (left), who traded her icy Alaskan birthplace for the warmer climes of Virginia. Along the way, the model and movie buff attended high school in Omaha and Seaul. Above, the final five in Venus' 1995 Florida showdown. And, at right, that promised encore by Ami Cusack—on baard her Jet Ski, sans swimwear. "My mother is Suzy Hamemaker and my dad was a real top gun," she says. So what's Ami's title? Try the perfect Venus guy trap.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE ROYAL PALM BEACH CLUB
SINT MAARTEN, NETHERLANDS ANTILLES

OUTRAGE

THE REASONS O.J. SIMPSON GOT AWAY WITH MURDER

a legendary prosecutor argues the case that should have been

article by

Vincent Bugliosi

The prosecution of O.J. Simpson was the most incompetent criminal prosecution I have ever seen, by far. There have undoubtedly been worse. It's just that I'm not aware of any. It hurts me to say this, since right from the beginning no one was more supportive of the prosecutors in this case than I. They are good people, they fought hard for justice, and I was proud of the ethical and professional way they conducted themselves. I was 100 percent behind them. To pump them up and help inspire them, I even sent them a telegram on the morning of their summations telling them that all right-thinking people were behind them, and closed by saying, "Now go get 'em in your summations."

I had a sense long before the trial that there might be a serious problem with the prosecution because the original prosecutors (Marcia Clark and David Conn) didn't seem to be taking charge of the case. For instance, in a big-publicity case, it's D.A. 101 that the prosecution has to instruct all its witnesses right off the top that they are not to talk to the media, particularly for money. My distinct impression is that this wasn't done until later, after some witnesses had already talked. This created problems for the prosecution, resulting in its decision not to call certain witnesses to the stand because it felt their credibility had been damaged.

Also, once a decision has been made to bring felony charges, the D.A. must make all important decisions having an impact on the case. Again, this wasn't done here. Remarkably, Conn (who was subsequently replaced by William Hodgman and then Chris Darden) told the LAPD—which properly called the D.A.'s office for guidance—to follow the advice of the Los Angeles City Attorney's Office to release the October 25, 1993 911 tape of Nicole

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN THOMPSON

Send in the clowns. The O.J. sideshow starts with—what else?—a parade (top) featuring a white Bronco and a Buffalo Bill. Left to right, circus of the stars: O.J., the man who mugged justice; Marcia Clark, calendar girl for bad hair days; Johnnie Cochran, the joker who fixed the deck; Madam Juror, amateur contortionist. Below, escape artist in court. From freeway to fairway: Last encore, how do you spell putts?

to the media, which were clamoring for it. The tape saturated the news, and when members of the grand jury hearing evidence in the case heard it, the grand jury proceedings were aborted without an indictment.

And months before the trial, in August 1994, the prosecution embarrassingly admitted in court that without its knowledge the LAPD had disregarded the D.A.'s request and had not sent all of the blood samples to Cellmark Diagnostics Inc. in Maryland for DNA analysis. When the LAPD knows the D.A. is calling the shots on a case, this type of thing normally doesn't happen.

On December 1, 1995 I met with Dr. Donald Vinson at the old-line, conservatively elegant California Club. Vinson is recognized as a national authority in the field of litigation support. He has authored or contributed to several books and articles on litigation strategy and trial techniques. Vinson is currently chairman of the board of Decision Quest Inc., which specializes in jury research and trial techniques.

When the Simpson case broke, Vinson offered his firm's services free to Los Angeles County District Attorney Gil Garcetti, who accepted the offer. Decision Quest did provide the prosecution's elaborate electronic displays and exhibits throughout the entire Simpson trial. (Vinson says his normal bill for these services would have been close to $1 million.) But in the more important area of jury selection, although Garcetti was amenable to Vinson's assistance, Vinson says Marcia Clark was not. Vinson said that from the beginning, Clark and Hodgman looked askance at the emerging field of jury consultation. After the second day of jury selection, Clark told Vinson she didn't feel there was any need for his services in that area.

Clark's decision was reported in the media. The October 30, 1995 edition of *Newsweek* said: "Hired by Robert Shapiro just two months after the murders of Nicole Brown and Ron Goldman, Jo-Ellan Dimitrius quickly became a key member of the defense team. By contrast, prosecutors tried to hide their consultant, Donald Vinson of Decision Quest, and then banished him and his research from jury selection after only two days."

What is much more interesting and important, however, are the results of Vinson's jury research—which the prosecutors were furnished with—leading up to jury selection. In his discussions with the prosecution team, Vinson said Clark made it clear she preferred to have black women over black men on the jury, because domestic abuse is more prevalent in black households *(continued on page 82)*

"Is there no limit to the man's invention?"

THE TEN BEST

BOLD COLORS, UNPREDICTABLE PLAIDS AND ATYPICAL TEXTURES: FALL'S NEWEST SHIRTS ARE ANYTHING BUT BLAH

This autumn's new shirts hug the body and stand out with bold colors as well as white. Below: A cotton white-on-white look has an athletic shoulder and a hidden button-down collar, by Claiborne Spa ($45); the tie is by Joseph Abboud ($85). Right: A brushed-poplin sport shirt with a snap-down collar, from Zegna Soft by Ermenegildo Zegna ($165).

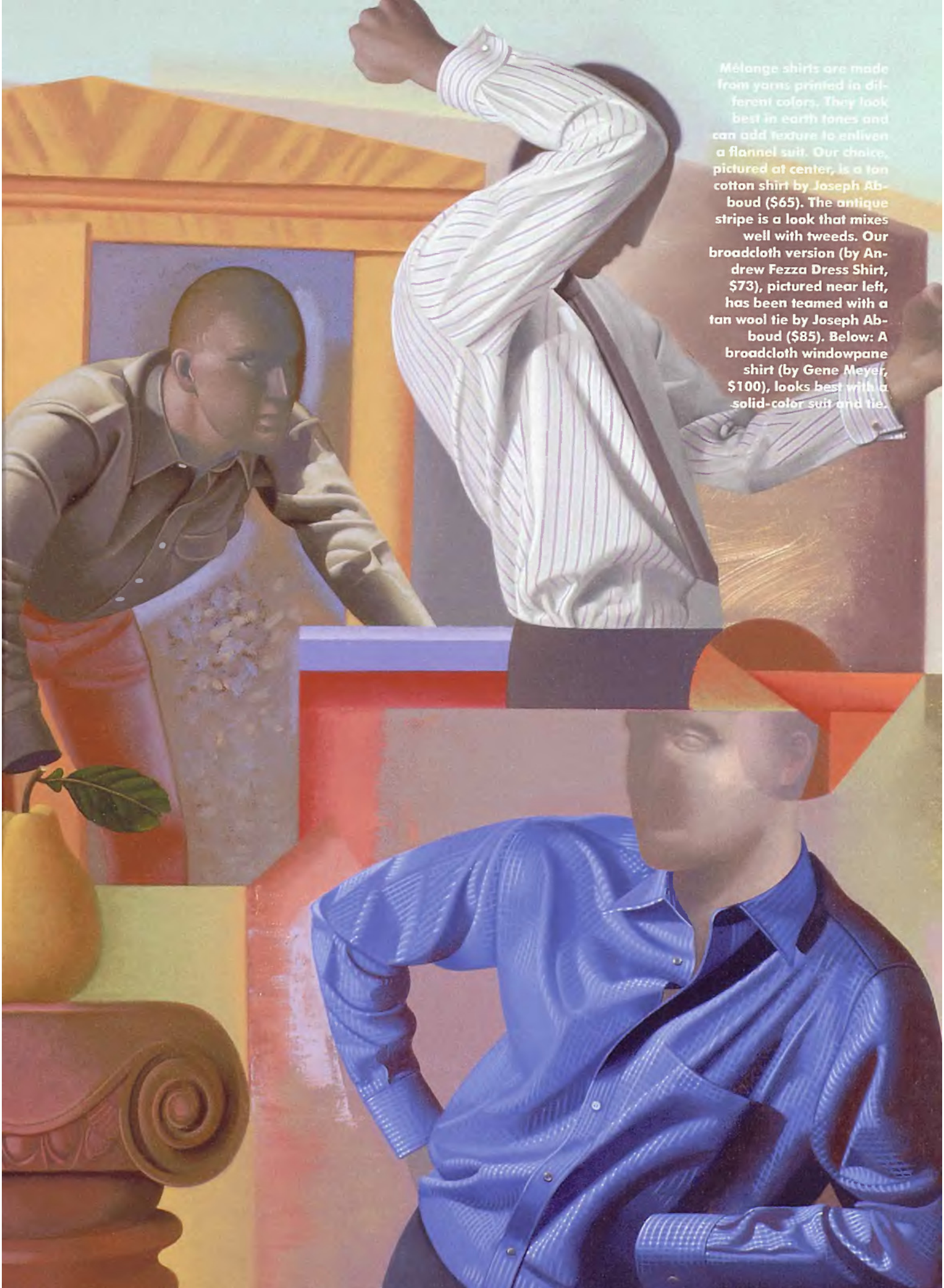
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILSON MCLEAN

FASHION BY HOLLIS WAYNE

Top: Banana Republic's snap-front denim variation on the classic work shirt ($58) does fine with a woven-wool nail-head tie by Joseph Abboud ($85). Center: A vivid French blue broadcloth shirt with a herringbone shadow stripe, by Joop Menswear ($175). Above: An iridescent plum-gray broadcloth shirt with a hidden button-down collar and barrel cuffs ($68), and a silk jacquard box-patterned tie (about $65), both from CK Furnishings.

Microplaids will be a major fixture this fall. Pick styles that have a monotone pattern, such as this off-white broadcloth shirt with a snap-down pointed collar and a button-flap chest pocket, by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni ($97), pictured near right. Next to it is a hot new combo, an inky-dark cotton broadcloth shirt with pointed collar and French cuffs, by Liba ($145), that mixes well with a dark-blue silk tie with raised texture, by Valentino Cravatte ($75). The silk cuff links are by Ermenegildo Zegna ($10).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 142.



Mélange shirts are made from yarns printed in different colors. They look best in earth tones and can add texture to enliven a flannel suit. Our choice, pictured at center, is a tan cotton shirt by Joseph Abboud ($65). The antique stripe is a look that mixes well with tweeds. Our broadcloth version (by Andrew Fezza Dress Shirt, $73), pictured near left, has been teamed with a tan wool tie by Joseph Abboud ($85). Below: A broadcloth windowpane shirt (by Gene Meyer, $100), looks best with a solid-color suit and tie.

OUTRAGE (continued from page 76)

The language of the letter reeks of guilt. Show me an innocent person who would write like that.

than in white families. Clark felt that black women were becoming more liberated and were fed up with being beaten. They would thus identify with Nicole and be angry with Simpson for having brutalized her. (Of course, partially militating against this is the fact that Nicole started seeing Simpson when he was still married to Marguerite, his black first wife, so Nicole had taken Simpson away from a black woman.) But the problem was that polls didn't support Clark's belief. In a 400-person phone survey conducted for the prosecution by Decision Quest, 23 percent of black males thought Simpson was guilty. But only 7 percent of black women thought him guilty.

More tellingly, Vinson and his staff also conducted several 15-person focus-group sessions. In these sessions, black females were "more vociferous" in support and defense of Simpson than were black males. According to Vinson, when the women were confronted with the fact that Simpson had beaten Nicole, they said that "every relationship has these kinds of problems." It simply was not a big deal to them. Decision Quest's research further showed that black females who were the victims of domestic violence (or who had encountered domestic violence in their families) were even more forgiving of it than those who hadn't.

"My working hypothesis, which I told Marcia and Bill," Vinson said, "was that black females were the worst conceivable jurors for the prosecution in the Simpson case."

Most disturbing, Vinson told me the focus groups indicated that black women viewed Clark "extremely negatively, actually calling her names like bitch. They hated her. They saw her as a pushy, aggressive white woman who was trying to bring down a prominent black man." Clark, Hodgman and Garcetti knew this, Vinson said. The results of the first two focus-group sessions were furnished to the prosecutors. In fact, in two subsequent focus-group sessions, Clark, Hodgman and Garcetti were present, listening in from an adjacent room. The same harsh sentiments were expressed against Clark by black women.

In late August 1994 Decision Quest conducted a focus-group session at a hotel in Phoenix, this time with 20 members. Clark and Hodgman (but not Garcetti) watched this session by closed-circuit TV from an adjacent conference room. The results were the same—black women didn't like Clark. This raises the question, of course, of whether the D.A.'s office, with knowledge of this fact and with a thousand prosecutors to choose from, should have insisted on going forward with a replacement prosecutor.

Marcia Clark, having learned that black women did not like her and were also more sympathetic to O.J. Simpson than black men were, nevertheless settled for a jury with six black females on it! There were only two black males. The jury that returned the not-guilty verdict consisted of eight black females and only one black male.

•

I want to talk about the worst part of the prosecution's performance in this case, something that goes beyond incompetence. What the D.A. did in this case was unprecedented and unique. In all my years in the criminal law, I have never heard of another case where the prosecution decided not to introduce a great amount of incriminating evidence against the defendant. I mean, that's what the prosecutor does in a criminal case: presents incriminating evidence.

Here—and this is unbelievable—the prosecution never presented the suicide note Simpson wrote after he was charged with the murders. If he were innocent, why would he want to commit suicide? If he were innocent, he should have been outraged that he was wrongly accused of murders he did not commit, and desperately want to prove his innocence and find out who murdered the mother of his children. Simpson instead became completely passive and wrote a "To whom it may concern" letter that reads exactly like a suicide note.

The language of the letter reeks of guilt. Show me an innocent person charged with murder who would write a note like that.

For those who tenaciously maintain Simpson's innocence, and argue that the reason he wanted to commit suicide was that he couldn't live without Nicole, consider that Simpson is one of the most self-absorbed persons there could ever be, one whose narcissism is of jumbo dimensions. He gives no indication that he is the type of person who would kill himself over the loss of another human being. Also, such an act would be diametrically opposed to an integral element of Simpson's defense—that he was over Nicole and had started a life without her and therefore had no motive to kill her. And if he wanted to die because he couldn't live without Nicole, what conceivable reason would he have for not saying so in his farewell note? But nowhere did he say or even vaguely imply in the note that Nicole's death is why he wanted to end his life. In fact, in the letter he says that God brought his new girlfriend, Paula Barbieri, to him. He even tells her how sorry he is they aren't going to have their chance.

This note points irresistibly toward Simpson's guilt, yet it was never seen by the jury.

And it gets worse. After the slow-speed chase of Simpson and his friend Al Cowlings in the latter's Bronco, police found a gun in the vehicle (there were photos of Simpson holding this gun to his head during the chase), along with Simpson's passport and a cheap disguise (a fake goatee and mustache). Additionally, Cowlings, on being told to empty his pockets, pulled out a wad of currency totaling $8750. He told the police Simpson had given him the money when they were in the Bronco. The gun, passport, disguise and $8750, of course, have guilt written all over them. They could hardly be more persuasive evidence of guilt. Yet again, the jury never heard this evidence because, unbelievably, the prosecutors decided not to present it.

What reasons has the D.A.'s office given for not introducing all this evidence, including the slow-speed chase that led to its seizure? Simpson talked with friends and his mother on the Bronco's cellular phone during the chase. Predictably, he proclaimed his innocence, and the prosecution said it didn't want the jury to hear this. But that is silly beyond imagination. It was a self-serving and meaningless declaration. Of course he would say he's innocent. Did they expect him to confess to the murders?

Another argument the prosecutors have floated for not introducing the slow-speed chase and the evidence subsequently seized is that, as Hodgman said on television, "it was coming at a point in time when we were also starting to lose jurors. So we felt, on balance, a need to conclude our case and get into the defense case, if they were going to present one." I have a lot of respect for Hodgman, but that is complete nonsense. First, there's never a valid reason for not offering powerful incriminating evidence against a defendant. Even if jury fatigue is an issue,

(continued on page 128)

For a time during the Eisenhower era, Bettie Page was everyone's favorite pin-up, the girl next door who doubled as the Dark Angel. She starred in the fetishistic work of Irving Klaw and added sultry glamour to Fifties erotica. Her legend secure, Bettie vanished, turning up nearly four decades later in California, the unknowing star of the Bettie boom. Photographer Bunny Yeager, known for her outdoor work with Bettie in Florida, shot this rare studio pose in 1954.

Summer Speed

FIVE FAST-ACTION TOYS FOR SERIOUS THRILL-SEEKERS

Your heart is pounding, you're in perspiration overload and the adrenaline that's surging through your system is enough to power an Olympic track team. Great sex? No, the next best thing—speed. Like the quest for lustful satisfaction, there's something about going fast that causes otherwise intelligent people to lose their senses. Dutch road racer Fred Rompelberg, for example, crashed his bicycle twice at 122 miles per hour in his attempt to break the world land speed record. (He pulled it off last year—with all limbs intact—during a remarkable 166.9 mph ride in the draft of a race car.) To give you an idea of the kind of brain-numbing action that's pushing guys such as Rompelberg to outrageous extremes, we've gathered summer's hottest go-fast gear for land and sea. Some require serious muscle, others a mere twist of the wrist. Either way, we guarantee they will provide some mighty wild rides.

It takes guts and a solid set of wheels to go 65 mph downhill on in-line skates. This racing skate combines a leather boot with a carbon-fiber-and-resin shell, an aluminum chassis and racing bearings and wheels, from Team Karim ($900).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS HAMILTON AND RICHARD IZUI

Because Fountain Powerboats uses the same high standards in building pleasure boats as it does in its racing models, you can count on a thrilling ride from the 27-foot Fever. Designed for lakes and rivers, the $80,000 five-seater has a potent Mercruiser 502 EFI fuel-injected engine that allows for speeds in excess of 70 mph.

Kawasaki's two-person 1100ZXi Jet Ski is a water rocket, clocking speeds upwards of 60 mph on calm seas. Its power comes from a two-stroke, three-cylinder, 1071cc engine coupled with an air-induction system that reduces friction between the hull of the craft and the water's surface. The price: $8300.

Zipp Speed Weaponry uses exclusive molding technology to make its hollow, monocoque 2001 Time Trail Multisport frame ($2550) superstiff and lightweight (just over two pounds). The model here is fitted with a Zipp wheel set ($1050) and a Mavic component package with an EMS carbon fork (about $1200).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 142.

There are faster bikes with incredible quarter-mile times or top ends, but none can beat a Ducati 916 around the track. This hand-built Italian machine is reigning World Superbike Champion. A muscular 114-horsepower eight-valve engine pushes the Duc to a top speed of 162 mph. Light steering combines with a taut suspension to offer remarkable stability through curves even when punched to the max. The price: $15,700.

NAVY *(continued from page 64)*

Again she fell asleep, only to be awakened by his hand on her breast. "Honk!" he said.

When the antics at Tailhook became public in 1992 with Coughlin's dramatic account of the Gauntlet, the reaction from Capitol Hill and the public was predictable. Navy brass knew they had to act dramatically to demonstrate that the Navy was going to change course in gender relations. For public display, at least, it was as if they went from full speed ahead to full reverse.

In the years since Tailhook, six admirals and scores of senior officers have been forced to resign. Some 140 case files with allegations against aviators were sent to a special court to be investigated. There were no court-martials. But Secretary Garrett resigned and 28 officers and 30 admirals received reprimands, though some charges were of little consequence.

Congress used Tailhook to help justify removing gender restrictions from all but Seal commando units and submarines. The number of women officers started to climb.

The Navy set out to teach sailors and officers the new rules about sensitivity. They adopted a matter-of-fact approach, as if "zero tolerance" of sexual harassment were a new piece of equipment. In 1992 there was a worldwide all-Navy stand-down, a day on which everyone stopped work and was lectured on right and wrong. Sailors were issued sexual harassment handbooks and were initiated in "behavior zones," a sound-bite demonstration on how to get along with the opposite sex. Participants were supposed to call out "yellow light!" if a joke or touch could be considered inappropriate, or "red light!" for clearly offensive behavior, from asking for sexual favors to rape.

Some aviators remain confused. "The stuff about machismo is true," said "Mooch," a Hornet pilot on the USS America. "It's there, and if it's not there, you're going to get a lot of limp fighter pilots."

While the Navy's statistics show a decline in harassment, the new approach hasn't caught on everywhere.

Captain Mark Rogers, 47, a decorated Naval Academy graduate who had commanded a minesweeper, cruiser and frigate, was the deputy director of the White House Military Office from May 1993 to January 1995. According to White House colleagues, he said idle male co-workers were "pulling their puds" instead of working. His colleagues said he called one woman a "dumb bitch" and others "fat pigs." He also reportedly called an openly gay employee a "fudge packer" and asked a female Air Force major if she had been "sleeping with the president" to earn her promotion. Rogers denied all of these allegations.

In November 1994 he made the list for promotion to admiral. A month later an anonymous caller alerted the Pentagon of Roger's penchant for salty language. An investigation by the Navy's Inspector General cited complaints from colleagues (along with Rogers' failure to respond to repeated requests to clean up his language) in determining that he had committed sexual harassment. Navy Secretary John Dalton removed Rogers from the promotion list in April 1995.

The same month, Captain Thomas Flanagan, 46, a former submarine commander, was forced into early retirement for having an affair, sometimes in the Pentagon building, with a female lieutenant not in his command. Flanagan was found out when the Pentagon's e-mail system, which he used to set up liaisons with the lieutenant, got backed up.

Several months later Rear Admiral Ralph Tindal, 58, the two-star deputy commander of NATO naval forces in the Iberian region, was decked for having an extended affair with an enlisted woman in his command. Being married, he was found guilty of adultery, a crime in the military, and was stripped of one star, fined $7686 and confined to quarters for 30 days.

Navy officials said Tindal was spared a court-martial in part because they did not want to "revictimize" the woman, who had unsuccessfully attempted to end the affair. She faced no disciplinary action.

The Navy's public affairs office announced Tindal's early retirement the same day in December 1995 that Admiral Jeremy Boorda, Chief of Naval Operations, ended another stand-down for additional remedial gender-relations training. It was prompted by an episode that shows just how strong a hold the old ways still have in many quarters.

The incident took place aboard an American Airlines plane carrying the crew of the USS Gompers, a repair ship that made news in 1993 when a sailor was caught videotaping himself and a female sailor having sex. The crew wore civilian clothes and shared the plane with nonmilitary passengers on a flight from Norfolk, Virginia to Oakland, California.

Chief Petty Officer George Powell, 49, an alcoholic who had been court-martialed once for assaulting a female sailor, walked onto the plane drunk. Powell, a cook, took his seat and began caressing the hand of the 23-year-old third-class petty officer next to him.

She pushed him away and moved to the empty window seat. But according to her testimony at his subsequent court-martial, he stuck several fingers inside her waistband and pulled her to him. "Don't touch me," she said. He let her go, ordered three rums and drank them one right after another. When he got up from his seat, she fell asleep, thinking he had left for good. He returned, put his hand between her thighs and moved toward her crotch.

She woke up and told him, "Get your fucking hands off me!"

But he didn't. He put his hand on her knee and then rubbed her thigh. She shoved him out of his seat and he walked away. Again she fell asleep, only to be awakened by his hand on her breast. "Honk!" he said as he squeezed it.

"I went a little crazy," the woman testified. "I got out of my seat, I ripped up the armrest and grabbed him by the collar and shook him. I slapped his face. I said, 'You're in the Navy 24 hours a day. Why not act like it?'"

Powell doesn't remember much of the plane ride and blames the Navy for not diagnosing and treating the post-traumatic stress disorder he said he has suffered since he returned from Vietnam.

A jury found him guilty of five counts of indecent assault. He pleaded guilty to six counts of simple assault, one count of disrespect to an officer (a chaplain who eventually stopped the harassment) and one count of drunk-and-disorderly conduct. His sentence included 89 days in the brig, a $1500 fine and a reduction of one grade (which cost him $300 a month in pay), and he was ordered to enter a Navy-approved alcohol rehab program. Powell also faces an administrative board hearing to determine whether he should be discharged.

While Powell's case is an example of obvious physical harassment, the most recent incidents have angered many in the Navy because punishments have seemed ill-suited to the offenses.

Take the case of Captain Everett Greene. In October 1995 this highly decorated Navy Seal, one of the few black men to break into the cliquish

(continued on page 147)

"Happy, darling?"

HEAVENLY ANGEL

our july playmate
will lift your spirits

ANGEL BORIS knows how to light up a room, and to add a bit of song. More than once during our dinner at a smoky Chicago bistro she pauses to accompany flawlessly the country music being piped into the restaurant. "I love to sing, and I do it everywhere," she tells me between songs. "I also love listening to music, and I can't sleep or warm up for acting class without it. Music helps me relax."

Angel looks at ease here, too, enjoying her new favorite food, Thai

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

"I love romantic wolks on the beach after dark," says Angel, who grew up near the Florida coast. But she also has a wilder side. "I'm a huge pro football fan. Once when I was whooping it up during a game, my friend Christine said, 'Angel, you're worse than a guy!'"

Angel has three brothers and eight sisters. "We always fought aver the bathraam," she says. "And every night we'd peek aut to see if Mom was laaking and then throw pillaws across the hall at one another."

For her first film, an independent project titled *Suicide Blonde* (she dyed her hair for the role), Angel performed her own stunts. "I ploy a sweet girl who carries a .357 Magnum in her purse," she says innocently.

noodles. I ask how she got her name. It was given to her, she says, because her father believed she was a gift from God. "The year before I was born he was injured on the job when a 450-pound drum fell on him, and he ended up in a body cast. When he came home after 11 months in the hospital, he and my mom were, as might be expected, eager to make love. She quickly got pregnant, and my dad felt God was giving him a reason to fight the pain he was feeling."

Angel became the family performer. She remembers her childhood as a whirlwind of singing and dancing at pageants, with her father in tow. "She has shelves filled with trophies and crowns," her father says proudly. "Everybody knows her. I'm always being asked, 'How's Angel?'" PLAYBOY began asking about Angel after she won a bikini contest sponsored by Hawaiian Tropic. You may remember her from our *Girls of Hawaiian Tropic* feature in April 1995.

Angel has taken her name to heart in other ways. Her Florida apartment is filled with angel candles, angel figurines, angel stamps, angel plates, angel soap. She even has an angel checkbook. Her favorite song lyric? "My angel is the centerfold," from the classic *Centerfold* by the J. Geils Band. Our Angel is too. —CHIP ROWE

"When I was growing up, my older brothers had piles of PLAYBOYs hidden under their beds or behind their dressers," Angel recolls. "I'd always get in trouble looking at them." How things change.

MISS JULY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Angel Lynn Boris

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 8-2-74 BIRTHPLACE: Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

AMBITIONS: I want to do everything twice, including winning two Oscars and two Grammys!

TURN-ONS: Sensual Music (including operas), Satin Sheets, black and white Movies, Thai food and being on camera.

TURNOFFS: Jalapeños, impatience, being teased, no hot water, early alarms and cruelty.

YOU CAN NEVER HAVE ENOUGH: Affection, Pets and Kids.

MORE & LESS: Fear less, hope more; eat less, chew more; whine less, breathe more; talk less, say more.

HOW TO GET MY ATTENTION: Play with my hair, kiss my ears softly, massage my feet, and sing to me.

IN MY CRAZIEST MOMENTS: I think about running naked in the rain. Wanna come?

ALSO KNOWN AS: Bubba, AL, Mumpy, Red and Darlin'.

MY MOTTO: Life is understood backward + lived forward.

First photo shoot — Age 10

Goofing off — I'm all ears

Another day, another Pageant

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

At the conclusion of a church service, three young members of the congregation met outside and began to introduce themselves. "I'm Paul," the first said, "but I'm no apostle."

"My name's Peter," the second said, "but I'm no saint."

"Well, my name's Mary," the third said, "and I don't know what to say."

What's the definition of a consultant? A guy who knows 50 ways to make love but doesn't know any women.

On his five-year-old's first day of school, the concerned dad gave last-minute instructions. "You can't talk baby talk at school like you do at home," he said, "so don't say 'bow-wow,' say 'dog.' Don't say 'moo-moo,' say 'cow.' And ask to go to the bathroom, not to 'go tinkle.'" The boy nodded and off he went.

An hour later, the school principal called and asked the father to come in for a conference about his son. "What's the problem?" the worried dad asked.

"Well, Mr. Hall," the administrator said, "your son is using inappropriate language in class."

"I don't believe it," the father protested. "What did he say?"

"When the teacher asked what story he'd like her to read aloud, your son said, well, ahem, ah. . . ."

"What?" the anxious father demanded.

"He said," the principal blurted out, "that he wanted her to read *Winnie the Shit*."

Graffito spotted in an IBM headquarters' washroom: XEROX NEVER COMES OUT WITH ANYTHING ORIGINAL.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: The uneducated young woman stood before the judge, pleading for a divorce after only seven days of marriage. "Your honor, he saw fit to pleasure hisself three times after we was hitched, three more times after dinner, twice before bedtime and five more times before the rooster crowed," she cried. "I'm only one woman. I can't go on no longer!"

The judge signed a paper and handed it to her. "Take this to the front office and file your affidavit."

"File it?" she whimpered. "I can't even pat it with a powder puff."

Your sexual dysfunction can be corrected," the physician said, "but it would be very expensive. One procedure costs $14,000 and is about 70 percent effective. Another procedure," he continued, "costs $20,000 and is 100 percent effective." The doctor advised the dejected fellow to go home and talk it over with his wife before making a decision. "Come back in a few days," he suggested.

The next morning the man returned to the doctor's office. "Well, I'm surprised to see you back here so quickly," the medic said. "Which procedure have you decided on?"

"Neither," the fellow replied. "We've decided to remodel the kitchen."

What do you call a blonde walking from geology class to math class? Between a rock and a hard place.

An elegantly dressed man sat down at a New York bar and ordered a dry martini. "Twenty parts gin and one part vermouth, please," he said.

"Would you like a twist, sir?" the bartender asked.

"If I had wanted lemonade," the customer thundered, "then I would have asked you for lemonade."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: What's the difference between O.J. Simpson and Pee-wee Herman? It took only 12 jerks to get O.J. off.

When a car skidded on wet pavement and struck a lightpole, several bystanders ran over to help. A woman was first to reach the victim, but a man rushed in, pushed her back and barked, "Step aside, lady. I've had a course in first aid."

The woman watched his procedures for a few minutes, and then tapped him on the shoulder. "Pardon me, but when you get to the part about calling a doctor," she said, "I'm right here."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"I'm afraid you'll have to speak to my agent!"

COOL Of The Evening

whether it's the latest martinis or chilled red wines, you can't go wrong with this summer's most sophisticated sips

DRINK BY
JOHN OLDCASTLE

Elegant accessories for the home bar. Left to right: Sterling silver corkscrew ($610), bottle opener ($295) and rocks glass with pewter stripes ($85), all from Elements. The Alessi Shaker from the Markuse Corp. ($135). Glass cocktail stirrer ($6) and classic martini glass ($8), bath from Crate & Barrel. Silver-plated ice bucket from Henri Bendel ($230). St. Hilaire silver-plated ice tongs from Elements ($125).

THE SUMMER of 1996 may well establish the king of American cocktails—the martini—as one of the most versatile of drinks. Nudge your way through the crowds at Aquagrill in Manhattan, Max's South Beach in Miami or any number of hot bars nationwide and there's a good chance you'll find that the drink of the moment is a variation on the silver bullet. At Aquagrill, the preferred call is the aquabite, made with two ounces Ketel One vodka, one ounce triple sec, one ounce fresh grapefruit juice, shaken, strained and garnished with a lime. Max's South Beach's signature martini, the vampire, is made with Skyy vodka, Chambord, lime juice and cranberry juice shaken over ice. Atlanta's glamorous new Villa Christina restaurant serves ten different kinds of martinis, including the *bacci* (Tanqueray gin kissed with Lillet) and the 1774 (Tanqueray gin, a splash of olive juice and a hint of vermouth, garnished with an anchovy-stuffed olive and a pearl onion). At Sonoma, a California-type grill in Philadelphia, the drink of choice is the Sonoma martini, made with 1½ ounces of Stolichnaya Cristall shaken over ice with the juice of a blood orange and garnished with a twist of blood orange peel. And at another trendy Manhattan spot, T Salon, martinis are made with vodka and a little Earl Grey tea. Even chocolate gets into the act: Mix Absolut vodka with a dash of Godiva chocolate liqueur, and you get a Godiva midnight martini.

But variations on the martini won't be the only new calls this summer. "There are going to be an enormous number of citrus-based drinks," says Harriet Lembeck, author of *Grossman's Guide to Wines, Beers & Spirits*. "Lemon vodkas are very strong, and now you're seeing other spirits flavored with various fruits."

Finlandia's cranberry and pineapple vodkas and Stolichnaya's Limonnaya and Ohranj are already on the market. A newcomer, Keglevich, goes one step further by adding peach, pineapple, melon, lemon and coconut liqueurs to its line of vodkas. But don't think that citrus-flavored liquors are limited to vodkas. José Cuervo will soon introduce Mistico, a blend of tequila and Mexican citrus. The swirled margarita—a frozen margarita with a swirl of liqueur, such as Midori—is the newest accompaniment for Mexican food.

Americans' appetite for spicy Caribbean and Mexican fare should increase this summer. New rums from foreign ports go wonderfully with chilies, cinnamon and cumin. Nicaragua's Flor de Caña *añejo*, Brugal Añejo from the Dominican Republic, Ron Botran Añejo from Guatemala, Cacique from Venezuela, Gosling's Black Seal from Bermuda and Ron Viego de Caldas from Colombia all taste terrific straight or on the rocks with a little water.

"The *mojito* is the single most seductive drink of the Caribbean," says Steven Raichlen, author of *Miami Spice* and *The Caribbean Pantry Cookbook*. "It's everything you could want—rum for the buzz, and club soda and lime juice for refreshment. And the mint keeps you cool. First, gently muddle ten crushed mint leaves, one tablespoon of sugar and 1½ tablespoons of lime juice in a tall cocktail glass, then stir in 1½ ounces of light rum and some ice cubes and fill with club soda."

Raichlen also predicts that sophisticated American drinkers will pick up on the French Caribbeans' passion for *'ti* punch (*'ti* is short for petite). "It's what everyone drinks at the smart bars, such as the Marigot Bay Club on St. Bart's. It's simple but direct: Mix an ounce or two of rum with a spoonful of sugar and a little lime juice."

It used to be said that brown-colored spirits such as scotch, bourbon and brandy were too heavy for hot weather, but delicate cognacs have changed that perception. After a meal, a snifter of cognac is still a great way to end an evening. Now *(concluded on page 160)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILU
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 142.

CHAZZ PALMINTERI

hollywood's favorite italian on sex with linda fiorentino, the truth about wiseguys and what it's like to "share the olive" with frank sinatra

Forty-three-year-old Chazz Palminteri witnessed a murder when he was nine, has known more than a few wiseguys and has been in his share of fights. But he knew that Broadway literally leads from his native Bronx into Manhattan.

"I would go down to the city to take acting classes," says the onetime singer who played gigs at resorts in the Catskills, sang with a jazz band, fronted his own group—Razzamachazz—and even played a few weddings. After collecting credits in off-Broadway plays, he headed to the West Coast. But gangster and cop roles didn't satisfy the ambitious actor. He decided the route to success ran through his old neighborhood.

The 18 speaking roles in his one-man play "A Bronx Tale" guaranteed that critics would notice him—if they showed up. Fortunately, Robert De Niro noticed, and he filmed "A Bronx Tale" for his directing debut. The resulting critical acclaim landed Palminteri a part in Woody Allen's "Bullets Over Broadway" (for which he received an Academy Award nomination). Then he appeared as the cop obsessed with cracking Kevin Spacey in last year's "The Usual Suspects." The tall, dark Palminteri has had onscreen affairs with Linda Fiorentino (in "Jade") and Sharon Stone (in "Diabolique"). A second Palminteri play, "Faithful," made it to the screen this spring. He's currently working on another film based on a script he wrote about a hit man and a debutante.

Subway map in hand, Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker hit Palminteri's Bronx trail. Says Kalbacker, "He is extremely genial, as only a New Yorker can be. When I asked for a menu recommendation at our first lunch meeting, he told me, 'Order anything. I've never had a bad meal here.' Sure enough, the pasta was al dente."

1.

PLAYBOY: You made a name for yourself with your one-man play, *A Bronx Tale*. Your determination not to sell the script and to star in the film version is the stuff of legend. How did you manage to hold off Hollywood producers who were trying to make you an offer you couldn't refuse?

PALMINTERI: I had nothing, so I had nothing to lose. I did refuse, and I kept refusing. I felt that this was my shot. The first offer to buy the script—$250,000—was the hardest to turn down. Five months later it went to $750,000, and I still said no. After I made up my mind that I wasn't going to give in, it became just numbers. I knew that if I let the Hollywood folks take it away from me, they'd write their own script and put another guy in the role. I turned down a million dollars when I had no money. My agent, other agents and producers told me, "You're going to blow it, kid. You're crazy." Bob De Niro had seen the play a couple of times in New York and said, "You can do this. I'll direct it."

2.

PLAYBOY: So Chazz Palminteri and Robert De Niro are *paisan*?

PALMINTERI: We come from the street. He's from Mulberry Street, Little Italy. I'm from 187th and Balbo in the Bronx. I go on my instincts. When Bob looked at me and said, "I'll protect you, you have my word," I looked in his eyes and believed him. You can have the best contract in the world, but if the guy is a scumbag, you're going to get fucked. You can have the worst contract in the world, but if the guy is a mensch, he'll take care of you in ways that aren't in the contract. I'm blessed to have made a good movie. He's a brilliant director. He's a great restaurateur, too.

3.

PLAYBOY: Do you get back to the old neighborhood now and then?

PALMINTERI: I've been meeting with my friends at Gino's Café for the past ten years. Twenty-five guys, a lot of them from school, some who just grew up in the neighborhood. I started it. I wanted to have dinner with all the guys to say goodbye before I left for California to pursue my career. Once there, I was lonely, so I said, "I want to come back. I miss you guys." And we've been doing it ever since. Domenico Broccoli owns Gino's Café. Broccoli, as in the vegetable. He has dishes that refer to all my movies. He has Bronx Tail, which is a lobster tail stuffed with crabmeat. He also has Chicken Palminteri—a chicken dish with asparagus and shrimp. It's delicious.

4.

PLAYBOY: We can understand why he named a dish after you. But how did a Ryan O'Neal entree make it onto the menu?

PALMINTERI: Veal O'Neal. Ryan and I went there and had a great time. People don't realize Ryan O'Neal was at one time the biggest box-office guy in America, with *Barry Lyndon* and *What's Up, Doc?* He was like Cary Grant, this man. So I was happy to work with him. He is terrific in *Faithful*. And I wanted to show him some places in the Bronx.

5.

PLAYBOY: In *Faithful* you deal with a subject that's on a lot of men's minds. Do you have any advice for the married guy who may be tempted to stray?

PALMINTERI: Remember that girlfriends become wives sooner or later. You think you could be married and have a girlfriend on the side, but sooner or later the girlfriend will become your wife. After the success of *A Bronx Tale*, I started to look at my life differently. I wanted a family, and the thought of having one woman the rest of my life intrigued me. I went out with a lot of women in my time. I'm not going to hide that. At one point in the story a guy asks, "What's really cheating?" Some men think blow jobs don't count. But they do. No action in your life is innocuous. Even though nobody caught you, even though nobody saw you, you know. And that chips away at your soul. You'll be less tolerant of your children and your wife. You'll hate yourself a little more. You have to work at a good marriage. There are moments when you may not feel attracted to each other. But you have to stick it out. When the time came to do the right thing, I did the right thing.

6.

PLAYBOY: We understand you met your wife in church. Do you recommend religious services as a venue for connecting with the opposite sex?

PALMINTERI: To be exact, I met her coming out of church. In Los Angeles. St. Charles, right off Lancasham in the Valley. Mass was over. She was coming out. Our eyes met. I wanted to say something to her, but the priest was there. What *(continued on page 132)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

THE MARK

sheila would set up the guy for the scam, then bobby would move in fast. they couldn't lose. or could they?

fiction by

PAT JORDAN

"HE SOUNDS different," Bobby said. He downshifted for the railroad tracks at Dixie. The black SHO bumped over the tracks, then picked up speed.

"Like how?" Sheila said.

"I don't know. Just different. Not as pissed off as usual." Bobby turned onto Federal. Two rednecks, a mangy dog lying at their feet, sat drinking beer in the shade of the Riptide's outdoor bar. A skinny hooker in a miniskirt that barely covered her ass and dirty white fringed cowboy boots sashayed past them, looking back over her shoulder at passing cars while she talked on a cellular phone.

"Poor thing," said Sheila, shaking her head slowly. "It's too hot to work." The hooker flipped her the finger. Sheila held a cigarette limp-wristed beside her cheek, her other hand propping up her elbow in that ladylike way that always amazed Bobby.

"Maybe he's just tired," Sheila said. "He's been working construction, what, the last six months? He's 47, Bobby. A little old for a career change."

"Not tired like that. Something different. You'll see." As they passed Fort

PAINTING BY KENT WILLIAMS

Lauderdale Airport, a 747, shimmering in the hot noon sun, was coming in from the ocean.

"He was away two years, Bobby. Maybe doing time didn't agree with him." The plane passed low overhead, and its shadow, like a prehistoric bird's, enveloped them for a moment, then moved toward the airport runway. Sheila smiled at Bobby. "It didn't agree with you."

Bobby liked that in her. She never cut him any slack. Her word. "You have a tendency to be slack, Robert," she said once in the schoolmistress tone she sometimes took with him. "It's my job to tighten up that slack." She was 45, ten years older than Bobby. Ten years smarter, too.

There was nothing slack about Sheila. Trim, tanned, muscled like the 14-year-olds who played basketball at Holiday Park. She even had chiseled abs like them. Her hair was bleached platinum and cut so short it stood up like spring grass. It made her look tough in tight jeans or cutoff shorts. She looked sexy, like a high-class hooker, when she wore a black spandex dress and stiletto heels. And when she put on a wig and a business suit, she looked like a lady, maybe a bank president at Centrust. Sheila said there was nothing to it. She had done summer stock for years in New England before she moved to Fort Lauderdale and began to concentrate on TV commercials. "See this face," she would say, smiling her eight-by-ten-glossy smile. "The face that launched a million coffee cups."

Today she wore tight jeans and a black T-shirt with gold writing across her small breasts: BEYOND BITCH! When she had put it on in their apartment, she'd said, "Nice touch, huh? Sol will like it." Bobby hoped so.

Bobby concentrated on Sol. "I mean, he only did two years out of six for smuggling pot. Big deal. A fucking minimum-security prison. Club Fed. There's even a chalk line for a fence, like on a football field. But still, it changed him."

"Maybe he's just getting old. They say doing time ages you."

"But it wasn't hard time, for Christ's sake. He gained 20 pounds. No, he lost something. His edge."

Sheila smiled brightly. "Well, baby, we'll just have to find it for him."

Bobby pulled up in front of the Lucky Hotel and parked. "A misnomer," Sheila said. It was an old two-story south Florida building made out of Dade County pine, stuccoed over many times, its mission tiles replaced with a dilapidated tin roof. The second floor was a halfway house for cons serving out the last six months of their sentences while "acclimating" (Sol's word) themselves back into society. They went to work each morning at six and had to be back for supper at six. Today was Sol's last day.

They walked around back. Sol sat at a picnic table under the shade of a gumbo-limbo tree in the scruffy backyard, smoking a cigarette and talking with a woman. Sheila ran over to him. "Sol, baby, we missed you." She bent down and kissed him on the lips. When she straightened up she made a big production of studying him. His bald head was tanned from working in the sun. His Vandyke beard was neatly trimmed. He was wearing Paul Newman–blue contact lenses and a pressed, long-sleeved, buttondown Polo shirt over his big belly. White tennis shorts. Dirty white loafers.

Sheila narrowed her eyes. "You look different, Solly."

"It's the hair," he said, rubbing a hand over his bald head. "I grew it in the slam."

"We *did* miss you, Sol," Sheila said.

"I missed you, too, baby. I like that, the T-shirt."

Sheila turned to Bobby. "See, I told you."

Bobby said, "You ready?"

"I got to check out upstairs." He stood up. Sheila was right. He did look different. There was definitely something missing.

"Where's all your jewelry?" Bobby asked.

"In storage. That's our next stop." Sol seemed almost naked without his Rolex, his gold chains, his diamond pinkie rings, his three beepers. Not to mention the little Seecamp .32 ACP he liked to carry in his front pants pocket.

"Sheila's got the Seecamp," Bobby said. "She likes it."

"Yeah, but I gotta get the jewelry." Nothing could happen to Sol when he wore his jewelry. "And some real fucking cigarettes." He tossed his cigarette in the grass. "Government issue," he said, holding up a pack with BRAND A printed across it. "Brand B's got filters," he said. He crumpled the pack and tossed it, too.

"Aren't you going to introduce us to your friend?" Sheila asked.

The friend looked up at them. She was a tiny, ferret-faced woman with stringy brown hair, baggy sweatshirt and baggy jeans.

"Sheila, Bobby, this is Connie." She nodded, gave them a sour smile. A con, obviously. Cons never used last names, not real ones, anyway. After five years of friendship, Bobby and Sol still did not know each other's real last names. Sol was Sol Rogers. Bobby was Bobby Squared. Both men had long since distanced themselves from Solomon Bilstein, Brooklyn Jew, and Robert Roberts, né Redfeather, half-breed Cherokee out of the North Carolina mountains. They were now just two business partners in paradise.

•

Driving back to Fort Lauderdale, Bobby was quiet. So was Sol, sitting beside him. Sheila said, "Connie's an interesting girl, Sol. She said she did three years for fraud."

Sol turned around, grinning, and said, "You never heard of her? Coupon Connie? Was in all the papers. She made millions with coupon fraud. You know what she did in the slam? Corresponded with male cons. They sent her money, she sent them dirty underwear. Broad useta get boxes of underwear every week. Drove the guards nuts trying to figure out what she was doing with it all. If the cons sent her enough money, Connie would send them a dirty letter, too, telling them all the nice things she'd do to them if she could. Whack-off Connie is what she became."

"Good thing none of them saw her," Bobby said.

They passed the Riptide again. The two rednecks and the mangy dog were still there. The hooker was walking back the other way, north now. Sol checked her out. From the backseat, Sheila said, "Solly, want us to stop for her? A welcome-home present?"

Sol shook his head. "I just wanna pick up my jewelry."

Sheila reached under the back of the driver's seat and pulled out Sol's Seecamp. "Here, Sol. This should make you feel better." She handed him the gun. Sol looked at it, then put it in his front pants pocket.

"That's a start," he said.

"We don't have time for the jewelry," Bobby said. Sol looked at him. "We got something more urgent. A little something Sheila and me put together. To ease your way back into things."

"Yeah?"

"Meyer set it up," Bobby said. "A little something to get you spending money, get you on your feet. No risks. A piece of cake, really. Meyer knows this guy runs a limo service. Stretch Lincolns with a bar in back, color TV, cellular phone. Caters only to high rollers, mostly from Europe, some from South America, but we don't want to mess with the spics. You never know with them, could be bad guys. Anyway, these guys fly into MIA, businessmen mostly, maybe a little shady, but that's good, kind of guys like to deal only in cash. They got a wife somewhere, kids, a reputation back home, maybe a little

(continued on page 135)

PLAYMATE REVISITED: CHARLOTTE KEMP

having a dream and running with it

Fourteen years ago, Charlatte's biggest fan was Chicago Bears star Gary Fencik. Today, she still spins an active, worldwide social web.

CHARLOTTE Kemp has always been a dreamer with a great head on her shoulders. Her dream involved world travel, and since her epochal December 1982 pictorial, she has logged a lifetime's worth of miles. She spent four years living in Europe and trotted the globe three times. Returning to the States, she settled in Los Angeles and discovered "a passion" that enabled her to keep traveling while staying in one town: running. These days Charlotte logs her miles on foot, doing 80 a week with the Gardena Reebok Running Club under coach Dan Ashimine. The best thing about Charlotte's return to the States—from our standpoint—was her energetic idea to start the Playboy Running Team. Featuring Charlotte and ten Playmates from 1978 to 1995, it is truly a dream team.

"Running has opened up my life," says Charlotte. "Besides the physical part of it, there's a spiritual dimension." Additionally, she is always meeting fabulous people, including her fiancé Zelig Walters. He's owner of Variety Cinema Catering, which provides gourmet meals on movie sets. Their relationship means Charlotte continues her travel. It also satisfies another of her passions—eating.

"We run one distance event a month, helping to raise money for charity," Charlotte explains. As PLAYBOY's first Playmate licensee, she has launched a line of Playboy Running Team activewear for men and women. The clothing is currently sold at Playboy Running Team events, and Charlotte is hoping for wider retail distribution. She's also talking about posters, calendars, perhaps even a telephone calling card. That sounds like a perfect fit for someone who's used to going long distance.

GOLDEN BOY

BY VIC ZIEGEL

pound for pound, oscar de la hoya may be the best fighter in the world

PLAYBOY PROFILE

SOMEHOW I was not surprised when Oscar De La Hoya's public relations rep called to reschedule our meeting in East Los Angeles. After all, this boxer is an important person. Some people call De La Hoya the finest fighter in the world, pound for pound. Golden Boy is one of his nicknames and, from what I had heard, the possibility was remote that anyone would dub him Kid Modesty. He won Olympic gold at Barcelona in 1992 and in less than four years as a professional has won 21 fights, 19 by knockout. He also won the title in the junior lightweight (130 pounds) and lightweight (135 pounds) divisions. Next up is the June battle (and a $9 million payday) with Julio César Chavez for the World Boxing Council superlightweight (140 pounds) championship. Serious fight fans and even large numbers of the general public have fallen in love with the rangy (5'11") 23-year-old from East Los Angeles. I had heard plenty about his dazzling, often-used smile and his powerful left hook. One of his former managers, Robert Mittleman, will never forget seeing De La Hoya deliver that left hook. "I'd never seen anything like it in my life," he recalled. "What a left hand. Excuse the expression, but my dick got hard."

I was surprised by what the public relations person wanted to know: Would it be OK if Oscar met me just half an hour later than we had planned? Well, sure, I said, no problem. I headed for our meeting place, the Camino Real Chevrolet office of Mike Hernandez.

Hernandez, who owns the dealership, has been friends with De La Hoya for more than five years, ever since the boxer dropped by the dealership to visit a friend who worked there. "He was a young kid, maybe 16 or 17," Hernandez recalled. "He was nice to everybody, and he had charisma." The boxer said he was after the gold medal in Barcelona, and Hernandez gave him some added incentive. "See that Corvette convertible?" Hernandez asked him. "If you win the medal, you got it." Oscar came back for the car and, over the years, for advice. "Oscar has rare qualities," Hernandez said. "He's like something out of *Reader's Digest*—the most unforgettable character you ever met. He touches a lot of people."

Not everyone in East Los Angeles agrees. For some, especially fight fans born in Mexico, De La Hoya is too pretty, too glib, too cocky. He's too much the American hero. He left East Los Angeles in 1992, when he and his family moved into a ranch house in Montebello. In 1995 he bought a condominium in Whittier. Next he moves to a Pasadena mansion, which will be even further from his origins. The last straw for East Los Angeles fans was news that De La Hoya was playing golf.

Oscar entered the room, stuck out his hand and apologized for making me wait. Even though I was eager to talk boxing, we soon found ourselves talking golf—with no references to the old neighborhood. He said he had played nearly every day for the past two years when he wasn't in training. He hates the way he putts, he says, but all the other clubs are his friends. I persist and bring up Sugar Ray Leonard. De La Hoya combines handsomeness and hand speed in the same way Leonard did. Veteran promoter Bob Arum predicted several years ago that De La Hoya "will be bigger than Sugar Ray." What does Oscar think of the comparison?

De La Hoya doesn't want people "thinking of me as the second Ray Leonard," he declares. "I'd rather be the first Oscar De La Hoya." But, sure, he says, he'll talk about the former champ. Did I know that Sugar Ray Leonard also plays golf? De La Hoya, a nine handicap, can't help telling me that Leonard is an 18.

For all De La Hoya's sweetness I can detect hints of arrogance—another reminder of Leonard's style. De La Hoya's smile, for example, is flashed regularly at me until it begins to suggest a hotel's neon sign. It's hard for me to know if the smile is meant to be a warm welcome, or if some other Oscar hides behind it. His own mother watched him box once and then told him that his eyes were red and frightening. She said she didn't recognize him.

"You know, sometimes I'm walking down the aisle into the ring and, truthfully, I feel like running back," he has said. "It's a scary moment, like an earthquake. I can never get used to that feeling. But once I'm inside, something clicks."

De La Hoya sounds genuine, but then you remember he's a boxer, a star in a game that has a great deal of trouble being genuine. Not long after the Olympics, the boxer went to the White House. He later appeared on the Jay Leno show, where, for all those potential pay-per-view customers, he

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

AR

POUND FOR POUND

BOXING SCRIBE VIC ZIEGEL ANSWERS THE RING'S OLDEST QUESTION

It is the great continuing argument of boxing: Who is the best fighter ever, pound for pound? Old-timers will tell you to forget the guys punching today, that they don't belong in the same conversation with the busted noses and scarred eyebrows of long ago. I disagree. I think that Oscar De La Hoya and Julio César Chavez are contenders for the prize. The smaller guys make it interesting. They have style and smarts.

Decades ago, when there was only one champ in each division and titles weren't sliced like baloney into "super" and "junior" designations, a relentless fighter named Henry Armstrong won the featherweight, welterweight and lightweight titles in a space of ten months. Armstrong tried for the middleweight crown as well, but the fight ended in a draw. Willie Pep, the greatest of all featherweights, fought 242 bouts and won 230 times. Lightweight Benny Leonard and middleweight Stanley Ketchel also come to mind.

About 15 years ago a batch of fighters made the pound-for-pound question even more difficult to answer. There was Thomas "Hitman" Hearns, who knocked out opponents, and Marvelous Marvin Hagler, who wore them out. Roberto Duran might have been the greatest of all lightweights. He even upset Sugar Ray Leonard, who in my book is a fighter for the ages.

For me, though, the pound-for-pound winner and still champion is Ray Robinson, the first Sugar Ray. He put opponents to sleep with either hand. He knocked out people coming toward him and backing away from him. He won the middleweight title six times, and he might have been even better as a welterweight. This is a barroom argument, naturally, and not a scientific test. Eddie Futch, the trainer who's been in boxing for 70 years, picks Charley Burley, who fought from welterweight to heavyweight in the Forties. Burley never won a title in any class, but when Sugar Ray Robinson was asked when he would fight Charley Burley, Robinson's apocryphal response was simple: Never, thank you.

Gloved up (from top to bottom): Oscar De La Hoyo after he beat Jesse Jomes Leija, Julio César Chavez flanked by Don King ond an officiol ofter Chavez put away Giovanni Porisi (Chovez later testified ogainst King in the promoter's recent insurance-fraud trial), De La Hoya on his way to defeoting John John Molina, Chovez counterpunches in his win over David Kamau. Chavez ond De La Hoya ore scheduled to meet in Las Vegas on June 7 for a championship bout.

was the gee-whiz Oscar and not the punching machine. He had gone to the bathroom in the White House, he told Leno, and thought to himself, Wow, to sit where George Bush sits is a real honor.

Eventually our conversation drifts to his next opponent, the formidable, 34-year-old Chavez. "He has all the experience in the world, 100 fights," De La Hoya said. "That's going to be to his advantage. He's very dangerous because he hits so hard. But there's his age. And his speed is slow. You have to have speed and intelligence to be a great champion, and those are going to be my advantages."

De La Hoya is good and he knows it. He's as fast as anyone out there. He's the thinking man's fighter. Right-handed only when he's in the ring, he has a potent left hand. He also has height and reach and knows how to use both.

"Win or lose," De La Hoya said, "it's still going to help me out. If I lose, I lose to a great champion. I'm 23 years old. Maybe I can have a rematch."

The smile blinks on. It's too automatic. When I suggest that losing may shock him, this brings another smile and the painful memory of his last defeat. It was in Sydney, Australia in 1991, when he was going for the world amateur championship. A German named Marco Rudolph outboxed him in a three-round decision. It was the first day of the tournament and De La Hoya had to stay around for two weeks while the rest of the American team competed. He remained in his hotel the whole time.

"It felt terrible," he said. "It felt ugly. I don't want to feel that again. I was so depressed, I was thinking about quitting."

Quitting was out of the question. His father, Joel, was a professional fighter, a lightweight who put together a 9-3-1 record in Los Angeles and Durango 30 years ago. Joel's father, Vicente, had been an amateur featherweight in the Forties. "I was a little kid who used to fight a lot in the street and get beat up," Oscar says. "But I liked it. So my dad took me to the gym."

He told me he was five when that happened. "I loved it. The first day I put on gloves, being up there, running around the ring, it was fun for me," he said.

Oscar went to the gym every day, "even Sundays." He waited a year for his first fight, at the Pico Rivera Boys Club, when he was six years old. "I stopped the kid in *(continued on page 156)*

"He's one of those guys who talks with his hands, so it wasn't so much what he said but the way he said it."

JENNY'S GOT JUICE

our 1994 pmoy is turning the mtv nation into mccarthyites

WE CALL THEM super-Playmates, centerfold stars such as Shannon Tweed, Kimberley Conrad Hefner and Pamela Anderson. And now there's Jenny McCarthy. How successful is she? Turn on MTV any weeknight and you'll see her co-hosting the hit show *Singled Out*, sort of a *Dating Game* crossbred with *The Gong Show*. On each episode, a girl or guy chooses a date from 50 contestants of the opposite sex. Naturally, Jenny is a strong presence—particularly when she's wearing spandex, a baby T and more spandex. Her role is part big sister, part carnival barker. She can whip the crowd into a frenzy or urge a finalist to sacrifice his pride (one guy swallowed a stick of butter). Jenny has no problem saying "see ya" to the poor boobs who give the wrong answer to what is considered the perfect breast size. (The choices: "Cowabunga" or "Ay Caramba.") On one episode a guy slaps himself in the head; on the next Jenny slams a pie into someone's face. The show is so rambunctious and Jenny is so spirited that *People* took notice. "I get in control by telling contestants off, saying things like, 'Shut up or I'll kick your butt,'" she told the magazine. "If you smack them around a little bit, there's never a problem." Easy for her to say: The MVP of her high school softball and field hockey teams, she's also a keen kickboxer. In fact, Jenny's career has been full of knockout punches. When she first

Multimedia McCarthy: At first, she was just another jock (right) who happened to have a rocking bod. Her tour of duty as PMOY (above, her June 1994 cover) included a chat with Jay Leno (below) and a chance to teach an appreciative Conan O'Brien about split ratings (below right).

Above, Jenny singles out some home viewers. Her co-host Chris Hardwick told *People*: "She's doing a lot to dispel the myth that a beautiful woman can't be a nice person." But she's also a strong advocate of tough love. "Some guys stand in the front row just to be hit by Jenny," Hardwick says.

approached PLAYBOY three years ago, she was a struggling model. She was Miss October 1993 a few months later and then became the 1994 Playmate of the Year. "I believe in God," the new PMOY told *Entertainment Tonight*. "I go to church on Sunday and I say my prayers at night." Those prayers were answered. Soon the 1994 PMOY was the co-host of *Playboy TV*'s *Hot Rocks* with Pauly Shore; then she got a gig hosting the *ESPN Maui Sports Challenge*. She has packed in some television work (*Silk Stalkings*) along with movie roles in last year's *The Stupids* opposite Tom Arnold and in *Things to Do in Denver When You're Dead* with Christopher Walken and Andy Garcia. Jenny once said she hoped to follow in the footsteps of her PMOY predecessor Anna Nicole Smith. It's a good bet that future Playmates will say the same about Jenny McCarthy.

In sweet home Chicago, South Side Jenny is a big deal. When her debut issue hit newsstands, a neighborhood store sold 50 copies in a few hours. When the *Chicago Sun-Times* honored Cal Ripken last year, they asked local celebs what they were doing when Cal began his streak. Jenny was a fourth grader who had just completed her first TV job: She was a lead-in to a commercial on *The Bozo Show*.

Jenny is so hot that her 1994 Ploymate of the Year *Video Centerfold* charted in *Billboard*'s 30 top-selling videos as late os lost October. Her new one, *The Best of Jenny McCarthy*, is on sale this month. "Ever since I was little, I have loved being in front of the camera," she says. It seems that Jenny, 23, can do anything she wants. As a Playmate, she listed among her ambitions: "To succeed in TV Land."

There are many sides to Jenny, and all of them are tantalizing. She's adept at playing the horses and gets a thrill from skydiving. "I've always been able to handle myself," she says. "I grew up in the city. I could knock out any guy with my right hook." The flip side of the athletic, physical Jenny is the side that we were fortunate to capture here. We admit that we're partial to the sexy and glamorous Jenny.

OUTRAGE (continued from page 82)

Such excuses are merely efforts by the D.A.'s office to explain away an incredibly unwise tactical blunder.

you always offer the strong incriminating evidence. It's not even a close call.

Second, that argument doesn't even apply here. The Simpson jury started getting antsy after the first half of the trial. Normally, a D.A. would offer the slow-speed chase at the beginning of the presentation of evidence.

Third, presenting evidence of the chase, and of the seizure of the defendant's gun, passport, etc., would have taken at most one or two hours on direct examination. (Mind you, these are the prosecutors who took eight days of direct examination of the coroner to elicit testimony that could have been introduced in two hours.) And, of course, relative to the extremely technical and boring DNA scientific evidence in the case—that went on for months—testimony about the chase and the seizure of the incriminating items in Simpson's possession could be counted on to perk up the jury.

Such excuses are merely efforts by the D.A.'s office to explain away an incredibly unwise tactical blunder.

One of the unanswered questions about this case that has fascinated many people is whether Simpson decided to kill Nicole on the night of the murders or had contemplated it for some time. Faye Resnick, Nicole's close friend, who knew Simpson well, is convinced Simpson planned Nicole's murder. And there is a solid piece of documentary evidence that circumstantially supports Resnick's view. The prosecution had this evidence, but along with the other evidence not introduced, it astonishingly elected not to introduce this evidence, either.

Item #146 of the LAPD property report in the Simpson case lists a fake goatee, fake mustache, bottle of spirit gum (to put on the disguise) and bottle of makeup remover (to remove the disguise). The goatee and mustache have been widely reported, but Item #147 isn't so well known. Item #147 consists of three receipts found in the Bronco inside the bag with the goatee and mustache. The receipts for the purchase of the disguise, remover, etc., are from Cinema Secrets Beauty Supply at 4400 Riverside Drive in Burbank. According to the receipts, the disguises were purchased on May 27, 1994, just over two weeks prior to the murders!

Again, let Simpson explain on the witness stand why he felt the need for a disguise shortly before the murders. And in addition to hearing whatever reason he came up with—most likely sounding silly on its face, and therefore incriminating—let's see if there is any evidence that he has ever worn a disguise at any other time in his life. Was this the first time, at the age of 47, and just before the murders, that he had a need for a disguise? And if he had bought the disguise for some innocent purpose, why was it necessary for him to bring it with him in Cowlings' car?

There's an old saying that celebrities are people who have spent all their time and energy trying to become famous, and when they finally do, they wear dark eyeglasses so no one will recognize them. This very definitely didn't apply to Simpson. By all accounts, he loved the attention of fans and people who recognized him. And when he didn't get it he would become depressed. Resnick, who was with Nicole and Simpson in public on many occasions, said that whenever Simpson wasn't noticed, "his mood would change and he would become angry." So why did Simpson purchase the disguises shortly before the murders? The D.A. never offered this evidence of guilt to the jury.

What makes the failure to do so all the more astonishing is that the prosecution alleged in its criminal complaint that Simpson had premeditated Nicole's murder. The prosecutors suggested to the jury that the premeditation commenced long before the night of the murders. For instance, defense witness Jack McKay, an executive for the American Psychological Association, testified at the trial that he had played golf with Simpson at a Hertz Corp. celebrity golfing event *four days* before the murders. McKay said Simpson appeared cordial and happy to sign autographs and shake hands. Clark asked him on cross-examination: "If someone were planning to commit murder, would you expect him to come to you if he wanted to get away with it and grumble about the person he wanted to kill?"

But the prosecutors presented no evidence at all that Simpson had premeditated the murders. All they offered the jury was their speculation. The lone piece of documentary, circumstantial evidence they had to support their contention was kept in their files. The jury never learned of it. Is it possible the prosecutors hadn't read the police property report closely and missed this evidence? Things like that happen all the time.

When you offer evidence such as the suicide note, passport, cash and disguise, you're offering evidence the significance of which even the simplest of laypeople can understand. For instance, running away from anything—whether it's adults running from the scene of a liquor-store robbery or children running from an apple tree in one's backyard—is automatically associated with a guilty state of mind. And the slow-speed chase, passport, cash and disguise obviously fall into that category.

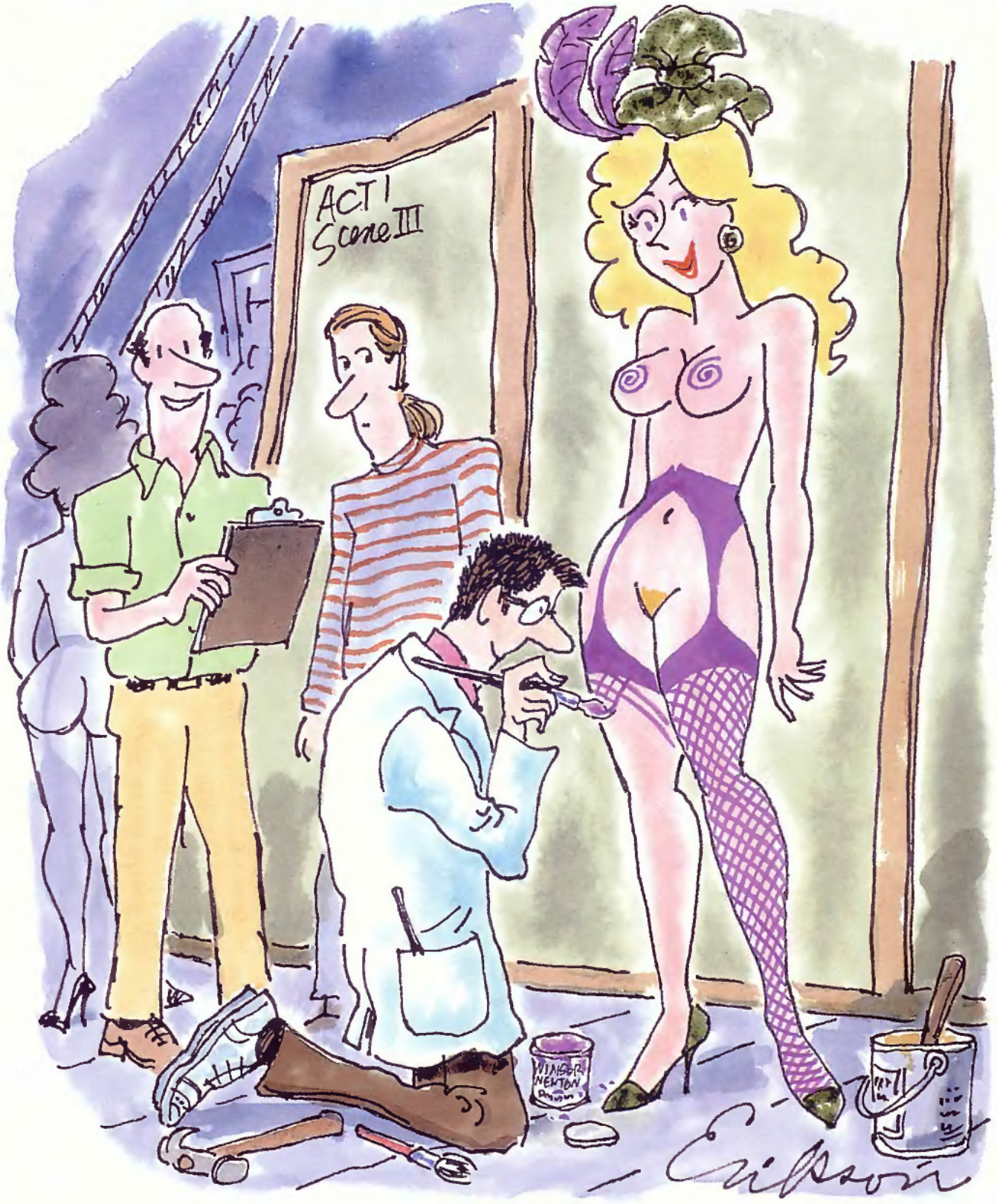
DNA evidence, however, is totally foreign and alien to a jury. This is not to suggest that it shouldn't have been presented—though the prosecution piled complex DNA evidence on more DNA evidence, instead of condensing and simplifying its presentation. But under no circumstances should such evidence have been presented to the exclusion of so much of the conventional evidence available to the prosecution in this case.

Such conventional evidence has been the basis for hundreds of thousands of criminal convictions through the years. Jurors associate this type of evidence with guilt. And such evidence has two other built-in advantages: First, there is rarely a legitimate explanation for it other than guilt. Any attempted explanation by the fleeing party not only sounds silly but, if it is a fabrication, it can also be demonstrated as such in court. Second, this type of evidence confirms the scientific evidence (here, mostly DNA) and vice versa. The two types have a synergistic effect on each other.

•

Most unbelievably, the prosecutors never presented an extremely incriminating statement Simpson made to the police on the afternoon after the murders. You give me a legal pad and 100 hours and I could have convicted Simpson on that statement alone.

The interview took place at Parker Center on the morning of June 13, 1994, from 1:35 to 2:07. It was tape-recorded by the interviewing officers, Philip Vannatter and Thomas Lange, and I have heard the entire 32-minute audio. The detectives were rather inexpert questioners who failed to pin down Simpson clearly on his precise activities during the previous evening. They also didn't ask good follow-up questions. Perhaps most remarkably, Vannatter and Lange were the ones who terminated the interview. Since, at the time of the interview, they already



"It's amazing what these makeup artists can do with a little body paint."

strongly suspected Simpson was guilty, why didn't they try to elicit as much as they could from him? Why didn't they continue until he said he didn't want to talk anymore, or until his celebrity lawyer finally deigned to enter the room and instruct Simpson not to answer any more questions?

In any event, the detectives *did* succeed in getting enough out of Simpson to convict him. Because Simpson's left middle finger was bandaged, they asked him: "How did you get the injury on your hand?" Simpson responded, "I don't know." He proceeded to say that the first time he cut his finger was in Chicago, but then immediately added words that suggested he had first cut himself the previous night, saying "but at the house I was just running around." He was "running around," he told the detectives, the previous night (the night of the murders) while he was getting ready at his Rockingham estate to go to Chicago.

If there's any doubt that Simpson admitted cutting himself the night of the murders, i.e., before he allegedly cut himself again later in Chicago, the following questions and answers clear it up:

VANNATTER: We've got some blood on and in your car, we got some blood at your house and it's sort of a problem.

SIMPSON: Well, take my blood test.

LANGE: Well, we'd like to do that. We've got, of course, the cut on your finger that you aren't real clear on. Do you recall having that cut on your finger the last time you were at Nicole's house?

SIMPSON: A week ago?

LANGE: Yeah.

SIMPSON: No. It was last night.

LANGE: OK, so last night you cut it?

VANNATTER: Somewhere after the recital?

SIMPSON: Somewhere when I was rushing to get out of my house.

VANNATTER: OK, after the recital?

SIMPSON: Yeah.

VANNATTER: What do you think happened, do you have any ideas?

SIMPSON: I have no idea, man.

The detectives also tell Simpson that in addition to the blood in his car and home they found blood on the driveway of his home:

LANGE: Well, there's blood at your house and on the driveway, and we've got a search warrant and we're going to get the blood. We found some blood in your house. Is that your blood that's there?

SIMPSON: If it's dripped, it's what I dripped running around trying to leave.

LANGE: Last night?

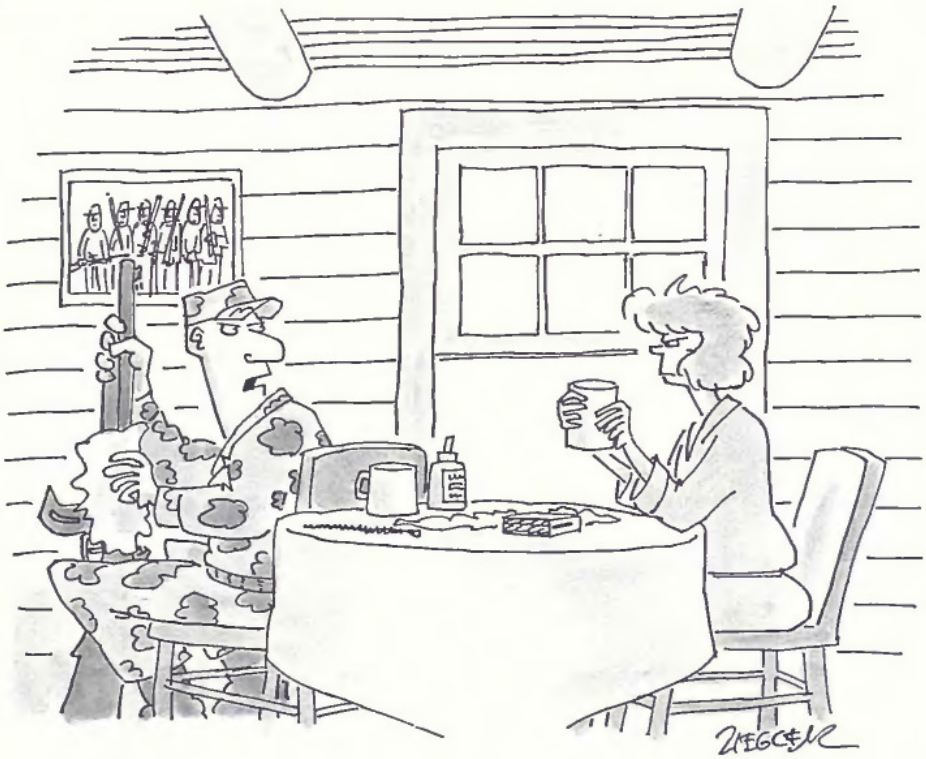
SIMPSON: Yeah.

In another part of the interview, Simpson says: "I knew I was bleeding, but it was no big deal. I bleed all the time. I play golf and stuff, so there's always something, nicks and stuff, here and there." Of course, no one, not even a hemophiliac, bleeds "all the time." Not only isn't Simpson a hemophiliac, but "nicks" also don't cause you to bleed all over your car and home and the driveway of your home. Moreover, the cut to Simpson's left middle finger was not a "nick." It was deep.

In listening to Simpson's voice on the tape, he comes across as having a guilty mind. He expresses no outrage or resentment or even surprise that he's being considered a suspect in these murders. Also, the rather sluggish inflection and intonation in his voice reflect no eagerness to try to find out what happened. If anything, there's the slightest hint that he's cooperating only because he senses it would look curious if he didn't. He also seems to be somewhat hesitant and uneasy in his answers. This lack of spontaneity could indicate he's thinking about what the best answer may be for him to give. There's also no indication in his voice or his words that he is grieving over what happened to Nicole—nor even that he's shocked over what happened. Simpson's demeanor during the interview is consistent with and fortifies all of the other evidence pointing unerringly to his guilt.

This is what we have, then, from Simpson's tape-recorded interview with the LAPD detectives. From Simpson's own lips, he admits dripping blood all over his car and home and on his driveway around the time of the murders. And when asked how he got the cut to his left middle finger, he answers: "I don't know." When asked again later in the interview, he replies: "I have no idea, man." That ridiculous statement by itself shows an obvious consciousness of guilt. But much more important, what is the statistical improbability against Simpson's innocently cutting himself very badly on his left middle finger around the very same time his former wife and her male companion are brutally murdered? One out of 10 million? One out of a million? One out of 100,000? Even if we accept that exceedingly extravagant assumption, there's one further problem. When you cut yourself, unless you're in a frantic, frenzied state—as Simpson obviously was in—you stop the bleeding with your hand or your handkerchief and you put on a bandage. You don't bleed all over the place.

The statement could hardly be more powerful and irresistible circumstantial evidence of guilt. Yet, unbelievably, the jury never heard the tape because the prosecutors never introduced it into evidence. I hate to embarrass Clark and Darden, who are good people. But a brutal murderer walked out of the courtroom door with a smile on his face, in large part because of their incompetent performance at the trial.



"Waco, Ruby Ridge and now you, Betty, are beginning to trouble me deeply."

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CHAZZ PALMINTERI *(continued from page 107)*

He's by himself and there are eight of us. Then he whipped out a gun and started blasting.

was I going to say, "Father, can I borrow a pen? I want to get this girl's number"? I didn't say anything and she kept walking. The next Friday, I went to a nightclub and she was there with her friends. I looked at her and she looked at me. We didn't go to church together right away, but we got close. And we've been together ever since. Five years.

7.

PLAYBOY: One man we know searched upstate New York for the bar where Linda Fiorentino picked up her "designated fuck" in *The Last Seduction*. You had sex scenes with her in *Jade*. Tell us what every guy wants to know about Linda Fiorentino.

PALMINTERI: A lot of guys look for the bar and look for the fence. [*Laughs*] Forget the bar. They're looking for the fence. Linda is totally fearless. If she thinks somebody is an asshole, she'll say it, even if that person can help her career. Some people would take that as being wild, but she's one of the smartest women I've ever met. She knows men extremely well. We had great chemistry. She's Italian, I'm Italian. She has a background similar to mine. We laughed about the girls and the guys in the neighborhood. Linda would sit and rap with me and I felt like I was talking with a guy. Not dirty stuff. But as tough as she is and as blunt as she is, she's a little girl inside who's sweet and wonderful and who would make a great wife. I feel sorry for the man who tries to calm her.

8.

PLAYBOY: You starred with Sharon Stone in *Diabolique*. Care to share any secrets about her?

PALMINTERI: Sharon is tough. But she wants to get married and have kids and a picket fence and a big sheepdog and a station wagon. I'm serious. That's where she'd be most happy.

9.

PLAYBOY: You were christened Collogio and later dubbed Chazz. Will your son acquire a nickname when he gets older?

PALMINTERI: He won't. His name is Dante. Dante Lorenzo. That's it. Dante is unique, so it would be hard to give him a nickname. I wanted my son to have a strong name, an artistic name. Dante is from Dante Alighieri, one of the great writers and poets, and Lorenzo is after my dad, who's one of the great men. I didn't want to name my son after me. It's an Italian tradition, but it's wrong to do that because a junior always gets mixed up with his father, especially when his father is famous. Frank Sinatra Jr.—talk about a curse.

10.

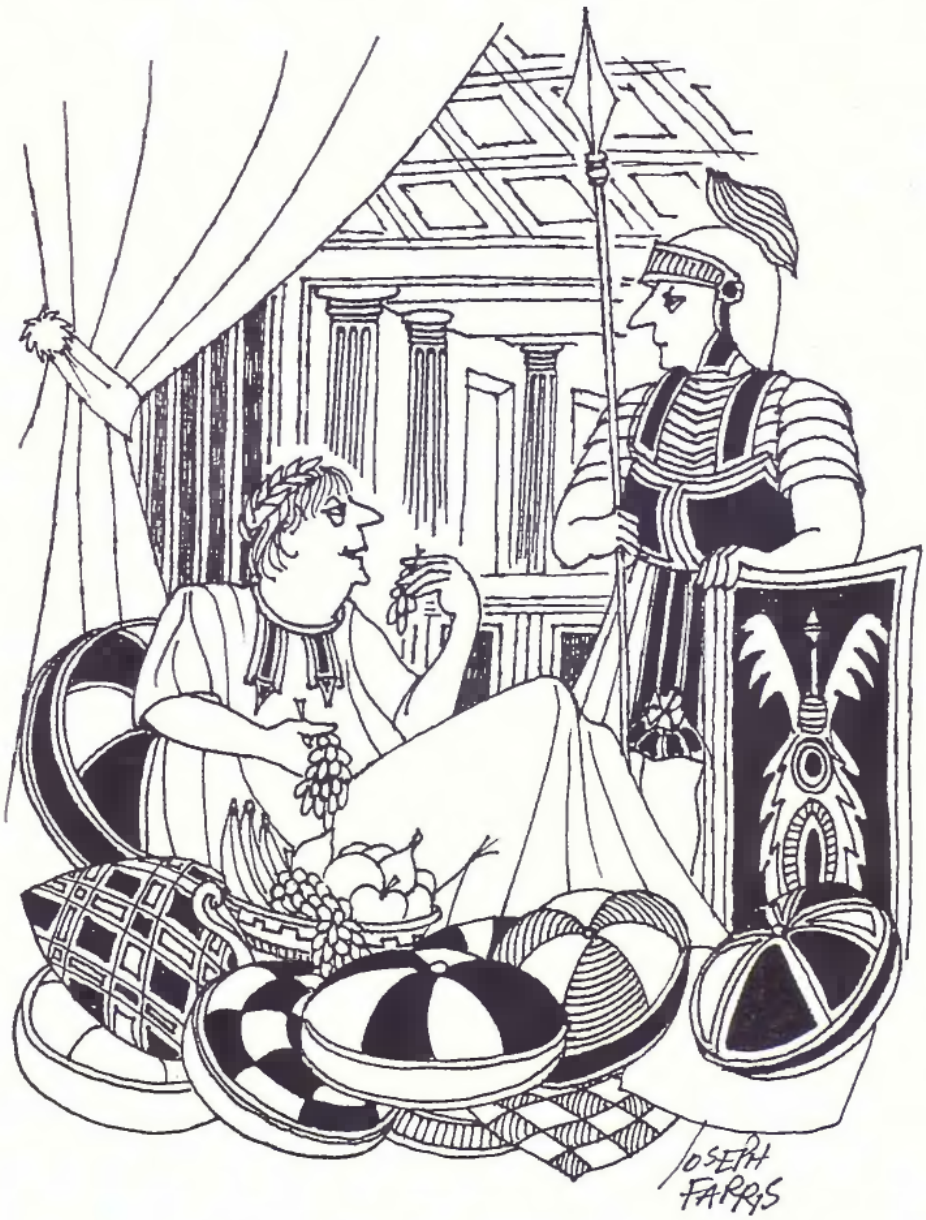
PLAYBOY: Hanging out is a tradition among city kids. Are you going to take a tough line with your son when he and his friends start spending time on the street corner?

PALMINTERI: Yeah. I will be bringing up a child in the city, but there will be no going to the corner. Children should not hang out. I used to hang out on the street corner, and there are only two things you can do hanging out: have laughs or get in trouble because you're bored. I was once shot at during a gang feud. We saw the uncle of a rival gang guy, and as we were walking toward him, we knew something was wrong because he wasn't running away. He's by himself and there are eight of us? This is not adding up. Then he whipped out a gun and started blasting. We ran. We found out later it was a starter pistol, but I'll never forget the fear at that moment. After each gunshot I cringed, waiting for the bullet to hit me.

11.

PLAYBOY: Explain the attraction of wiseguys.

PALMINTERI: They bring out the worst in



"The economy is weak and we've got to do some job cutting. Let's replace some of our paid workers with slaves."

people. When I was nine years old, I would look at the wiseguys: They had beautiful, shiny cars. They had money. They had women. They had respect. So you thought that's what you wanted. But as you get older, you realize it's the workingman who has the better life. It's the workingman who is the tough guy. If you think you're tough, go out and work every day at a job you don't really like but do anyway for your family. That's hard.

12.

PLAYBOY: How do you befriend a wiseguy?

PALMINTERI: You don't. He befriends you. It takes a long time for a real wiseguy to trust anybody. The real wiseguy is a made guy. The real bosses don't overdo it. Now, there are fake wiseguys, half wiseguys and disappointed wiseguys who want to be wiseguys. They're not in the inner circle, but they claim to be and walk around like they are. Those are usually the worst ones. They have to overcompensate. But you have to deal with them. Stay away from them, that's what I did. Of course, we're talking a long, long time ago. Better clarify that.

13.

PLAYBOY: Sonny, your wiseguy character in *A Bronx Tale*, stressed availability as a key to his success. Give us the Bronx definition of availability.

PALMINTERI: To be in people's eyes. People see the strength you have just by looking at you. You don't have to do anything. They know. And they remember. That's very Machiavellian. Sonny was a student of Machiavelli. So was Nixon. Many leaders are. Machiavelli was a Taurus, by the way, and so am I. Some of his teachings were good for Sonny, that type of man in that type of work. For a man who is more like Mother Teresa, no. But for someone like Sonny, it's better to be feared than loved. Fear lasts longer. When a really tough, hotheaded guy walks into a room, the tempo of the place changes. That's why Sonny says, "The more people see me, the more they are reminded not to fuck with me." I don't condone that, but I certainly understand it.

14.

PLAYBOY: Define street smarts.

PALMINTERI: It's intuitive. It comes when you're young and you have to survive on the street. You grow up in a shady atmosphere. People lie, steal and rob, and they don't need to be safe. If you meet enough of those people, you learn their habits, pick up mannerisms and idiosyncrasies. If some of the street guys I knew would have taken that stuff and put it into nine-to-five work, they could have been president. You can find someone who is extremely street-smart but who is a total moron when it comes to common

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sense or marriage or life. They used to say the lowest thing you could be is a rat. But people do rat now. That has changed.

15.

PLAYBOY: Woody Allen cast you as a gangster with a talent for drama in *Bullets Over Broadway*. He's famous for his remark that 80 percent of life is just showing up. Can we assume his attitude toward filmmaking requires a bit more engagement?

PALMINTERI: You hate saying the word, but whatever a genius is, Woody is the closest thing to it. Most filmmakers shoot a master shot of a scene, then one actor's close-up, then another's, then a two-shot with an angle. So if something isn't working right, you can cut it, maybe end the conversation earlier or make the argument shorter. It gives you options. Woody just shoots a master. He doesn't shoot any coverage. I mean, talk about seeing the movie in his head! If the master doesn't work, it's over. That's nuts. That's such a risk. Even Hitchcock shot coverage. I said, "Woody, how come you don't shoot any coverage?" I had to ask him. And he said, "It's the story, Chazz. It's the story that matters. They'll follow the story."

16.

PLAYBOY: Woody Allen makes Manhattan look beautiful. Is the Bronx ripe for similar treatment?

PALMINTERI: It's a beautiful place. Movies like *Fort Apache* made people think the Bronx is one big ghetto. There's the Bronx Zoo, one of the best zoos in the world—not in the country, in the world, thank you. The Botanical Gardens, with the big hothouse, the wonderful flowers and the museum. See Yankee Stadium, watch the Yankees play. Split Rock is a wonderful golf course. I've played there a few times. I can go on and on.

17.

PLAYBOY: You're a native New Yorker. Please critique actors who attempt a New York accent. Can they successfully master the dese, dems and doses?

PALMINTERI: It's one of the hardest accents to do because it's an accent with a mannerism, with an attitude, with inflections. It's a tough attitude. New Yorkers can be rude, but it's more impatience. I was walking down the street recently and a guy came over to me and said, "What time is it?" He saw me looking at my watch and he just shot right out, "What time is it?" Boom. He didn't say, "Excuse me. Can I have the time?" But being a New Yorker, I understood. I just looked at him and said, "Ten after twelve." That's a New York thing. I admire people who can do the accent. Gary Oldman is one of the few who can. Tracey Ullman can definitely do it.

18.

PLAYBOY: During the Seventies, you were a keeper of the velvet rope at nightspots in New York and Los Angeles. What did it take to get past Chazz Palminteri, disco doorman?

PALMINTERI: Twenty dollars. I used to say, "The only presidents I know are Jackson and above." You always let the pretty girls in, the models. Automatic. But even if the boss told me to keep somebody out, if the person was really a great guy, I would tell him to dress up a little bit and come back. You didn't want a club where it was all guys with pink hair or all Wall Street types. I'm glad I'm not doing it today. End up dead. I had knives pulled on me, a gun pulled on me.

19.

PLAYBOY: You fronted a band for several years. Account for the illustrious tradition of Italian male vocalists.

PALMINTERI: Singing is a very romantic thing. Italians are very romantic. You think of Frank Sinatra. The thrill of my life was meeting him. I've had dinner with him and other people three or four times. I was at his house, and suddenly everybody else walked inside to get something to eat, and I was alone with Frank, looking out at the water. I couldn't get words out of my mouth. I said to myself, "You better just talk to him, Chazz, because you're going to look stupid." So I told him how much I loved his music and how much my parents loved his music. He told me he liked *A Bronx Tale* a great deal, and I was very flattered. He asked me to get him a martini, and then he asked me to share his olive. I didn't know what he meant. He said, "Come on, Chazz, share my olive," and he held up the martini. He took out the toothpick with two olives on it, and he gave it to me. So I took one of the olives and we both threw them in our mouths, and he tapped me on the back and said, "Let's go inside." I found out later that that's a sign of friendship. I will never forget taking an olive from Frank Sinatra. He's the greatest thing that has ever lived.

20.

PLAYBOY: Italians have taught us to dine instead of merely eat. Describe the importance of Sunday dinner in the Palminteri household.

PALMINTERI: We have family dinners on Sunday whether it's with my parents or just us. We all sit down, say grace and eat and talk. No television. Television and VCRs and all that other shit are taking away the family. Dinner is a time when you can tune into your family and find out what the hell is going on. But if you don't have pasta on Sunday, something's wrong. Angel hair—*capellini*—is my favorite. I also like those traditional ones, spaghetti and linguine. With red sauce. Nothing too fancy, just really good sauce. The old-timers call it gravy. Maybe twice a year, my mother would not make pasta on a Sunday. She would say, "I made a ham, because we always have pasta." We'd study the ham, maybe eat a little of it, and say, "Ma." And she would boil water and make pasta.

"Twenty bucks for a lap dance, $25 with insurance."

 (continued from page 110)

"The guy's got a wife and kids back home. He don't want to be embarrassed, tell anybody he's been had."

bogus, but still something they got to protect. But they're in south Florida, fucking paradise, with all these beautiful blonde chicks they don't see back home, so after they do some business, they——"

"That's where I come in," said Sheila. She flashed the eight-by-ten-glossy smile. "I'm the fun part."

"Yeah, but not like they think," said Bobby. "What we do is, you pick them up at MIA. We got you a nice black suit, skinny black tie, a chauffeur's cap. You talk to them nice, ask about the wife and kids, look at their pictures. Find out where they're staying, how long, for what, get a feel for how much cash they got, jewelry, you know, easy stuff. Then you start hinting around how much fun paradise can be if you know where to go, who to be with. Maybe hint around you can get them a guide, you know, like at Disney World, someone who can show them a good time. Very pretty, classy, won't embarrass them in public. Someone who they'd be proud to have on their arm."

"Who could that be?" Sol glanced back at Sheila. She smiled again and spread her arms wide, like an actress accepting applause.

"Ta-da!" she said.

"If they bite," said Bobby, "great. If not, we set it up anyway. By accident, Sheila happens to bump into the guy at the hotel, a bar, someplace you know the guy's gonna be."

"How do we know the guy's gonna go for it?"

"Puh-leez, Solly!" Sheila said in mock outrage. "Don't insult me."

Sol nodded. "Right. I been away too long."

"So they have a little dinner, some drinks, go back to his room," said Bobby. "I wait in the lobby. Sheila fixes him a drink, makes like Coupon Connie, tells him all the things she's gonna do to him. Boom! Next thing he knows, he's dreamin' what he's doing to Sheila, only he ain't doin' it. We're doing it to him. He wakes up ten hours later, he is cleaned out."

"Yeah, and he don't go to the man to complain?" asked Sol.

"You ain't been listening, Sol. I said the guy's got a wife and kids back home, a rep, he don't wanna be embarrassed, tell anybody he's been had by a broad. Plus, he don't even miss the money, the jewelry, he just wants to finish his business and get out of the country. Which is why we leave him his credit cards. They're just a way to get caught."

"The guy's humiliated," said Sheila. "He just wants to forget the whole thing, get back to the wife and kids, write it off as a lesson."

"It works right," said Bobby, "we can do it over and over. Make ourselves a few grand a week until we put something bigger together."

"What do you think, Sol?" said Sheila.

"I think I wanna get my jewelry."

Bobby said, "After tonight, Solly, you can buy a shitload of jewelry. The guy's coming in from New York, by way of Rome, ten o'clock. Some guinea Ferrari importer who does business with that fancy sports-car place out on Sunrise. You remember, with the blonde in the window, sitting behind the antique desk, so everybody passing by can see her nice tits in that low-cut blouse. Real classy-looking."

"Yeah, Bobby," said Sheila. "Very classy, chewing her fucking gum like a cow."

Sol glanced back at Sheila. She smiled at him. He said, "Jesus, Bobby, don't piss

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her off, ya know."

"Hell hath no fury, Sol," Sheila said, still smiling.

"Tonight, you're gonna pick up the guinea," said Bobby. "Give him the ride of his life."

"No, that's my job, Bobby," said Sheila. Sol and Bobby looked back at her. She flashed the smile. They all laughed, Sol for the first time since they had picked him up.

•

Sol stood at gate 13 at Miami International Airport, waiting behind a crowd of people who had come to meet passengers off the New York flight, holding up a hand-lettered sign: EXECUTIVE LIMO—ATTN: SIGNORE PAOLO FORTUNATO.

All of the first-class passengers had passed through, heading for baggage claim. Now the coach passengers began to come through the gate, mostly Haitians and Jamaicans. Sol turned around to see if he'd missed the mark. He held the sign over his head. Someone tapped him on the shoulder.

"*Scusi, signore.* Are you, perhaps, looking for me?"

Sol turned around to see a tall, slightly hunched-over guinea in a cheap, wrinkled brown suit. He was carrying a small nylon bag. He smiled at Sol, like one of those comic Italian actors. Shaggy black hair, droopy mustache, dark bulging eyes.

"Signore Fortunato?" Sol said. The man had no jewelry, no watch. Geez, was this the right guy?

"*Si,*" the man said, still smiling.

"Here, let me take that for you, sir."

"No need."

"This way toward baggage claim."

"I have only this," the man said, holding up the little bag. "I travel, how you Americans say, white?"

"Light. Travel light."

Sol eased down State Road 836, through the toll, onto I-95 north to Lauderdale. He passed the time bullshiting with the mark. How was the flight, the food, was he tired, stupid fucking questions Sol didn't give a shit about.

"Fix yourself a drink, sir. From the bar."

"A little scotch, maybe." The mark sat back and sipped his drink.

"Mind if I smoke?" Sol said.

"Certainly not. Only Americans worry about cigarettes."

Sol lit a cigarette, a Camel. It tasted good, no Brand fucking A. He asked the mark what hotel he was staying at, assuming it would be the Marriott Harbor Beach, with the five restaurants and the rock waterfall in the pool.

"The Mark. I am staying at the Mark on the beach. You know it?"

"Yes." Shit, yes, I know it. Fucking nothing motel, secluded, nobody knows about it except wiseguys from New York wanting to lay low, do their business, then split. What is this fucking guy doing at the Mark?

"It is quiet. I like that. No tourists. But first, I have to do some business. I have to check on a delivery tonight. Do you know Paradise Auto Works? It is on Sunset Boulevard."

"Sunrise," Sol said. "Sunset is in L.A."

"Of course." The guy settled back, sipping his scotch, looking at it as if it were the best scotch he'd ever tasted. The way guineas do, holding up the glass, smiling at it, talking about it, like they got half their pleasure from that. They could never just drink it. Jesus, Sol thought, 40 fucking years I can't shake the guineas. At 14, Sol had had to make a choice—either hang with the Jews and become an orthodontist, or hang with the guineas and become what he was. It was an easy decision to make.

The guinea in the back of the limo was working on his second scotch. "Yes, I love Fort Lauderdale," he said. "The beautiful sun and the water and the palm trees."

"We have some beautiful sights. We call it paradise. Of course, you know, staying at the Mark. The girls on the beach."

"Ah, *si.* Very beautiful. Browned and blonde."

"Mostly exotic dancers. Very young, though. Beautiful but not sophisticated, you know what I mean? Not the kind of woman you can take places. I know such a woman, very beautiful, more mature, classy, could show you things in Lauderdale you've never seen before."

The guinea made believe he didn't understand. Either he was dumb or straight, or faking it. "Yes, that would be wonderful. But I am only here this one night. I fly back to Rome tomorrow night, after my business is completed."

"Too bad," Sol said, thinking, Sheila has her work cut out for her, getting this guinea to stay an extra day.

They got off at the Sunrise exit and headed east through Blacktown, past the Swap Shop with its big circus signs glowing neon in the darkness. They crossed the railroad tracks at Dixie, next to Searstown, then slowed at the car place.

"Turn here," the mark said.

Sol turned down a side street alongside the dealership's showroom window. In the darkness inside, Sol could make out the shapes of exotic cars, hump after hump packed together like a herd of hippopotamuses in a river.

"Park here," the mark said. Sol parked along an eight-foot-high concrete wall topped with razor wire. Geez, for cars? The guinea must have known what Sol was thinking. "Very expensive machines in there," he said. "Ferraris, worth more than $200,000 each. They are works of art, really. You can wait here. I will be only a few minutes."

Sol turned off the engine and waited. The guinea went to an iron gate and rang a buzzer. Sol opened his window. He heard voices. The gate was buzzed open, and the mark went in. Sol heard the sound of cars being moved with the engines shut off. When the mark had been gone five minutes, Sol got out and walked around the wall, looking for an opening. He came to a Dumpster against the side of a seedy mom-and-pop motel, the Royal Palm. Sol looked but couldn't see a palm. The Dumpster was on wheels, so Sol pushed it up against the wall, the wheels creaking from rust. He struggled to climb on top of it, first trying to push himself up with his arms, then trying to swing a leg up, his knee banging against the Dumpster, his big belly stopping him. A light came on in one of the motel rooms. Sol waited a moment, sweating, cursing the 20 pounds he'd put on in the slam. An old woman's face appeared at the window. Sol crouched behind the Dumpster. After a minute, the light went out. He saw a discarded concrete block, carried it over to the Dumpster and used it to climb on top. He peered over the wall through the razor wire.

A bunch of guys were off-loading Ferraris from a trailer, coasting them down a ramp, then pushing them by hand. There were four cars, low and guinea red, with fat tires. Off to the side, Sol could see the mark talking with a shorter man. They talked while they watched the other guys jack up the cars and take off each wheel, using hand wrenches. They took off each tire and rolled it over to the mark and his friend. A worker took a knife from his back pocket and cut open the sidewall of one of the tires. He reached inside and pulled out a square package. When all the tires had been cut open and emptied, there was a neat pile of packages in front of the mark and his friend, like the beginnings of a block wall. The mark's friend kneeled and cut open a package. He reached in with his knife and took out something on the blade, a powder. He wet his finger, dabbed it on the powder and tasted it with a grimace. He nodded to the mark and waved to his men. They took the packages into the mechanics' bay and closed the door. The last guy out handed two briefcases to the mark and his friend. The friend opened one, and the mark reached in and took out a wad of bills. He flipped through it, then another, and another. He did the same with the second briefcase.

Smack, Sol thought. Maybe ten kilos a tire, 16 tires, 160 kilos, worth maybe 50 grand a key wholesale, a total 800 large, maybe even a mil. But something was wrong. The mark gestured with his hands at the little guy. The little guy shrugged, turned his hands palms up, as if there were nothing he could do about it. The mark flung the back of his hand at the little guy, grabbed the briefcases and walked toward the iron gate. Sol

"You've got a small brain, but thank God it thinks only of sex!"

jumped off the Dumpster with a whoomph, falling facedown in the dirt. The light in the motel room went on again, and the woman at the window hissed, "Who's there? I have a gun. I have a gun. I have a .357 Magnum, you son of a bitch!"

Sol ran back to the limo. He was sitting in the driver's seat, smoking a cigarette, when the mark came through the gate with the two briefcases.

"We can go to the hotel now," he said.

"Everything all right, sir?"

The mark smiled at Sol. A cool customer, like nothing had happened. "Everything's fine," the mark said. "I might have to stay an extra night to tie up, how do you say, tight ends?"

"Loose ends," Sol said, pulling the limo back onto Sunrise, toward the beach and the Mark.

When Sol dropped him off about two A.M., the guy handed him a c-note and said, "I need maybe your services tomorrow. Will you be available?" Sol handed over his beeper number and the limo's cell-phone number.

"At your service, Signore Fortunato," Sol said.

Sol watched the mark go into the hotel carrying his two briefcases like they held nothing more than dirty laundry. Then he backed the limo onto the street, headed west and picked up the car phone. "Bobby," he said, "you won't fucking believe it."

•

Paolo Fortunato sat under the shade of an umbrella at a table on the boardwalk, a few feet from the beach and the aqua water beyond the hotel. He wore a sleeveless, ribbed undershirt, baggy khaki shorts and sandals. His body was white and hairy, his black hair rumpled from sleep. He sipped American coffee that tasted like urine. He'd asked the waitress for an espresso, but she only smiled and shrugged, "I'm sorry."

The beach was already crowded with sunbathers, young American men and women with beautiful brown bodies. Paolo smelled the sweet coconut oil that made their bodies glisten in the sun. Paolo always wondered about Americans' obsession with blonde hair and perfect bodies and youth. It was a strange preoccupation for a country so sexually repressed. These young women wore thong bathing suits with tiny tops that barely covered their nipples, as if those nipples were a prize to be revealed only after a bargain had been struck. The tiny tops were tied in such a way as to push up their breasts, make them look plumper, more seductive than they would be naked, demystified.

The whole country is a tease, he thought. Boring, really. Americans' pleasure came from the possession of things, never the things themselves. Which was why it was so easy for him to do business with them. He always knew what they wanted. More. Like the car dealer. He could not settle for the profit he and Paolo had agreed on for the product. He had to try to cheat him out of his fair share. Paolo did not care so much about the money. How many chickens could he eat? But he cared about the insult, that this Jewish-American-Israeli-Russian dared to think he could cheat him and that Paolo would just take it and leave. He was a fool, this mongrel American.

Paolo settled back in his chair, lit an American cigarette and enjoyed the beautiful bodies spread out like ripe fruit before him. He appreciated this beauty, but the limousine driver was right. An older woman would be preferable. Still, he would prefer more than merely commercial sex. Like that woman sitting on her blanket close to the water's edge. Even with her back to him, he could tell she was older, maybe 40, but still exquisitely shaped, if slightly too muscular for his taste. This one, I must first hang in the smokehouse to tenderize her, he thought.

He smiled at his little joke just as the woman stood up and walked into the ocean. She wore a hat like those American baseball players, the bill pulled low over her eyes, and a thong bikini, like the younger girls, which exposed her perfectly shaped behind.

He watched her cool off in the ocean, then turn and walk back toward her blanket. She walked past it, directly toward Paolo, the sun at her back, her face and body in shadow except at the edges, her shoulders, the curve of her hips, shooting off little sparks of golden light. She moved curiously, the balls of her feet twisting in the sand as if stomping out cigarettes. The movement made her slim hips swivel in a way Paolo found enticing. She stopped a few feet from Paolo at the outdoor shower, took off her cap and tossed it down on the wooden deck, near Paolo's feet. She had short, harsh blonde hair, almost white. She pulled the shower chain and rinsed the salt water off her body without modesty. When she released the chain, she looked for her hat. Paolo picked it up and offered it to her with a smile. She accepted it with a nod and turned to walk back to her blanket.

"*Scusi, Signora.*" She looked at him, with her big blue eyes and a pleasantly lined face without expression. "Would you care to join me? Maybe a cool drink on such a hot day?"

She smiled and stepped up onto the boardwalk. "That would be nice," she said. "Thank you." She sat across from him, her legs crossed so that only a tiny patch of her bathing suit was visible at the crotch.

"Do you mind if I have one of your cigarettes?" she said.

"Of course not." She took one. Paolo lit it for her as she held his hand to steady the flame. He raised his arm to summon a waitress. "And to drink?" he said.

She thought for a moment. "Vodka collins."

Paolo turned to the waitress behind him. "*Due* vodka collins," he said. Then, "So sorry. I mean two." Before he turned back, he noticed, seated behind him at another table, a tall American cowboy in a flowered shirt and blue jeans and boots. Paolo turned back to the woman.

"You're Roman," she said.

"Yes, I am Italian."

"It's probably tension."

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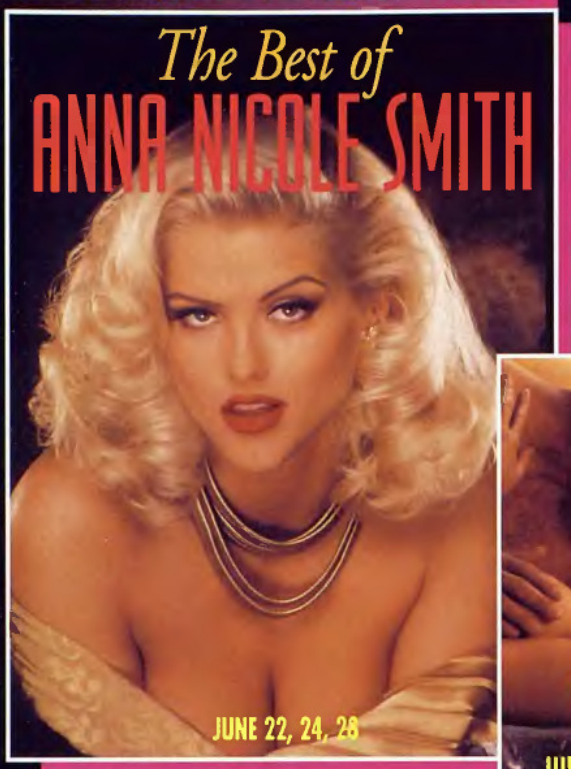

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"No. I said Roman. Your accent." He had underestimated this woman. She lessened his embarrassment with a smile. "I've worked in Rome," she said. "Accents are my business."

"You are an actress?"

"Not really. Just television commercials. It pays the rent." She stuck out her hand. "I'm Sheila."

Paolo shook her hand gently, with a slight nod of his head. "I am Paolo Fortunato," he said.

"You're here on business," she said. It was not a question.

"You can tell," he said, looking down at his white body.

"Yes. Businessmen have a certain look at the beach. Discomfort, I think. They feel powerless out of uniform. Do you know what I mean?" He nodded. "Plus, they don't understand what all the fuss is about. The oil and the sand and the heat. It makes no sense to them because there's no profit in it."

"Ah, profit. Yes." He made a gesture toward all the beautiful young bodies. "But for some there is a profit, eh?" He smiled.

"Maybe for some," Sheila said, not smiling. "But not for me. It's just a way to relax."

"Of course." You'd better watch yourself with this woman, Paolo thought. But he liked that. Beautiful, but interesting, too, in a way few American women are.

"What kind of business are you in?" she asked.

"I am an automobile importer."

"Let me guess. Ferraris?" He nodded. "An easy guess. I don't imagine there's much profit in importing Fiats." They both laughed. "I had a Fiat once," she said. "It rusted right out from under me in this salt air."

"Maybe you should try a Ferrari."

"That would be nice," she said dreamily. "Do you have a spare one you don't need?"

"Have you ever smoked, been in the presence of someone who smoked or known someone who might have smoked at some stage in their life?"

Paolo smiled, shrugged and tossed up his hands, palms out, in that Italian gesture of mock resignation. "I'm sorry," he said. He tugged on his empty pants pockets until they stuck out like ears. "Nothing at the moment. But maybe I can offer you something else."

The woman studied him briefly, then said, "You spend a lot of time in Florence, too."

He looked surprised. "How do you know?"

"The shrug. Your arms tight to your sides the Florentine way."

Paolo threw back his head and laughed. She stubbed out her cigarette in the ashtray and stood up. "Thank you for the drink," she said.

"Must you leave?"

"Yes. I've had enough sun. There's no profit in it anymore." She smiled at him.

"You must come to dinner with me tonight. Please. I hate to dine alone." He furrowed his eyebrows in a sad, comical way. "Alone in a foreign country."

Now she frowned, mocking him. "Poor man. I should take pity on you?"

"Not pity. A blessing maybe. Eight o'clock? We can have drinks at the bar." He gestured down the walkway, toward the hotel's enclosed bar and restaurant that looked out over the water. "Then we can dine anywhere you wish."

"Well actually," she said, "the Mark's restaurant is quite good. The catch of the day, and the ocean sparkling at night. Very romantic." She turned and walked back to her blanket. Paolo followed her with his eyes. Very beautiful, he thought. Very interesting. He paid his bill, reminded himself to leave a tip, the American way, and then walked back toward the hotel, past the American cowboy with the blond ponytail.

•

Bobby sat in darkness, away from the lights strung along the boardwalk that ran from the Mark's restaurant to the Chickee Bar. It was warm, but a soft breeze drifted in from the ocean. A few people walked along the beach, couples mostly, tourists holding hands. No one else sat on the boardwalk, though there were a few people at the outdoor bar.

When the waitress walked past Bobby, he called out from the darkness. "Honey, could you get me a Coors?"

"Oh! I didn't see you there. Certainly."

She brought the beer and Bobby sipped it, keeping an eye on Sheila in the restaurant to his right. She and the mark were sitting by the window, close to the beach. He could see their faces by the light of the candle on their table. Very romantic, he thought, remembering that Sheila had once done a TV commercial in the same setting. The guy had been older than the mark, handsome, with silver hair and one of those phony actor's voices from deep in his chest. Bobby tried to remember what she was selling

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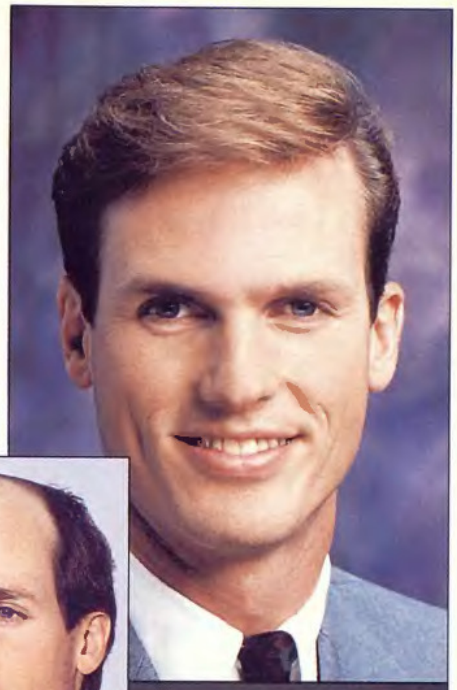

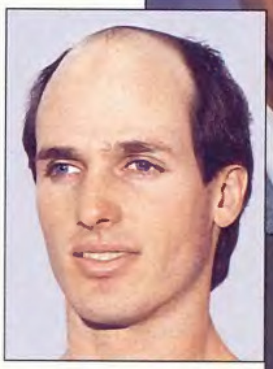

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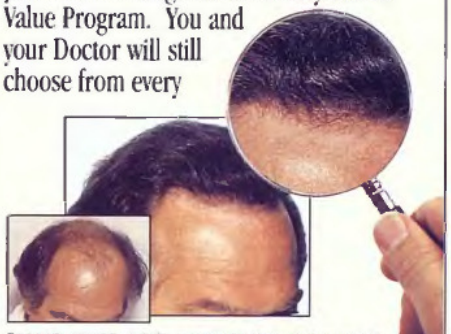

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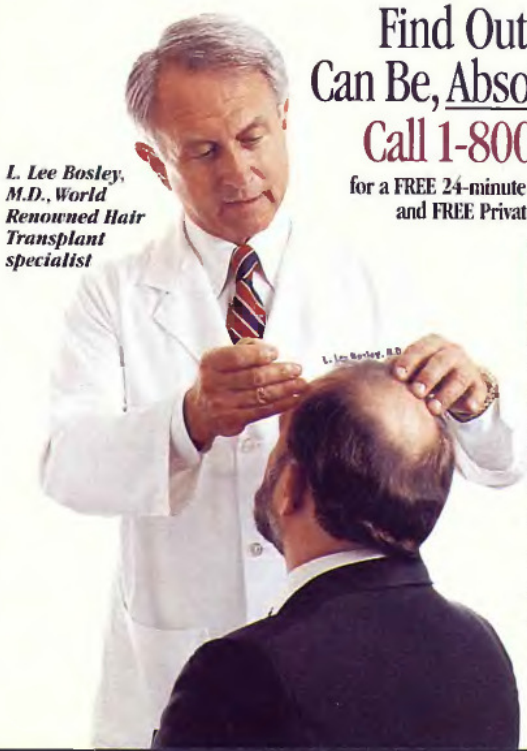

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TRAVEL
Page 17: "Road Stuff": **Telephone holster** by *Taico*, 503-256-1744. **O'Leary lock**, 800-601-7272. **Book** from *Trafalgar Square*, 800-423-4525.

WIRED
Pages 26–28: "Club Web": **Music Festival**, for information call the Knitting Factory, 212-219-3006. "Digital Driver's Ed": **Navigation system** by *Amerigon* from Alpine, 800-421-2284, ext. 8853; Eclipse, 800-233-2216; Clarion, 800-347-8667; and Kenwood, 800-536-9663. "Wild Things": **Fax machine** from *Reflection Tech.*, 800-670-4329. **Phone** by *Bel-Tronics*, 800-341-1401. "Multimedia Reviews & News": **CD-ROM software:** By *Trimark*, at computer stores. By *Bacchus*, 800-700-7019. By *IVI Publishing*, 800-432-1332. By *Inscape*, 800-693-3253. **Online service:** By *Crossover Technology*, http://www.pres96.com. By *AT&T*, 800-WORLDNET.

STYLE
Page 30: "Dressed to a Tee": **Golfwear:** By *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, 800-871-7656. By *Giorgio Armani Golf*, at Giorgio Armani Boutiques, resorts and country clubs. By *Tommy Hilfiger*, at pro shops. By *Bobby Jones* and *Greg Norman Collection*, at Green Grass shops. By *Luciano Barbera Club*, from Louis, Boston, 617-262-6100. **Shoes** by *Hush Puppies*, from select Barneys New York stores. "Get Your Goatee": **Trimmer** by *Wahl*, at mass merchandisers. **Conditioners:** By *American Crew*, at salons. By *Molton Brown*, at fine department stores. "Hot Shopping: Portland": The Future, 503-241-0875. Another State of Mind, 503-224-8259. London Underground, 503-223-0930. Big Bang, 503-274-1741. Spartacus, 503-224-2604. "Clothes Line": **Suit** by *Richard Tyler*, at Barneys New York, 212-826-8900 and Tyler Trafficante, 213-931-9678. **Shirt** by *Dolce & Gabbana*, at Barneys New York and fine specialty stores. "A Summer Face": **After-sun moisturizers:** By *Save a Tan*, 800-445-2563. By *Banana Boat*, at mass merchandisers. By *Body Shop*, 800-541-2535. By *Polo Sport*, at department stores. By *Phytoplage*, 800-55-PHYTO.

THE TEN BEST
Pages 78–81: **Shirts:** By *Liz Claiborne Spa*, at Lord & Taylor, NYC, 212-391-3344. By *Zegna Soft by Ermenegildo Zegna*, at Ermenegildo Zegna boutique, NYC, 212-421-4488, Beverly Hills, 310-247-8827 and Costa Mesa, 714-444-1534. By *Banana Republic*, at Banana Republic stores. By *Joop Menswear*, at Avedon, Los Angeles, 310-659-9606. **Ties** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud, Boston, 617-266-4200. **Shirt** and **tie** by *CK Furnishings*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-753-4000. **Shirts:** By *Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni*, at Bloomingdales, NYC, 212-705-2000. By *Liba*, at Louis, Boston, 617-262-6100. By *Andrew Fezza Dress Shirt*, at Bigsby & Kruthers, Chicago, 312-440-1750. By *Gene Meyer*, at Citizen, San Francisco, 415-575-3560. **Tie** by *Valentino Cravatte*, at select Neiman Marcus stores. **Cuff links** by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, at Ermenegildo Zegna Boutique, NYC, 212-421-4488. **Shirt** and **tie** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud, Boston, 617-266-4200.

SUMMER SPEED
Pages 84–87: **In-line skates** from *Team Karim*, 510-841-2121. **Boat** by *Fountain Powerboats*, 919-975-2000. **Jet Ski** by *Kawasaki*, 800-661-RIDE. **Bike frame** and **wheels** by *Zipp Speed Weaponry*, 800-447-8372. **Component package** by *Mavic*, 800-548-2945. **Motorcycle** by *Ducati*, from DMG Dealers, 800-231-6696 or *Cagiva North American*, 201-839-2600, ext. 28.

COOL OF THE EVENING
Page 104: **Corkscrew, bottle opener, rocks glass** and **tongs** from *Elements*, 312-642-6574. **Cocktail shaker** from *Markuse Corp.*, 617-938-6679. **Cocktail stirrer** and **martini glass** from *Crate & Barrel*, 708-272-2888. **Ice bucket** from *Henri Bendel*, 312-642-0140.

ON THE SCENE
Page 161: "That's Beachin'": **Boom box** by *Sony*, 800-222-7669. **Camera** by *Fuji*, 800-800-FUJI. **Sports case** and **camcorder** by *Sharp*, 800-BE-SHARP. **Phone case** by *Aquapac*, 800-551-0966. **Sunglasses** by *Bollé*, 800-554-6686. **Portable AM-FM radio** and **casing** by *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090.

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in that commercial. A cruise, that was it. Sheila in an off-the-shoulder evening gown, an upswept brown wig and dangling earrings, the guy in a tux, the candle, the waiter in the little white jacket cut at sharp angles at each hip. When Bobby saw the commercial one night, he was shocked at the way Sheila looked into the actor's eyes, how believable she was. So fucking believable, Bobby told her, he wanted to book a cruise that minute. "Yeah, me and my lover," Sheila said, "having a romantic dinner while his fag boyfriend stood off the set watching us like a hawk, afraid maybe I was going to cop his pal's joint if he blinked."

"Well, if anybody could make a fag switch, baby, it's you."

"That would be a challenge," Sheila said. "I don't know if I'm that good an actress."

But she was good tonight, Bobby thought, watching her reel in the mark. Laughing, looking into his eyes, laying her hand on his arm to make a point, touching her wineglass to his in a toast. A toast to what? Eight hundred fucking Gs, that's what. Only the mark didn't know it.

Sheila and the mark stood up from the table, the mark pulling out her chair. He gestured with his hand toward the ceiling, probably asking her if she wanted to go to his room. Sheila shook her head no and pointed outside to the boardwalk. Nice touch, baby, not too anxious. They stepped outside. Bobby pushed his chair farther back into the darkness, onto the walkway between the hotel and the Chickee Bar. He watched as Sheila slid her arm into the mark's. They stopped a few feet from Bobby to look at the moon—two lovers, very fucking romantic. The mark faced her and put his arms round her, pulled her tight against his body and kissed her. Sheila kissed him passionately, finally pulling back and nodding her head. They turned and walked quickly back to the hotel. Bobby peeked out from the walkway. The mark opened the door for Sheila. She walked through, he glanced one last time at the boardwalk, the beautiful summer night, and then followed her.

Bobby gave them time to get to the room, then went over to the bar for another beer. He changed his mind, asked the waitress for coffee instead, black. Twenty minutes passed. Thirty. An hour. What was taking so long? All she had to do was slip him the mickey and split with the briefcases. Maybe they weren't there, and she was looking for them.

"Excuse me," the waitress said. "Are you Mr. Roberts?" Bobby nodded. She handed him the bar phone. "For you."

"Bobby," Sheila said, "get up here. Room 218." And she hung up.

Something wasn't right. Bobby hurried out to the parking lot, got his CZ from under the driver's seat, racked the slide and stuck it into the back of his

jeans. He pulled his Hawaiian shirt out of his pants to cover it and went into the hotel. He passed the elevator and instead took the stairs two steps at a time, went through a door and down a hallway to room 218. He took out the CZ, held it by his ear, turned the doorknob. The door wasn't locked. He pushed it open and stepped through, the gun pointed in front of him.

"*Buona sera*, Signore Squared." The mark was sitting on the sofa, smiling, a drink in his hand. Before Bobby could say anything, the bedroom door opened and Sheila walked into the room, smoking a cigarette.

"Put the piece down, Robert," she said, like he was her student. Then, smiling, she said, "Say hello to Signore Fortunato." The mark stood up like a gentleman and reached out to shake Bobby's hand. Sheila said, "Mr. Fortunato is our new business partner."

•

At five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, a white stretch Lincoln Continental pulled up in front of the Paradise Auto Works showroom and parked. Two salesmen walked to the showroom window and stared as a chauffeur in a black suit and cap hustled out of the limo and opened the back door. A pair of long, tan legs emerged first. Then a woman's hand, long red fingernails, diamond rings, gold bracelets. The chauffeur helped her out of the limo. She was wearing gold-rimmed Porsche Carrera sunglasses, a black-and-white Chanel suit—the skirt short, but not too short—and a wide-brimmed black straw hat, the brim pulled down over one eye. She carried a square black handbag.

The woman walked to the front door and waited. The chauffeur opened it for her and she went inside to the blonde receptionist seated behind the faux-Oriental, black lacquered desk. The receptionist was reading a paperback novel and chewing gum. She looked up dimly and said, "Can I help you?"

"I'm here to purchase a car," the woman said.

"I'll get you a salesman."

"I don't do business with salesmen. I want to see the owner."

The receptionist shrugged, picked up her telephone and said, "Mr. Kressell, a lady to see you about a car." Then, to the woman, she said, "He'll be with you in a moment."

The woman turned toward the showroom window and looked out at Sunrise Boulevard and the 7-Eleven across the street. She opened her purse, flipped open a gold cigarette case and withdrew a long, brown cigarette. She put it to her lips and waited. The chauffeur flicked open a lighter. The receptionist, lost in her book, wrinkled her nose and looked up. "There's no smoking in here," she said. The woman exhaled and continued to stare out the window. She glanced at the chauffeur, then tossed a head fake toward the receptionist's moving jaws. "I told you," she said.

A salesman came up to her. "Mr. Kressell will see you now," he said. He led her through the showroom, packed tightly with exotic foreign cars, Porsche Speedsters and older Dinos and Gullwing Mercedes. The chauffeur followed them, not bothering to look at the cars but instead looking at the ceiling, the surveillance cameras in each corner of the room, the wires running down to the windows and doors. Burglar alarms.

"Whom should I say is calling?" the salesman said. He had an English accent—no, not English, Australian—and was a handsome man with a neat Princeton cut, an Ivy League suit and a smarmy smile.

"Who," said the woman. "And it's Mrs. Chickie Vantage. From Las Vegas."

She gestured toward the tightly packed cars and added, "It must be difficult to rearrange these when someone wants a test drive."

"We're not in the business of test drives," he said. He opened a door for her, let her pass through and said, "Mr. Kressell, Mrs. Chickie Vantage to see you. From Las Vegas." The salesman closed the door behind her. The chauffeur waited outside.

She stood in the small office and waited for the little man at the desk to look up. When he finally did he said, "Have a chair, Mrs. . . . "

"Vantage," she said without moving. She stared at him through her sunglasses, at his pockmarked skin, beady eyes and fat lips, like a troll's. Finally, he sighed, stood up and gestured toward a chair. She sat down, crossed her legs and lowered her head a bit to arrange the sand-colored hair pinned under her straw hat. "I'm here to buy one of your cars, Mr. . . . ah. . . ."

"Kressell," he said.

"Yes. The beige Silver Spirit convertible you advertised in the *Robb Report*. But I don't see it in the showroom."

"It's in the mechanics' bay out back."

She waited. "Well, could I see it?"

His homely, Edward G. Robinson face looked pained. Without interest he said, "If you insist."

"I do." He led her through the back door of his office, down a narrow corridor and outside to the back parking lot crowded with exotic cars. A concrete wall surrounded the lot on three sides. It had two electronically controlled iron gates, a small one for people and a larger one for cars.

"This way," he said. He led her to the mechanics' bay and pressed a button on the wall. Its doors opened, and there were six cars inside. A Porsche Turbo, the beige Rolls and four red Ferraris elevated on jacks because they had no tires. Four new sets of racing tires were

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propped against one wall. They were mounted on magnesium wheels with prancing black horses on the hubs.

"You like Ferraris," he said.

"Oh, no, not really. They're not too practical. But they are such beautiful machines. I can appreciate that."

"Yes. I guess, at $250,000 each. Here's the Silver Spirit. As you can see, it, too, is . . . how did you put it? A beautiful machine." He spoke without passion or interest in the car.

The woman walked around it, looked through the window at its leather seats and burled dashboard. "Yes, it's beautiful. Now, shall we fill out the papers?"

"You haven't asked the price."

"It doesn't matter. I'm buying it." The little man furrowed his brow. The woman smiled at him. "I'm a widow, Mr. Kressell. Three months now. My husband had certain business interests in Las Vegas, very complex, some of it tied up in court, some, to put it honestly, under the scrutiny of the IRS. I'm sure it will all work out. But while it does, I have a little problem. My husband used to keep some money at home, he called it walking-around money, in case of an emergency. Actually, it's what might be called undeclared money, if you know what I mean. If the IRS were to discover it, well, there might be a problem. I'd like to convert that money into something tangible as quickly as possible. So I thought, why not treat myself to a car?"

Kressell looked at her suspiciously. She smiled at him as she thought, Paolo was right. This man has interest in only one thing. She opened her handbag and withdrew a stack of $100 bills. The man's suspicious look vanished. "That's why I'm paying cash for the car. Would a $10,000 deposit be satisfactory?"

Kressell smiled for the first time. "Yes," he said. "More than satisfactory."

"Shall we fill out the papers, then?"

When the woman finished the paperwork, she stood up and laid $10,000 on the desk. "I'll be by tomorrow evening to pick up the car and bring you the rest of the money. Two hundred thousand, am I right?"

The man looked at the money, then at the woman, as if he had a problem. "We're closed Sundays," he said. "It will have to be on Monday."

"That's impossible, Mr. Kressell. I'm leaving for Las Vegas Sunday evening."

"I don't know."

"If it's a problem——" she said, reaching for the money on his desk. He snatched it up before she could get it. She smiled. "All right, then," she said. "Tomorrow at nine P.M." She adjusted her sunglasses with a touch of her red nails, then she left.

In the limo, Sol turned to Sheila in the backseat. "Did you see all the fucking security?" he said. "Cameras, alarms, like a fucking prison. I don't like it."

Sheila took off her straw hat, unpinned her hair, lowered her head and gave it a shake. Long, sand-colored hair fell around her shoulders. "What do you think, Sol? A nice look?" She arched her neck to catch a glimpse of herself in the mirror.

He shook his head warily. "We should have just rolled the guinea like we planned."

"Not an option, Sol. He'd stashed the briefcases elsewhere before I got to his room. He knew the whole scam. There was nothing we could do. We either walked away or accepted his business proposition. It's not exactly a fucking hardship case, Sol. A hundred thousand each if we pull it off."

Sol shook his head in despair. "Geez, I wish I had my jewelry."

Sheila opened her handbag and withdrew a Rolex, two diamond-encrusted pinkie rings, a diamond bracelet and a gold chain with a gold camel-shaped pendant. She handed the jewelry to Sol. "The camel is a nice touch, Solly," she said. "Like no one would ever know you're a Jew. Mistake you for maybe Yasir fucking Arafat."

Sol, smiling, examined his jewelry to make sure it was all there. "Where's my Star of David?" he asked, the smile vanishing. Sheila, grinning, handed it to him.

•

At nine o'clock on Sunday evening, the woman stood at the door of Paradise Auto Works and rang the buzzer. Her chauffeur stood by the limousine parked outside the showroom window. The showroom was dark except for a sliver of light under the owner's office door at the far end of the room. The crowded cars looked menacing—dark, humped shapes waiting to spring.

Kressell appeared at the door and buzzed the woman in. He was momentarily confused when she stepped inside. She looked different. No sunglasses. Sand-colored hair halfway down her back. A white silk blouse, tight jeans and black high-top sneakers. She smiled at him and held up a briefcase.

"Ah, yes," he said. "This way."

Outside the chauffeur lit a cigarette. He flicked his lighter three times, the flame sparkling off his gold jewelry and rings. From across the street, parked at the 7-Eleven, a U-Haul truck flicked its lights three times, then started up and moved onto Sunrise. It turned down the side street and went past the limo to the end of the concrete wall, next to the electronic gates and the Royal Palm Motel. The driver clicked off the U-Haul's lights but left the engine running.

Inside, the woman sat across from the homely little man in his office. He rustled through some papers on his desk, looking for her contract. The woman put the briefcase on her lap.

"Ah, here it is," Kressell said. He glanced through it, then handed it to her. "Everything's in order."

"I'm sure," she said. She looked at the papers briefly, then returned them to the man. She opened the briefcase and said, "I think I have what you want, Mr. Kressell." He smiled, but his smile disappeared as she took out a CZ-85 semiautomatic pistol. The man's mouth dropped open. The woman aimed the pistol almost casually at him.

"Now, let's go see about some tires, shall we?" she said.

The little man didn't move. She could see him thinking, trying to put it together, this woman with a gun, what she wanted, finally getting it right in his mind. "That dago bastard!" he spluttered. "He sent you!"

"Well, yes, as a matter of fact I am a business partner of Mr. Fortunato's. He sent me to tie up some—how did he put it?—oh, yes, some 'tight ends.' A charming man, really. Now get your ass up."

Kressell sat back in his chair, grinning. "Fuck you," he said. "You're not gonna shoot. The noise will bring every cop in the city. Besides, I got your face on the video camera. How you gonna get away from that?"

Sheila looked around the small office. There were no cameras. With one hand she reached behind her head and pulled off her wig, her spiky blonde hair straight up.

"You may be right about the noise, however," she said. She put the gun back in the briefcase, then reached inside it with her other hand. She withdrew the pistol again, this time with a silencer screwed onto its threaded barrel. She fired one shot over Kressell's shoulder into the wall behind him.

"Jesus fucking Christ!" The little man jumped out of his chair.

"Now for the tires," she said. She followed him out back to the parking lot and the mechanics' bay. He hesitated to buzz open the bay doors until she stuck the CZ into the small of his back and cocked the hammer.

"All right! All right! Jesus! Be careful with that thing." He opened the door and reached for the lights.

"No lights," she said. "Now open the gates outside." The man hesitated again, and felt the barrel of the gun leave his back. He turned to look over his shoulder and saw the woman gripping the gun with both hands, aiming it at him. He buzzed open the gates and saw a U-Haul backing up to the bay. A big guy with a blond ponytail and cowboy boots jumped out from the driver's side, the chauffeur from the passenger side.

"Everything all right, baby?" the cowboy said.

"No problem, baby."

The chauffeur pushed Kressell to the

"You're really very sweet, Desmond, but I've always made it my policy not to date my co-stars."

ground, into a puddle of oil. "Jesus, what the fuck you doing?" Kressell said just before the chauffeur taped his mouth shut with duct tape. Then he taped the man's hands behind his back, then taped his feet together.

The cowboy pulled a flashlight from his back pocket and shined it around the bay until it lighted on the four sets of Ferrari tires. He pulled a knife from his belt, a big hunting knife, and sliced open one sidewall. He tugged at the edge of a cellophane package filled with white powder, then turned and smiled. "Bingo!" he said.

"Just like on the fucking reservation, eh, Bobby?" said the chauffeur.

The two men wheeled the tires into the back of the U-Haul while the woman kept the gun on the little man writhing on the floor. "Keep it up," she said, "and you're going to cover yourself with oil." He glared at her.

They buzzed the bay doors shut on Kressell and got into the U-Haul. As they drove through the gates, the truck's lights illuminated an old woman standing in front of the Royal Palm Motel with a nickel-plated .357 Magnum at her side.

"I told you," Sol said. "She's a fucking loony." The woman followed the U-Haul with her eyes and watched it stop at the limo. A man in a dark suit got out, jumped into the limo and then followed the truck. When the truck and the limo turned the corner onto Sunrise, the woman went back into the motel.

Bobby drove the U-Haul to the enclosed, short-term parking lot at Fort Lauderdale Airport. Sol drove the limo to the Delta baggage claim area and stopped. Bobby parked the truck in a darkened space at the corner of the lot and waited. A figure emerged from the shadows and walked toward them. Sheila raised the CZ to the window.

"*Buona sera, amici.* Everything went well, eh?"

"Everything went well," Sheila said as she and Bobby climbed out of the truck. They opened the back door and showed Paolo the tires. He smiled. "*Grazie*," he said. "And for you." He handed Sheila a briefcase. She opened it and smiled.

"*Grazie*, Paolo," she said. "This is for you." She gave him the parking ticket and the keys to the U-Haul. "Ciao, baby," she said.

"*Buona notte, cara mia.*" He kissed the back of her hand.

•

The next morning, Paolo arrived at the airport two hours early for his flight to Rome. He waited until the mechanics at Paradise Auto Works had enough time to find their boss in the bay, then called him.

"Signore Kressell. You have lost something, I hear. I have found it. Now you have something for me, maybe?"

•

A day later, Bobby, Sheila and Sol sat at a table under a hot afternoon sun on the boardwalk next to the Mark. Bobby and Sol drank beer, while Sheila sipped a vodka collins and read the morning's *Sun-Sentinel*. Suddenly she began to laugh. Bobby and Sol looked at her.

"You won't believe it," she said. "Listen to this.

"'Almost 160 kilograms of pure heroin, with an estimated street value of $10 million, was seized in an early-morning police raid on Paradise Auto Works. Six people were arrested at the Sunrise Boulevard car dealership. The heroin was concealed in 16 Ferrari racing tires that were being unloaded from a rented truck when the tactical drug squad arrived.

"'Among those apprehended was dealership owner Sholomo Kressell, a.k.a. Sonny Kresnick, an Israeli national with U.S. citizenship. The police shut down the dealership pending an investigation and confiscated more than $20 million in exotic cars.

"'The police were tipped off to the drug ring by Estelle Townsend, proprietor of the neighboring Royal Palm Motel. She telephoned 911 when she noticed suspicious activity at the dealership at an early morning hour for the third time in five days. Townsend, 76, said, "I knew there were nefarious goings-on there. I could have taken them out twice myself with my Magnum." Townsend owns a Smith and Wesson .357 Magnum revolver. She has a concealed-weapon permit and is a member of the National Rifle Association.

"'The police have put out an all points bulletin for the last member of the ring, a foreigner of undetermined nationality.

"'Also found at the dealership were Kressell's office records, a 9mm bullet lodged in the wall behind his desk and a light-colored woman's wig.'"

Sheila put down the paper and looked out at the ocean. "I'm glad he got away," she said.

Bobby and Sol glanced at her. Sol said nothing. Bobby said, "I gotta start kissing your hand now, *cara mia*."

"Oh, Bobby. He was a sweet guy."

"That why you spend a fucking hour in his room, come out of his bedroom smoking a cigarette, with a dreamy look on your face?"

"Baby, I told you once, you've got nothing to be jealous about." She looked into his eyes. Bobby had seen that look before but couldn't remember where. "Don't you know that, baby?" she said.

And Bobby thought, She's so fucking believable.

"There you have it. The original Hugh M. Hefner Sexual Health Plan."

NAVY

(continued from page 88)

commando community and the only African American to be under consideration to lead it, sat stone-faced in a Washington courtroom before a jury of eight captains and rear admirals.

Greene, 48, was the highest-ranking Navy officer in five decades to face a court-martial. He hadn't lost men in battle, traded state secrets or even absconded with money. The allegation against him: He had an "unduly familiar personal relationship" with a woman in his command who was junior in age and in rank.

He had given up the chance to "go to the mast," Navy lingo for an administrative proceeding in which he would have received, at worst, administrative punishment. He wanted to take his chances in court. After all, Greene was up for a big promotion, a chance to become one of the nation's 220 admirals. And he didn't think he had done anything wrong. In fact, his accuser had resolved her differences with him through the Navy's informal grievance process. It was only when she heard he was to be promoted that she came forward again, to try to stop it.

The woman later testified that she worried about Greene having an admiral's ultimate authority. She was given immunity in exchange for her testimony.

Greene was not, his colleagues said on the stand, a typical Navy commando. Small-framed, almost skinny, he hardly looked like someone trained to break necks with one clean jerk. He was shy, quiet, a church leader and, by all accounts, an innocent in the world. While stationed at Subic Bay, he avoided the hard-drinking, womanizing nights his buddies enjoyed. Instead, he met and married a straight-arrow Filipina who worked on the base.

His accuser, Lieutenant Mary Felix, also was somewhat alone in the world. When Felix started working with Greene she had just broken up with an unfaithful, abusive boyfriend who worked in the Joint Chiefs of Staff office at the Pentagon. She told Greene about her problems. She said her boyfriend had given her a venereal disease and that she might have to miss work for treatments.

The two jogged together. Worked out together. Talked about their relationships and their careers. They joked and flirted. Only once did they touch, and that was when she patted his hand when he became distressed about problems with his wife. He gave her a pair of running shorts and a bag of bubble gum.

He also sent her poems and cards. They read like the awkward approaches of a junior high schoolkid. "Whenever you need to be adored, I'll be there," one poem said. "Whenever you need to be befriended, I will be there."

"Do I miss you?" a card read. "Does a man miss the toilet when he pees in the dark?"

In a letter he wrote: "I wanted you just as much, if not more than, you wanted me. . . . Unfortunately, what you took as an act of rejection was in reality a deep, sincere and unselfish expression of the amount of love and respect I have for you." Felix said she was horrified by the missives. "He's married, my boss and old enough to be my father," she told the jury.

Fraternizing with enlisteds—even those not in an officer's command—is a crime in today's Navy that is punishable by jail time and discharge. And as head of the Navy office charged with handling sexual harassment complaints, Greene was supposed to have known where the lines were drawn.

On the stand, he admitted to almost everything, except the motives attributed to him by the prosecution. "Her self-esteem wasn't good and she needed someone to talk to," he told the jury. "I tried to do things to reassure her she was a decent individual. That's why I wrote the poem."

He gave her the cards, he said, "in a joking way."

Greene said his relationship with Felix sprang from the traditions he had learned in the Seal community. "You're assigned in pairs" to small rafts, he said. "If your buddy gets thrown out, you have to go into the water with him. Watching out for someone is expected."

Felix and Greene accused each other of wanting a sexual relationship. Both said they rebuffed the other.

In the closing arguments at the court-martial, the Navy's prosecutor, Commander Carol Cooper, offered her assessment: "The man sort of enjoyed the chase . . . he was flattered by the attention. But it was conduct prejudicial to good order and discipline, and at some point she got tired of it."

Commanding officers, she said, are not able to afford "the luxuries of those friendships."

After seven hours of deliberating, the jury acquitted Greene of everything.

"Thank you, Lord," his wife said quietly from an observers' bench. Reporters in the courtroom craned to see Greene's reaction. He hardly moved, except for his pulsating jaw muscle.

"We dealt not on impressions or innuendos but on the facts," Rear Admiral Steven Briggs, the senior officer on the jury, told reporters in the hallway.

But the case did not end there. Greene went back to his command of Special Boat Squadron One at the Naval Amphibious Base in Coronado, California. His court records were sent to the Pentagon, where they were eventually read by Navy Secretary Dalton, who

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didn't like what he saw.

Two months later Dalton recommended that Greene be denied promotion to rear admiral. He lacked confidence in Greene's judgment and leadership abilities, an aide said.

Many in the naval community were outraged. Sensitivity, they charged, had gone too far. Others thought the case was an example of just how much men and women need to learn about one another.

"It's going to be hard to rid the Navy of sexual harassment," said Theodore Grabowsky, a former Seal commander who testified on Greene's behalf, because the problem "is too damn dangerous to talk about" in mixed company. Grabowsky and others fear that in today's strict climate, candid talk can get a person in trouble. "It's going to take women working with men to figure out what is inbounds and what is out of bounds," Grabowsky said.

As Greene's trial ended, another public relations disaster was in the making.

Until this past January Admiral Richard Macke, 58, was the Commander in Chief, Pacific Command, in charge of all U.S. forces in the Pacific and Indian oceans, a region of more than 100 million square miles.

In November 1995 Macke, an aviator, made one of those routine stops in Washington that the military's regional war-fighting commanders are supposed to make. And he accepted an invitation to an on-the-record breakfast with 25 Pentagon reporters.

As the journalists wolfed down scrambled eggs, bacon and muffins, Macke told them things they already knew about China and North Korea, and things they barely cared about, such as fleet deployments in the Pacific and changes in the Joint Chiefs of Staff unified command.

Macke wasn't making any news, and the reporters were fidgety.

Hunting for news they could use that day, the reporters interspersed policy questions with questions about the recent rape of a 12-year-old Japanese schoolgirl in the backseat of a car rented by U.S. servicemen stationed on Okinawa. Macke's answers were right out of carefully formulated Pentagon press statements: The rape was terrible. The military condemns it. The U.S. apologizes profusely to the Japanese people.

There was one last question. Anything in the Marines' backgrounds that might have suggested they would commit such a crime? Any priors? Macke said he didn't think so.

Pause.

"I think it was absolutely stupid," he said in a quiet voice, as if he were speaking to himself. "I've said several times, for the price they paid to rent the car, they could have had a girl."

No pause.

The reporters clicked off their tape recorders. Folded up their notebooks. Got their coats on and left.

Except for Holly Yeager, the national security reporter for Hearst News Service and one of two or three women at the table that day. She sat there a minute longer. The comment had struck her as grossly insensitive, "searing," she recalled. It was weird that no one had followed up, she thought.

When she got back to her office she discussed the session with editors. They had to get out a couple of lines for each story they were planning that day for their wire service, an early alert for subscriber newspapers. No one had any doubt this would be the story she filed, though they struggled with whether to write a hard news lead with the comment in the first paragraph or a softer feature lead with Macke's words in the third paragraph.

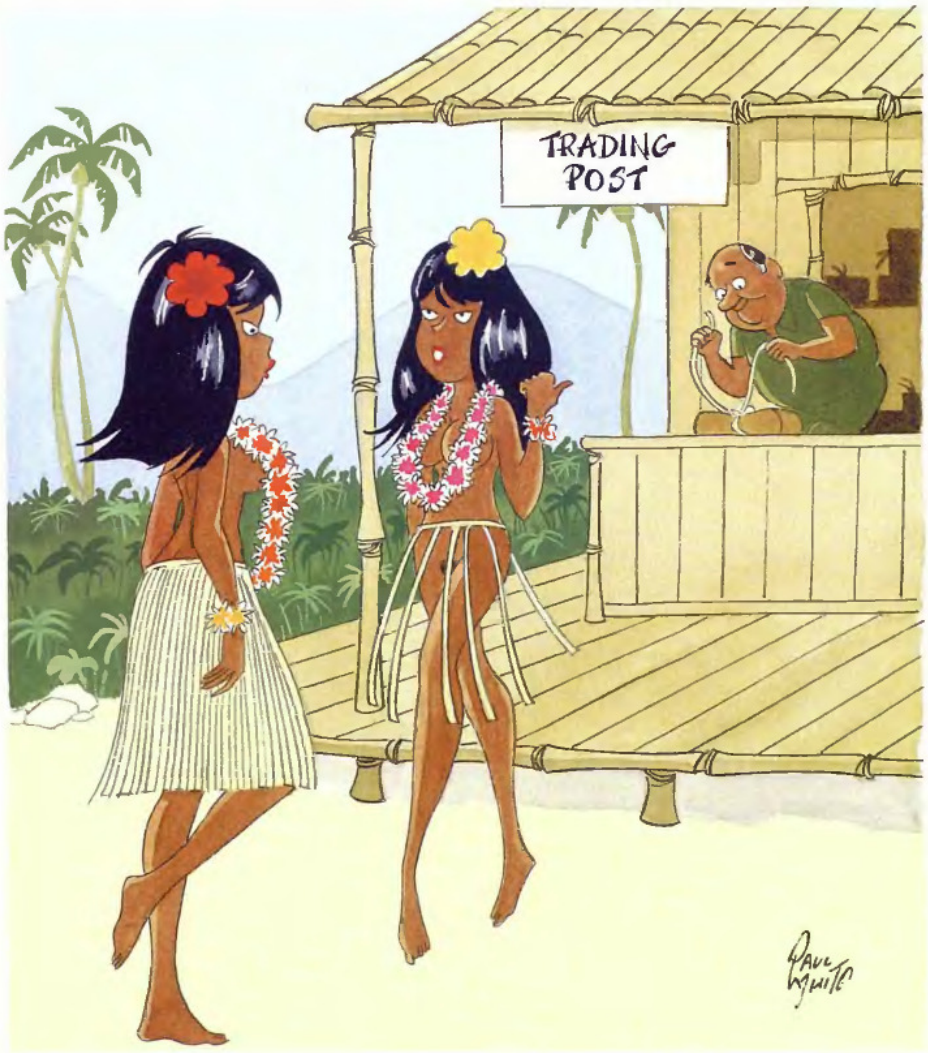
Meanwhile, at the offices of the Associated Press, Pentagon reporter Robert Burns had just returned from the breakfast too. He had thought Macke's comment was bizarre, but not enough to make a story out of. Besides, his editors wanted a story on the Bosnia peace talks in Dayton, which were being attended that day by Defense Secretary William Perry, a man Burns knew well.

A reporter for Reuters filed a short story about Macke's concerns over the budget impasse. *Washington Post* reporter Bradley Graham had been sitting at the far end of the breakfast table and had not heard the remark.

By midafternoon, though, Yeager's story had caught the attention of the Pentagon's press handlers. Burns picked up the vibes, consulted with editors and by five P.M. had filed a short wire story.

At the *Post*, Burns' story was transferred by an editor to Graham's computer screen, and a debate ensued among a handful of editors and reporters about its news value. Some argued that Macke's comment was balanced out by his condemnation of the rape. Others argued that the remark was egregious, especially in light of Japan's sensitivity over the existence of U.S. military bases.

At the Pentagon, there seemed to be no doubt about the gravity of Macke's statement. Perry had been consulted by phone and was seriously concerned. Macke issued an apology and attributed



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his comment to his "frustration over the stupidity of this heinous and incomprehensible crime."

A White House reporter mentioned it to Clinton spokesman Michael McCurry, who phoned National Security Council head Anthony Lake, who phoned Deputy Defense Secretary John White. All agreed this would be a major problem. The U.S. ambassador to Japan, Walter Mondale, warned senior White House staff members that the public reaction in Japan would be severe. "Macke could no longer be effective in Japan," said one high-ranking defense official.

Perry, who returned to the Pentagon after six P.M., quickly concluded that Macke had to go. That evening the office of the assistant secretary of defense issued a statement that read: "His lapse of judgment was so serious that he would be unable to perform effectively. Admiral Macke realizes that he made an error and has apologized. But the obstacles he faces in working effectively with the government and the people of Japan in the future left no other choice."

Even the president, his aides made sure to tell reporters the next day, was surprised at the swiftness and severity of Perry's actions. The next day, the Navy's top brass tripped over themselves denouncing Macke's remarks. Admiral Boorda sent a message to senior Navy officers urging them to stress that rape is a violent crime.

In the wake of his dismissal, Macke came under investigation for allegedly ordering his ten-member military crew to fly him from Hawaii to California to visit two girlfriends, one a Marine lieutenant colonel, the other a Navy lieutenant commander. On one of the trips, he allegedly left his crew on the ground for four days while he flew commercially with one of the women to Las Vegas.

In another situation, the case of Commander Robert Stumpf reflects the confusion that reigns inside the Navy as civilian politicians demand not only very good behavior but also what might be called retroactive perfection.

Stumpf is one of the Navy's top gun F/A-18 fighter pilots, a "superstar" and one of "the best sticks" the Navy has, say officials in Washington. He commanded the Blue Angels, the ace flying team, until he was grounded for five months while his presence at a Tailhook hospitality suite party (at which a stripper performed oral sex on an officer) was being investigated. He attended the 1991 convention to receive an award for leading the best fighter attack squadron of the year.

Government investigators discovered he had flown his F/A-18 Hornet from the Naval Air Station at Cecil Field in Florida to an airfield two hours' driving time from Las Vegas. Taking tactical aircraft to the convention was prohibited except in special circumstances.

They also confirmed that members of his squadron had rented a couple of hospitality rooms and had hired two strippers to dance in one of the rooms and that one of them had given a flier with the call sign Gator a blow job for an extra fee.

It appeared that Stumpf, the squadron's senior officer, was in trouble, but the investigation produced other facts. It was not against Navy policy to hire strippers. Stumpf had a plausible excuse for flying his Hornet cross-country: He had to be back early for a scheduled exercise and needed to log the air time. Investigators then focused on how Stumpf conducted himself that evening. They wanted to know if he was in the room when the stripper did her extra work.

According to a special panel convened to look into the matter, Stumpf had been standing near the table on which his new trophy sat, engaged in a conversation with two other airmen, while one of the strippers danced.

At one point the dancer sat close to Stumpf and rubbed herself with an ice cube. Then she danced toward him in search of a tip. But he raised his hands and waved her off.

As the men collected money for Gator's "present," and before they placed a chair in the middle of the room and coaxed Gator onto it, Stumpf headed to his own room to sleep because he had to fly home early the next day.

That was the end of Stumpf's Tailhook adventure. And nearly the end of his career, he would find out more than four years later.

Having been exonerated by the special panel in October 1993, and having gotten a choice assignment to lead an air wing headed for Bosnia, Stumpf was found to be good enough for promotion. Secretary Dalton sent his nomination to the Senate Armed Services Committee.

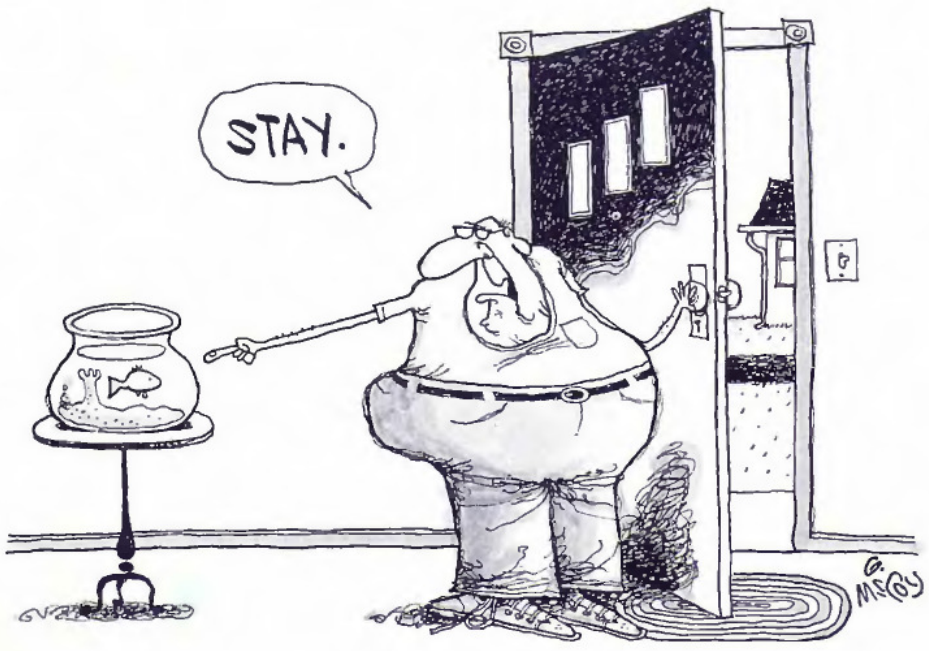
In Tailhook's aftermath, the Senate committee has required the Navy to tag the dossiers of all candidates who attended the convention with a "Tailhook certificate," the Navy's version of a scarlet letter. It is meant to warn the committee that the candidate may have been involved in unsavory activities. But Navy bureaucrats neglected to send the certificate to Capitol Hill with Stumpf's paperwork. Committee staff members gave the promotion a nod, and it was passed on to the full Senate for confirmation. The Senate approved his promotion in May 1994.

That same month the Navy corrected its mistake and informed the committee that Stumpf had attended Tailhook. The committee then asked Dalton to sit on Stumpf's final approval, which ordinarily comes after the Senate vote. It wanted to review the case.

Sixteen months later, the committee told Dalton they would never have approved the confirmation if they had known about the Tailhook connection. Although he had backed Stumpf during the entire process, Dalton cited his "duty to maintain the integrity of the promotion process" and struck Stumpf's name from the promotion list.

Stumpf has been pulled off his training for the wing leader's job and is shuffling papers at the Naval Air Station in Virginia Beach.

At the time, "hiring strippers was a common practice in the Navy and Marines," said Stumpf, who seethes at the thought of leaving the Navy. "Strippers were often hired for officers' club entertainment. I didn't consider it an unusual event. These days it wouldn't fly."



JAMES CARVILLE

(continued from page 60)

you married you one hell of a cool lady." You know what I mean? She's really got it. Of course, that's not to say she can't rag on you pretty good and drive you crazy. But she has a joie de vivre about her. I really admire that.

PLAYBOY: You, the great Southern orator, actually had a hard time popping the question?

CARVILLE: [*Laughs*] Yeah, well, my wife wound up telling me that I was going to do it.

PLAYBOY: She did?

CARVILLE: Yes. She ordered the ring, and when she got it she told me, "You're going to ask me to marry you. This is where you're going to ask me, and this is what you're going to say."

PLAYBOY: Like if she were running a campaign.

CARVILLE: She runs me pretty good.

PLAYBOY: The wedding was in New Orleans, with Sonny Bono and Rush Limbaugh in attendance. Sounds like it was a sideshow.

CARVILLE: Yeah, Timothy Hutton and Al Hirt were there, too. I'll tell you one thing: Nobody had more fun at that wedding than I did. It became known in Louisiana as Da Weddin'. D-A W-E-D-D-I-N. Man, we had a great time. It started with a cocktail party, then when it was time to get married we just opened the doors and people carried their drinks into where the ceremony was. After the wedding we had a parade—and you know New Orleans loves a parade. We had a brass band, and everybody just kind of marched down Bourbon Street. People were throwing things and jazz music was playing. A lot of fun.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a lucky man?

CARVILLE: I sure do. I don't know what I did to deserve all this—probably very little. But it's like Jack Benny said: "I don't deserve this award, but I have arthritis and I don't deserve that, either." [*Laughs*] So I'll take it.

PLAYBOY: As we speak, your new book is ranked number three on the best-seller list—and rising. With the election approaching, the timing is certainly fortunate.

CARVILLE: Well, I cannot tell a lie. I planned it that way. And it seems these liberal books are starting to catch on with the public.

PLAYBOY: Why, do you suppose?

CARVILLE: I think people are sick and tired of hearing the Republicans and their people distort the facts, and now they're looking for——

PLAYBOY: The Democrats to also distort the facts?

CARVILLE: [*Laughs*] Well, they're looking to us to straighten the facts out. I think this book goes to the heart of that.

PLAYBOY: How did you come up with the title *We're Right, They're Wrong*?

CARVILLE: Well, you know how they talk about how rancorous today's politics are, right? Actually, I got the title from a speech Harry Truman gave in 1948. He said: "They're wrong and we're right and I'm going to prove it to you." So I put my own little spin on that.

PLAYBOY: Naturally.

CARVILLE: And I did that because Democrats have become so timid—and progressives have become so scared—that we are afraid to fight back. We don't take pride in any of our accomplishments. We're timid about our philosophy that work itself is sacred and noble and an inherently worthwhile thing. The Republican ideal has become a chic fad, and we've forgotten the workingman. I want my message to the Democratic Party to be, "Don't just sit there—fight the Republicans. Fight for what we believe in."

PLAYBOY: Let's discuss your career. You hit rock bottom while working on the Gary Hart campaign in 1984. You were heading back to your hotel in Maryland. You were standing on a curb on Massachusetts Avenue in the middle of a rainstorm when your garment bag broke and all of your belongings fell into the muddy street. The story goes, you had about $6 to your name and just sat down in the rain and cried.

CARVILLE: That happened. I could take you right now and show you the exact spot where it happened. I was 38 years old; I was trying to work my way into the campaign and didn't have much money. I wouldn't have known what a health insurance policy looked like if someone hit me on the head with one. But I did have more than $6—I think it was something like $36. And I called a friend and said, "Man, I can't live like this no more. You got to send me five grand. I can't leech off people like this. I'm just out." He sent me the money. I healed up.

PLAYBOY: How did you eventually rise above that?

CARVILLE: I have self-confidence, and I got that from my family. Even when I was a stone loser in life at 38, I never lost a sense of confidence. And I'm not talking about the confidence to solve a calculus problem or any such thing as that. I know my limitations. But I'll tell you what: I've never wanted to be anybody in life other than myself. And that was before I became the husband of Mary Matalin, and the subject of documentaries and an actor in movies.

PLAYBOY: You credit your parents for your confident streak. What was it about growing up in Carville, Louisiana that made you so self-assured?

CARVILLE: I had a very happy childhood and just assumed everyone else did too. I can say that with every shred of honesty I have. I cannot remember an unhappy moment as a child.

I was lucky: I had a horse when I was six years old. My grandparents lived

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EQUAL TIME: MARY MATALIN

a few words from the lady of the house

Like many tough guys, James Carville has a tougher wife to reckon with. After working as a top strategist for the 1992 Bush campaign, Mary Matalin became co-host of CNBC's issues-and-answers show "Equal Time." Like other Republican activists, Matalin also found a home on the radio ("The Mary Matalin Show," CBS Talk Radio Network), and her daily three hours of chat made her program one of the most popular conservative talk shows in the country.

With a mind as exacting and quick-witted as her husband's, Matalin can steer an argument as swiftly to the right as Carville can to the left. To catch Matalin in her spin cycle, we asked a few questions about politics and her famous spouse.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of your husband's observation that the way to a better life is to take what the Republicans say and do the exact opposite?

MATALIN: Pure Carville demagoguery.

PLAYBOY: Do you admire his spin-doctoring finesse?

MATALIN: He's very good at it. Have you noticed that when you are having a conversation with him, all of a sudden you're having another conversation? His theory is: He answers only the questions he wants to answer—and there are few questions he wants to answer.

PLAYBOY: Now that you've gotten some perspective, how do you feel about James' success in securing the White House for the Democrats in 1992?

MATALIN: He did a brilliant job there. He had a thoroughbred to run—James just had to handle him. James is a good team leader, very much a father figure, and that's important. He has a quick mind, and rapid response is critical to a campaign. He has some unique skills and he did a great job. Of course, he ticked me off royally.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of James' new book?

MATALIN: I haven't read it—I know it would just irritate me. But I do know about the nuclear-family thing [Carville's endorsement of two-parent families]. We talked about that a lot—you know, the importance of fathers. That's the best thing he could have written. But the rest of it is probably irritating. Bottom line—and here's where we differ: James believes that an activist government is the best government. He also believes that big government isn't responsible for most of the trouble we're in. And I think that allowing people to be unfettered

is the best solution.

PLAYBOY: What about the charge that the Republicans only hurt themselves when they permit Rush Limbaugh and Newt Gingrich to launch hateful attacks on their opponents?

MATALIN: Give me an example.

PLAYBOY: Well, as James mentioned, Gingrich said that liberals were to blame when Susan Smith killed her children——

MATALIN: Everyone loves to take Newt out of context. He was talking about the fact that liberals have spawned a mind-set and a culture in which people are always blaming someone else for their problems.

PLAYBOY: He's actually comparing our culture to a woman who drowned her children.

MATALIN: You have to read what Newt says, all right? He's a professor, and he speaks in that manner—you can't take him out of context. He says some things in a dramatic manner to get people's attention. But here's what I will concede: Conservative philosophy is not conducive to bumper stickers. It's easier to be a demagogue against it than it is to understand it. You have to talk about it and think it through.

PLAYBOY: James applauds President Clinton's political philosophy and his legislative agenda. How do you feel about them?

MATALIN: Imitation, as practiced by the Clintonistas, isn't the sincerest form of flattery—it's grand larceny. The Democrats and the Republicans are sounding more and more alike, which only proves how right the right is.

PLAYBOY: Do you at least concede that Clinton has received an unfair amount of bad press?

MATALIN: No, I do not. That's absurd. George Bush got far more negative coverage than Bill Clinton has.

PLAYBOY: Does it disturb you that today's political debate has become somewhat rancorous?

MATALIN: Look, politics isn't for the fainthearted. Politics is heated and passionate because we're at a crossroads in this country. It's not lollipop time on Capitol Hill. We've seen the fruits of the New Deal and the Great Society. It took a couple of generations to see how those programs played out, and they didn't do well.

PLAYBOY: James truly admires Hillary Clinton. Do you think the Republicans have been fair to the first lady?

MATALIN: I think the criticism of her hair and stuff is stupid, and I admire how she has brought up Chelsea. But when Hillary put herself into public life in the election—kind of like, "buy one, get one free"—she opened herself up to criticism. People want accountability in elected officials. I think Hillary is really tough, and I admire a lot of things about her. I love that she was industrious on the campaign, and I like that she's loyal and disciplined and focused.

PLAYBOY: James insists Whitewater is not an issue. Tell us why you think it is.

MATALIN: Because when Clinton ran for president, he decried the Eighties as a decade of decadence and greed. He talked about the S&L scandals. And there they were, involved in it. Hypocrisy is the greatest political sin.

PLAYBOY: When Clinton won the presidency in 1992, you said to James: "I can't believe you could live on this earth and know that you are responsible for the election of a slime, a scum, a philandering, pot-smoking, draft-dodging pig of a man. You make me sick. I hate your guts." Will you feel that way if Clinton wins again?

MATALIN: The greatest pain of 1992 for me was seeing a man I love, admire and respect—a man who worked so hard and was such a fine public servant—lose. And you know what they say, "Show me a good loser and I'll show you a loser." I don't like to lose—and I don't expect to lose in 1996.

down the road—I could stay with them if I wanted to. I was loved and never wanted for anything. And to tell the truth, I was kind of oblivious to what was going on in the world around me.

PLAYBOY: Until you read *To Kill a Mockingbird*. Then everything changed.

CARVILLE: It's just that I had never really thought about things like race. I mean, you had white folks and you had black folks, and white folks got things and black folks didn't. Thus it was, thus it is, thus it shall be. And I didn't question it; it was sort of a benign world I lived in. I didn't pay attention to the fact that some people are robbed of their dignity.

But then I read *To Kill a Mockingbird* and what happened to Tom Robinson, and I knew instinctively that (a) it happened to a lot of other people and (b) it probably happened to people right around where I grew up—and that it would happen again. And that caused me to question what I'd always accepted. I was 16 years old, and that started a process that changed my view of the world.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to the issues. You're one of the few people we know who would argue that the federal government has done something right. Why, then, do most people believe that we should shrink it, weaken it or do away with it altogether?

CARVILLE: Look at all the good the federal government has done. In the past 30 years, 50 percent of the money spent by the federal government has gone to three things: defense, Social Security and Medicare. We won the Cold War; the federal government did that. The poverty rate among the elderly in this country has gone from 27 percent in 1965 to about 11 percent today. In terms of Medicare, the only health statistic that the U.S. beats the world in is life expectancy. These are historic, societal achievements. And in a country known for health care that lags behind its prosperity, the way we deliver health care to our elderly is the finest in the world.

PLAYBOY: Still, some would say those gains have been made at the cost of our future. The deficit is at record levels, people believe we're taxed too much——

CARVILLE: Hold on. As a fraction of our economy, we have the lowest deficit of any industrialized country in the world, with the possible exception of Norway. And we've had the lowest taxes of any industrialized country in the world, tied only with Japan.

PLAYBOY: Then why do Americans think the federal government is failing us?

CARVILLE: Because the party that has created these programs and ought to be standing on a mountaintop taking credit for them—the Democratic Party—has turned into a bunch of well-meaning weenies who apologize for everything we do. I don't apologize for my party's giving us the healthiest elderly population

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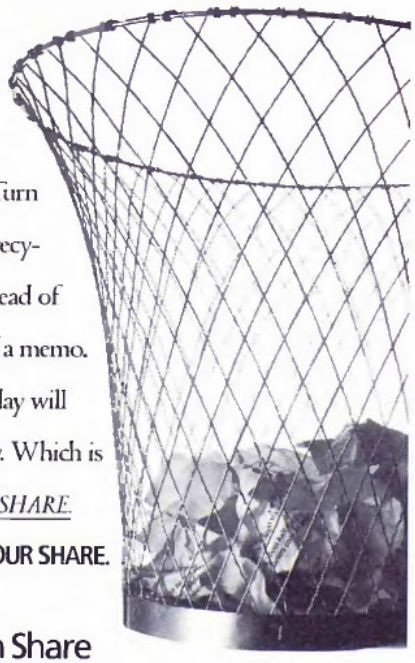

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in the world—I celebrate it! I don't apologize for the fact that the Soviet Union doesn't exist anymore—I celebrate it! It was a Democratic president who came up with the policy of containment. And it was a Democratic Congress——

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute. Most people credit Ronald Reagan with winning the Cold War.

CARVILLE: First of all, Carter started the defense buildup. And if you go back, it was Truman's policy of containment that did the Russians in.

PLAYBOY: That's not an easy sell.

CARVILLE: Fine. I'll be glad to give some credit to the Republicans. But, by and large, the Democratic Party came up with the strategy, and we ought to take credit for it. We ought to fight to be recognized for it.

PLAYBOY: More spin control?

CARVILLE: That's not spin control. That's just history. Facts.

PLAYBOY: Then maybe the Democratic Party should speak up more, because the majority of Americans believe the federal government is screwed up.

CARVILLE: Can you believe the environmental successes in this country in the past 25 years? Who beat the Mafia? I mean, who basically drove a spike through the heart of the Mafia? Who built the interstate highway system? Who funded the research that eventually defeated polio?

PLAYBOY: Let's guess.

CARVILLE: The federal government. There were two things I was scared of when I was a child: nuclear bombs from Russia and getting polio. My child does not have to be scared of either one. Who the hell do the people think did that?

There's a mentality in this country—and it's fueled by the Republicans and ignited by the press—that the federal government has never done any good. That's just damn crazy! That is totally, totally wrong.

PLAYBOY: In this year's State of the Union address, the president challenged Americans to take greater responsibility for their own lives. At the same time, though, he recommended the introduction of the V chip—a device in television sets that will block out certain programming—as well as uniforms for schoolchildren.

CARVILLE: But those are examples of how you can——

PLAYBOY: Wait a second. Our question is, why do we need either one of those things? If we're taking responsibility for our own lives, why do we need the federal government butting in? Everyone knows it's impossible to legislate people into being more responsible. They'll either be more responsible or they won't.

CARVILLE: You know what? That's the same thing they said [about integration]. "You can't legislate putting together people of both races." Shit, you can't, but what you can do is legislate to *empower* people to exercise responsibility. It's just another tool. All the V chip does is let parents program their TV so their kids can't watch certain programs. That gives you, the parent, power to exercise more responsibility over your children. Shit, I may not want my child to watch, you know, Jerry Falwell on TV. Well, now I can V chip him right out. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: If I'm a responsible person, I'm going to be that way no matter what you legislate. And if I'm not, there's no way you can legislate me into being different. So why waste time with things like the V chip?

CARVILLE: All the V chip does is give you another tool—an on/off switch if you're not around to turn off the television set. With the V chip, you can still be responsible for what your children watch.

PLAYBOY: What about school uniforms?

CARVILLE: That was just a recommendation, because the federal government doesn't really have anything to do with what children wear in various school districts. But if I were on a school board, I would be for school uniforms.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CARVILLE: It runs deeper than you think. One of the things we're losing as a nation is a sense of commonality, a sense of national purpose, a sense of experiencing the same thing. We're becoming increasingly fragmented by income in this nation, and that's a distressing trend.

When I was a schoolteacher, everybody was roughly the same economically. But not anymore. School uniforms take a lot of pressure off children. They may not be for every school district, but they will work for some.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about treating the symptom of the problem rather than the cause.

CARVILLE: Sometimes you have to treat the symptom. I mean, you can have an infection that causes a headache, so you take an antibiotic and an aspirin at the same time. In fact, people do it all the time. But, no, you're right. The best way to address the cause is to help kids do better in school and to enhance their education. School uniforms help in a minor way. Do I think they're a panacea? No, I don't.

PLAYBOY: Gordon Liddy told us the difference between a liberal and a conservative is that "a liberal is someone who wants to do good for other people with your money, not his. A conservative believes the best thing you can do for most people is to leave them the hell alone."

CARVILLE: Well, I'm a liberal and I pay taxes just like conservatives do. But you know, Gordon Liddy and people like him who say they want to leave people alone also want to make it illegal for women to have abortions. They want to make it illegal to buy certain kinds of books or magazines. The truth is, they want to have individual freedom when it suits them, but not when it doesn't suit them. So I don't know where Gordon Liddy gets off thinking he pays any more taxes than I do.

Listen, I think we ought to help one another out. We ought to provide opportunities. We ought to have public education. We ought to make job training tax-deductible. We ought to secure people's retirement.

PLAYBOY: But, what's wrong with those who say, "Hey, I pulled myself up by my bootstraps—why don't you?"

CARVILLE: Yeah, I've heard that argument. But how many of those who say that have actually pulled themselves up by their own bootstraps? Phil Gramm likes to talk that way, yet I don't think he's ever earned a dollar that didn't come from the taxpayers. With the possible exception of money he got from investing in porno flicks, the man has been living off government paychecks his whole adult life. He's so hypocritical.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying the self-made man is a myth?

CARVILLE: No. Look closely. Some people are self-made, but not many of them are Republican officeholders. That's my point. A lot of them went to public schools and got public funds. If they're all so self-made, let them turn down the mortgage-interest deduction. Let them say they don't want it.

No, I'm not saying the self-made man is a myth. I'm saying damn few self-made men are Republicans.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about a few social issues. In *We're Right, They're Wrong*, you take a pretty strong position on single-parent families. Tell us about that.

CARVILLE: The two biggest mistakes we made in this country—mistakes that have long-term consequences—are: (a) promoting the idea that two-parent families are somehow irrelevant to raising children; and (b) Reaganomics—which, of course, we'll be paying for for about a gazillion years.

PLAYBOY: The Republicans are clearly responsible for Reaganomics. But don't liberal Democrats have to take responsibility for the former?

CARVILLE: Let me just say it right out: That sort of Seventies movement—which was basically a movement among a lot of liberals who said a woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle—was just flat-ass wrong.

PLAYBOY: And yet it became quite fashionable in the late Sixties and early Seventies to try on a marriage like you would a sweater—and if it didn't fit, you got rid of it.

CARVILLE: Right. Well, this philosophy was created by the liberals. And I must say that conservatives practice it more than we do. [*Laughs*] They take advantage of it. Still, the people who thought it

up were well meaning but wrong.

PLAYBOY: You're sounding an awful lot like a conservative yourself.

CARVILLE: No. I am a traditionalist. There's a difference. When you say social conservative, to my ear that's someone who is, like, antiblack or antigay, you know? A social traditionalist, however, is someone who, as I say in my book, believes that two-parent families aren't always possible but are almost always preferable. That's my opinion, anyway. Liberals must take responsibility for this whole single-parent movement. We were wrong. OK? Admit it. There. Move on.

PLAYBOY: You also call yourself a fiscal liberal. Care to explain that?

CARVILLE: I believe government should invest in its people. After all, the most valuable, most sacred thing you can give—other than your life—is your labor. And the government has a responsibility to see that people can make the most of themselves. So the programs that are most sacred to me are the ones that reward work, the ones that give people an opportunity to enhance their ability to work and the ones that give people security after they retire.

PLAYBOY: But how do you answer the Republican charge that a lot of people take unfair advantage of these programs—that they are stealing from the government?

CARVILLE: Hey, I'm not going to say there's not waste. I'm not going to say there's not some corruption. But you don't get rid of the federal government because of it. You fix the things that don't work.

PLAYBOY: You have coined a phrase about all this. You call Democrats who believe as you do "5–65 Democrats."

CARVILLE: That's right. I had a nephew who busted out of school and didn't have a job. And my mother said, "Look, there are only two acceptable things for a human being to do between the ages of 6 and 66, and that is to have a job or be in training for a job." Now, I didn't want to use those numbers because I didn't want to get a bunch of devil-worship calls about, you know, 6-6-6. So, I just arbitrarily changed the spread to 5–65.

Look, there's nothing that makes a statement about us as a people more than our national government, and that government should tell people that acquiring a job and performing labor is sacred and important. That government should provide the tools that we need to perform.

PLAYBOY: And the Republican answer to that is: You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink.

CARVILLE: I know that. And I agree. But you ought to keep the pond full for the horses that want to drink. And we ought to tell everyone where the pond is. And if they don't want to drink, well, then we deal with that.

PLAYBOY: One of the things you talk about a lot is "a national sense of purpose." After he was elected, President Kennedy gave us a sense of purpose when he challenged us to get to the moon, thereby starting the space program. Why can't we have a president who will do something like that again?

CARVILLE: I hate to be a Johnny-one-note here, but if the economy were growing at four or five percent instead of two or three percent the past 30 years, maybe we could do that.

PLAYBOY: But what comes first, the chicken or the egg? Maybe we could stimulate growth by investing in something like the space program.

CARVILLE: I think there's a widely held belief among Americans that we just can't afford those kinds of undertakings right now. We still have NASA and some remnants of the space program, but it's certainly scaled back.

I like the space program. In my formative years, I felt proud to be an American because of it. I watched *The Right Stuff*—and actually read the book. I think John Glenn is an unbelievable hero. I loved *Apollo 13*. Realistically, though, I just don't think we're in a position to do much at this time.

PLAYBOY: So how would you like to see the future of our country play out?

CARVILLE: If I had my way? I'd like people to be more tolerant. I'd like people to have a greater sense of public responsibility, a greater sense of compassion, a greater sense of taking their lives into their own hands. The clash of ideas is not necessarily a bad thing. I just think we could be more civil about it. The fact is, we tend not to confront the big issues sometimes—the role of federal government, how we deliver health care.

In a democracy, particularly a democracy as mature and as great as this one, we ought to take the time.

PLAYBOY: All of that sounds wonderful, but how do we get there? And how do you and President Clinton plan to play a part in it?

CARVILLE: I'd like to see the number of children growing up in two-parent families increase by 20 percent in the next 15 years. I'd like to see a significant expansion in educational opportunities for everybody, which would lead to a wage growth in real terms of one-and-a-half percent a year. As modest as that sounds, it would take care of more problems than any of us can imagine.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that just those two accomplishments would satisfy you?

CARVILLE: Yes. Those are my two biggest dreams for America. I'd put up with all the negative commercials, all the congressional bad-mouthing, the special-interest money and anything else I had to tolerate just to get there.

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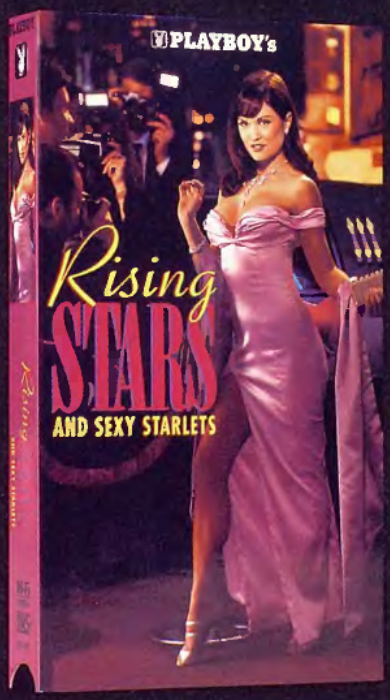

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DE LA HOYA

(continued from page 116)

the first round. I hit him and he started crying, started bleeding. It was like a fountain. It wouldn't stop. I didn't feel bad for him. Inside, I felt good, very good. It was natural for me. They gave me a trophy that was bigger than I was. Old men gave me dollar bills. A dollar here, 50 cents there. I loved all the gifts, the payoffs," he said.

"American kids play Little League," Mike Hernandez, the dealership owner, explains. "Mexican American kids, five or six years old, are already in boxing tournaments."

Oscar was a natural. At 15, he was the national Junior Olympic champion at 125 pounds. He missed classes his senior year at Garfield High School, but he didn't miss many punches. "I was fighting the night my high school prom was going on. A dual meet against a Cuban team at Fort Bragg. After I beat the Cuban, I called my girlfriend, my high school sweetheart. She went to the prom with her brother. I was asking her"—he lowers his voice, makes himself sound shy—"'How's it going? Did you have fun? I miss it.' I told myself I would make my own prom. I'll dedicate my life to boxing. Then I can do whatever I want later on."

In the summer of 1990 he took part in the Goodwill Games in Seattle, close enough to home for his family to be on hand. He didn't know, however, that his mother, Cecilia, was ill with cancer. She had delayed radiation treatments to watch him win the championship. Afterward, when she told him about the disease, she made him promise to win the Olympic gold medal. She died in October 1990 at the age of 38.

After each victory in Barcelona, he dropped to his knees and blew a kiss toward the sky. He wanted to let his mother know he was working on the promise. He hurt his right thumb in the semifinals but won. And he used his left hand almost exclusively to win the finals against the same German who had beaten him in Australia. "When I was on the medal stand," he told *Sports Illustrated*, "I was so happy. I saw my father and the rest of my family crying. I didn't, because I know my mom would have said, 'Don't cry, you won the gold medal, be happy.' She's looking down from the sky now and she's happy, but she ain't here to hug me."

His Olympic victory marked the end of his amateur career, during which he won 223 bouts and lost only five. De La Hoya knocked out 153 of his opponents, an extraordinary achievement, because amateurs wear headgear and 10-ounce gloves.

Boxers don't have a draft to make the transition from amateur to professional. Instead, there are people waving

checkbooks and making extravagant promises. De La Hoya's business dealings have been a full family affair. His father takes the lead in most negotiations.

Two years before the Olympics, Shelly Finkel and Dan Duva began their pitch. Before he managed fighters such as Pernell Whitaker, Mark Breland and Evander Holyfield, Finkel was a rock music promoter. Duva, now deceased, was a veteran fight promoter.

Finkel is well regarded in the ungenerous boxing world. He will, in this nastiest of sports, say things like, "I don't believe in signing a contract with an amateur. If it had come out, it would have cost him his amateur standing." And he means it.

Finkel paid close attention to the De La Hoya family. Finkel recalled that on October 25, 1990 (the night Holyfield won the heavyweight title from Buster Douglas), "Oscar's father said to me, 'My wife is dying. Will you take care of any medical things I need?'" That same night, according to Finkel, the boxer's father was equally clear when he said, "You know Oscar is with you." Finkel said he paid the hospital bills and then paid for the funeral. There were other expenses as well. Finkel flew several members of the De La Hoya family to Barcelona and "threw a big party" to celebrate the gold medal. All in all, Finkel said he invested about $100,000 in his efforts to woo the De La Hoyas.

Meanwhile, there were other manager wannabes in the field, most notably the team of Steve Nelson and Robert Mittleman, who managed James "Bonecrusher" Smith. The partners went looking for prospects at the Olympic trials, Nelson said, and "we came across Oscar. He was good-looking and bilingual, and he could hit as hard as anyone. We felt that he'd be a marketable commodity. His father and trainer kept saying, 'Why don't you make an offer?' I told them, 'Everybody knows you're committed to Finkel and Duva' and they said, 'Absolutely not.' They didn't want to be taken for granted."

At the Olympic trials Joel De La Hoya "wanted a dollar commitment," Finkel said. "I told him, 'How do you know what the future will be?'" Finkel pointed out that "the negotiations were similar" when he had signed Whitaker and Breland. They had not demanded such specifics and "the contract wasn't a matter of urgency." Mittleman and Nelson said Joel put the same question to them during the Olympic trials, and everyone kept talking.

Finkel said he heard rumors after the Olympics that De La Hoya would not sign with him. "But you hope the person you're working with has the character and strength to live up to the agreement," Finkel said. Clearly, he believed he had a strong oral agreement with the boxer. "I supported Oscar through a lot of tough times. I believe if Oscar had been left on his own he would have gone with me. I feel bad he didn't have the strength to do that. But he was still under his father's thumb and his father b.s.ed me. Maybe it worked out for the best." Finkel later sued and recovered most of his $100,000 investment.

With Finkel and Duva out of the picture, Mittleman and Nelson became the most serious players. In the late summer of 1992 they spent a great deal of time with the De La Hoyas. "We started making proposals and found ourselves in a bidding war with people making quiet offers, Mexican American businessmen," Nelson said. "The De La Hoyas would say, 'We have this offer, can you better it?'"

By the fall of 1992 Mittleman and Nelson had won. Their winning offer was $1 million, Nelson said ("Not all of it in cash, and not all of it at one time"). They bought the Montebello house for $400,000, an Acura for De La Hoya and a van for trainer Robert Alcazar. More would have come over the five years of the contract. "It would have been a million when all was said and done," Nelson said. "Unfortunately, it was never said and done."

Mittleman and Nelson turned to Bob Arum to promote their fights and help

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with their cash flow. "They wanted me to advance them some money, which I was glad to do," Arum said. "But the chemistry was terrible with those guys," he recalled. "They were doing it hand to mouth and were petty. The kid couldn't tolerate it."

Nevertheless, De La Hoya was beating every opponent Mittleman found. "One loss in his first ten fights and he would have been history," Mittleman recalled. "He would have gone down the toilet. I was letting him fight guys who were tougher than Arum thought they were. But he was a thing of beauty."

In October 1993, in De La Hoya's eleventh fight, the obscure Mexican lightweight Narciso Valenzuela knocked him down in the first round. The flash knockdown was the first time he had been dropped as a pro. De La Hoya was back on his feet instantly and knocked out Valenzuela in the same round. But De La Hoya had been overconfident and probably too eager. "He got clipped and went down," said Bruce Trampler, Arum's West Coast matchmaker, "and I had to change my underwear."

An unhappy Joel De La Hoya urged the managers to find a second trainer for his son. Mittleman agreed but later decided that had been a mistake. "Alcazar wasn't doing a bad job," Mittleman recalled. "But the father got nervous. He wanted a new trainer. I should have said no. 'Don't do this,' I said to myself, but I didn't listen. I should have been a stand-up guy and said, 'I don't want this other trainer.' I brought in the wrong guy. That was the beginning of the end."

In November 1993 former lightweight champ Carlos Ortiz became the second trainer. De La Hoya's next fight was scheduled for December 9, 1993 in New York. As soon as Ortiz arrived, Alcazar, who was unhappy, went looking for investors to replace Mittleman and Nelson.

Shortly before the day of the fight, Oscar told Mittleman and Nelson they were fired. "The night before Oscar broke his contract I was with him. The next day, he disappeared," Nelson recalled. De La Hoya complained of mental exhaustion. A few days later he called a press conference and showed up with a cast on his left hand, claiming ligament damage. "Essentially," Nelson said, "he went on strike. He wouldn't fight unless the contract with us disappeared. He was 21 and he could wait. He could have waited two years and we wouldn't have had anything. We wanted to recoup our investment, get paid something for our time. It seemed like the prudent thing to do."

Litigation is still going on, even though an initial settlement paid back Mittleman and Nelson what they had spent, as well as a few extra dollars. "Oscar could have shown a better sense of appreciation," Nelson said. Nelson, like Finkel, tries not to blame the fighter. "He was immature and didn't recognize the consequences of his action," said Nelson.

Mittleman refused to discuss the episode, except to say that he recalled a remark Oscar had once made to him: "'I like you and Steve Nelson, but I'm so easy to brainwash.'"

Once De La Hoya began to manage himself, a new controversy began. Did he have a glass chin? In his second fight after he fired his managers, the lightly regarded Giorgio Campanella knocked him down in the first round. De La Hoya knocked him out in the third. "What concerned me more," said Arum's aide Trampler, "was when Johnny Avila, a nonpunching guy, shook him up" three fights later, "and it happened in the middle round, the seventh. In his eagerness to get rid of opponents, he was running into punches he shouldn't have. The result is, he possibly doesn't have a major-league chin."

Another new trainer was brought in. But this time, Alcazar had no objections. Jose Rivero, a legendary Mexican trainer known as the Professor, continues to have long talks with Oscar. He trains the mind and concentrates on defense. So far, the lessons have done wonders for Oscar's chin.

"I've explained to the media, to all the people involved in boxing," Oscar says, "that it's not that I have a weak chin. Or that if I get hit, I'll go down. Anybody will go down. Tyson, Leonard, Ali, they all went down." No excuses, he says, and then trots out excuses. "It's just that when I was fighting at 130 pounds I was weak. I wasn't eating good. I wasn't in shape."

That's manager talk, and managers hate to tell the truth. Or would you rather hear his balance excuse? Back before the Professor came around, Oscar would throw a right hand and lift his right leg at the same time. If an opponent picked that instant—Oscar doing his Rockette imitation, one leg in the air—to punch back, a knockdown was almost inevitable. "It's not about having no chin," Oscar says. "Nobody has a chin. If somebody gets hit right, they're going down. Unless you're in great shape. I've gotten hit lately, right on the chin, and nothing's happened."

Gil Clancy is a respected manager and trainer who now broadcasts fights. Oscar is successful, he says, "because he's too quick, too big, too strong, too everything" against opponents 140 pounds or less. "When he moves up to welterweight, which is 147 pounds, he'll be going against punchers who get your attention. Oscar has shown a little bit of china in his chin. That's the reason he went down." There's more to worry about, Clancy says. "He stands up too straight. He still hasn't learned to bob and weave. He's improved, but it isn't all there."

Clancy is too hard a marker. De La Hoya has come close to pitching shutouts in his past four fights. In May 1995 he starched the IBF lightweight champion, Rafael Ruelas, in two rounds. In September, the opponent was the undefeated Gennaro Hernandez. That was the

"Oh, I'm happy to be in R&D, but every once in a while, I wish I were in T&A."

battle East Los Angeles had been waiting for, where the born-in-Mexico fight fans could finally tell De La Hoya that he had abandoned them. They rooted for Hernandez.

"I get that all the time, especially from my old neighborhood," Oscar says. "They think I'm cocky, that I forgot about my neighborhood, that I'm trying to take away their girlfriends." The look on his face says that kind of thinking is ridiculous. The look is a smile. "I grew up here and now that I am successful they don't like that. The criticism is the worst here. They think I've forgotten about them, but I haven't."

It didn't help that he overpowered Hernandez in six rounds. And there is another reason De La Hoya isn't popular with that crowd. He isn't the stereotypical Mexican boxer who fights with his face. "The tradition is that you're going to see a brutal fight and you have to go in there and bleed," he says. "I'm not going to give them that. I'm going to go out there, be careful and not get hit. I'll get it over with and that's it. If fans don't like that, I'm sorry. I'm not just any fighter. I want to make my money and I want to live well, but I'm not going out there to put on a brutal show. If I looked like a fighter, if I had scars," he says, East Los Angeles "would accept me more."

In December 1995 he found genuine acceptance 3000 miles away from the old neighborhood. Madison Square Garden, once the mecca for boxing, brought its ring out of mothballs. Oscar was the headliner against Jesse James Leija. The Garden was hoping for 11,000 customers and Oscar pulled in 16,000. "The American fans are always with me," he said.

Leija went back to his corner after the first round and told his trainer, "He hits hard, man. I didn't know how much power he has." The end for Leija came in the next round. In February 1996, in his final tune-up before Chavez, Oscar also needed only two rounds to knock out Darryl Tyson.

De La Hoya is the betting favorite against Chavez, but the older fighter is the sentimental choice. Nobody gets sentimental, yet, about Oscar.

"All this hate from my own people, it hurts," Oscar said. "I feel it's jealousy. I get a lot of people telling me, 'Why don't you come down to our neighborhood? You don't show your face anymore.' What's that going to do for them? I donate to charities. I go to different functions. I present myself in that way. But being there for a few hours, talking with somebody, isn't going to change anything for them. There's only one of me and I can't please everyone. It's going to take winning fights, and time, for the fans to be on my side."

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COOL Of The Evening (continued from page 104)

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GRAPE EXPECTATIONS

Summer used to be synonymous with white wine. This has changed—lighter reds, sparkling rosés and rich dessert wines are becoming equally popular. Nouveau Beaujolais—the fresh wine of the harvest, drunk in late fall—too often takes attention from the true Beaujolais that's aged over the winter and ready to drink in the summer. Best served a little chilled, Beaujolais from producers such as Georges Dubœuf and Louis Jadot is as refreshing as any wine cooler and far more complex in its taste.

American pinot noirs, with their light body and pronounced flavor, can also take a little cooling. They go beautifully with grilled foods. Look for producers such as Robert Mondavi, David Bruce, Au Bon Climat and Acacia from California, or Ponzi, Beaux Frères, Domaine Drouhin and Sokol Blosser from Oregon. White zinfandel, once the trendiest of warm-weather wines, has given way to the increasing complexity of zinfandels from producers such as Dry Creek, Lytton Springs, Ridge and Ravenswood. They make the kind of deeply colored zinfandel that is the perfect complement to steaks, ribs and hamburgers.

The fascination Americans have with Mediterranean food has caused a surge of interest in wines made from Sangiovese grapes, which in Italy show up in chiantis (buy the 1993 vintage released by Antinori, Nozzole, Frescobaldi and Ruffino). American vineyards such as Flora Springs and Ferrari-Carano are also using the Sangiovese. These go as well with pasta as they do with moussaka or couscous. Furthermore, the American appetite for Spanish food, particularly tapas, has fueled a renewed thirst for the dry sherries known as *finos*, which should be served ice-cold. There's also been a renewed call for the citrus-based Spanish thirst-quencher Reál Sangria.

Since the success of last winter's James Bond movie *Goldeneye*, drinkers in Los Angeles have taken to ordering Bollinger champagne over a slice of ripe peach. Also, for something completely different, look for a new sparkling wine from California called Grand Panax, which contains an extract of wild American ginseng.

Last, Rosso Antico, the "prince of aperitifs" in Italy, is being distributed nationally. It's a blend of matured wines infused with 32 types of aromatic and bitter herbs. Taken neat, on the rocks or with orange juice, Rosso Antico is pleasantly sharp on the palate and an excellent stimulant to the appetite.

THE GANG'S ALL BEER

With more than 500 microbreweries operating in the U.S., the number of new beers is growing daily. The leaders last year were the so-called red beers—a category that barely existed two years ago. Pete's Wicked Red, Elephant Red and Rhino Chasers, for example, have become favorites. Boston Beer Co.'s Sam Adams Triple Bock has the body of a sipping whiskey, while Brooklyn Brewing's New York Black Chocolate Stout is a powerhouse for those who like their brew strong. Flavored beers made headway this spring, so check out Niagara Falls Brewing's Apple Ale, Golden Prairie's honey ginger beer, Hart Brewing's apricot beer, Star Brewing's pineapple beer from Oregon and Wisconsin's New Glarus Belgian Red, made with cherries.

The success of all this ferment has induced major American breweries to enter the market with their own specialty beers and ales. Miller now sells a Miller Reserve Velvet Stout, Red Dog and a Reserve Amber Ale. Coors, which has long had Killian's Red, has just brought out its Eisbock lager. Its third run of Weizenbier should be in the coolers. Anheuser-Busch created the Specialty Brewing Co., which debuted its Red Wolf lager in Florida two years ago.

Jeff Coleman, president of Paulaner North America, imports a variety of specialty beers. He contends that wheat beers will be the summer's big hit. "The flavored beers, such as our Hoegaarden, which has a bit of Curaçao orange peel in it, will do well, but I see even more interest in the dark wheat beers, such as Hacker-Pschorr Dunkel Weisse and Hefe Weizen dark." Coleman also believes the new South American beers that the major breweries are bringing in, such as Escudo from Chile and Brahma from Brazil, will add even more excitement to the summer's drinking.

"In here, Dr. Kevorkian!"

THAT'S BEACHIN'

It's tough to separate a guy from his gadgets—even for a day at the beach. That's why several manufacturers have introduced electronic gear designed to withstand sand, surf and suntan oil. Sony started the trend several years ago with its first Sports Walkman, a portable stereo in a water-resistant and crud-resistant plastic casing. Today, you can find beach-ready boom boxes, camcorders and CD and cassette players, as well as innovative items such as the Aquapac, a watertight plastic case for cell phones that floats. We also like the latest dunkable, disposable cameras and Sony's AM-FM radio with a built-in monocular with 8x magnification (for bikini-gazing). And for protection from the sun (and the glaring colors of these items), we suggest Bollé's Naja shades.

Clockwise from top left: Sony's water-resistant CFD-970 boom box has a CD player, AM-FM radio and cassette recorder ($280). Fuji's Quicksnap 35mm camera is waterproof to depths up to ten feet ($17). Sharp's Sports Case (about $550) provides water-resistant housing for its Viewcam LCD camcorders ($900 to $2500). Sony's SRF-X90 combines a radio and monocular ($85). You can talk and listen through an Aquapac waterproof cellular phone case ($25). Bollé's Naja sunglasses ($60) are next to Panasonic's RQ-SW6 Shock Wave AM-FM cassette stereo ($80).

JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 142.

Oh, Say, Can You See

Model NICKY STAUDE salutes Independence Day, and we applaud. Nicky has done catalog ads and promotionals for Special Export beer. She also can be seen in the 1995 and 1996 Wisconsin Women calendars. Say cheese.

© DOUGLAS STEGLEITER

© JAY BLAKESBERG/RETNA LTD.

It's Not Easy Being Green

With *Insomniac* at double platinum and a U.S. tour in the works, GREEN DAY has a right to kick up its heels. After that, expect the band to take some time off.

© PHOTOFEATURES/RETNA LTD.

Terry, Terry, Quite Contrary

Former *Monty Python* cult figure and movie director TERRY GILLIAM's most recent visionary film, *12 Monkeys*, won its co-star Brad Pitt an Oscar nomination. Look next for *The Defective Detective*.

Banking on Tyra

Supermodel TYRA BANKS can be seen on *Entertainment Tonight* as a guest interviewer, on just about every magazine cover and, we hear, in John Singleton's *Black Panther* movie based on the Marvel comic.

© BILL DAVILA/RETNA LTD.

Blowing His Own Horn

WOODY ALLEN and the New Orleans Jazz Band played Paris this past winter. Look for his forthcoming movie, *Everyone Says I Love You*. The feeling is mutual.

© 1996 EDIE ROBERTS

JIM SMEAL/GALELLA LTD

Tori, Tori, Tori

By day, TORI SPELLING has made a name for herself in a slew of NBC movies. Ms. *90210* knows how to dress up and get down for all her rock-and-roll nights.

© LEVERETT BRADLEY

On the Rocks

Actress JEANNE BASONE has been featured in the movies in *Sister Act* and *Basic Instinct* and on TV on *Baywatch Nights* and the *Larry Sanders Show*. She's making much more than just ripples.

THE HOUSE OF GROUSE

To celebrate the 100th anniversary of Famous Grouse scotch, the distillery is offering a limited-edition decanter embellished with a reproduction of the painting *Summer in the Highlands*. (The decanter is filled with Famous Grouse.) Price: $250. For duffers, Famous Grouse has also commissioned a commemorative limited-edition St. Andrews–style putter with a beech head, a hickory shaft and a leather grip. The price is $215. Call 860-702-4427.

JANE FISHER

ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE

Six Flags Magic Mountain in Valencia, California has just opened Superman the Escape, "the tallest, fastest and most technologically advanced thrill ride ever built." Once aboard the 15-passenger vehicle, you blast out of the Fortress of Solitude and accelerate to 100 miles per hour in just seven seconds. Then you ascend a 41-story tower, where you experience 6.5 seconds of nerve-shattering weightlessness before descending backward, again hitting 100 mph. You go first.

COOLING IT ON THE TRAIL

Taking a hike, picnicking or even just going fishing are definitely more fun when you pack the Chugiak, an insulated backpack-type cooler with padded straps. The Express model pictured here, for example, holds the equivalent of a six-pack of 12-oz. beverages. Price: $74.95. Other models can hold up to a 12-pack of cans, a two-liter bottle of pop or several bottles of wine in a recessed track. According to the manufacturer, Blue Leaf Design, all are ergonomically designed to distribute weight high and close to your back for maximum control and comfort. For more information or to order, call the company at 800-655-7957.

JOHN SCHNEIDER

CALLING ALL COUNTRY SQUIRES

More urbanites are trading the Los Angeles commute or the Manhattan rat race for an island retreat in Puget Sound or a mountain aerie in Montana. To facilitate your great escape (or persuade you to stay put) get a *Moving to the Country Once and for All* kit, $40, by Lisa Rogak, who swapped Brooklyn for New Hampshire. It includes a softcover copy of her book and a subscription to *Sticks*, a bimonthly newsletter on the same subject. In it, she profiles various rural businesses to consider, evaluates trendy places such as Missoula, Montana, and lists property for sale, plus much more. Call 800-639-1099.

WRITE ROOMS

The Danish manor house in which Isak Dinesen wrote *Out of Africa* (pictured below) is just one of the 20 featured in *Writers' Houses*, a $50 coffee-table book by Francesca Premoli-Droulers, published by Vendome Press. Jean Cocteau's cottage on the edge of the Fontainebleau forest and Mark Twain's home in West Hartford, Connecticut are among the others. To order, call 800-221-7945.

COMICS RELIEF

The 21st Annual Chicago Comicon switches from its usual July mooring to June 21, 22 and 23. The guest of honor will be Will Eisner, the creative spirit behind *The Spirit*. Special guests include Bill Tucci, the creator of Shi (pictured here) and Walter Koenig, who played Chekhov on *Star Trek*. Admission to the event, which is held at the Rosemont Convention Center in Rosemont, Illinois, is $15 a day or $35 for all three. Call 708-852-2514.

OLIVIA PAINTS PAM

If you can't get enough of gorgeous Pamela Anderson Lee (and we can certainly understand why), you'll want to own the new two-poster series by the famous pin-up artist Olivia. Both are available at Robert Bane Editions, 460 North Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90212. At right is the 22″ x 38″ *Masquerade* that sells for $75 unsigned or $100 signed by Olivia. Its sister poster, *Bazooka*, depicts an equally undressed Ms. Lee, only this time she's in profile. Same prices. If you can't make it to Bane's exciting new gallery, you can order the posters by calling 800-325-2765.

THE BIG BANG THEORY

Traditions Performance Muzzleloading is a company that lives for July 4. Its authentic working cannons make fine showpieces on a desk or mantel, but come Independence Day, they can be moved outdoors for more-explosive action. The $240 gold-plated reproduction of Old Ironsides shown above is just 11½″ long, but it packs a .50-caliber wallop when fired. Call Traditions Performance at 860-388-4656 for the name of the nearest dealer.

THE SPIES THE LIMIT

The Ultimate Spy Book by military historian H. Keith Melton is "the insider's guide to the secret world of espionage." There are hundreds of illustrations of great spy gadgets, including a surreptitious-entry kit, a mechanical-pencil pistol and a subminiature camera, as well as chapters on famous spies in history, detailed accounts of undercover operations and the tricks of spy recruitment. With a foreword by former CIA director William Colby, this is a book that we bet even Ian Fleming wouldn't have put down. Price: $29.95 at bookstores. Dorling Kindersley is the publisher.

NEXT MONTH

HARD BODY

URBAN LIES?

MADMAN DU PONT

GEORGIA PEACH

HEIDI FLEISS—THE HOLLYWOOD MADAM TALKS ABOUT HUBRIS, HOOKING AND WHAT YOU CAN GET FOR $40,000 A NIGHT (YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED)—AN AROUSING 20 QUESTIONS BY **DAVID RENSIN**

URBAN MYTHS—HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE BLOODY HOOK DANGLING FROM THE CAR DOOR HANDLE? THE ALBINO ALLIGATORS IN NEW YORK'S SEWERS? THE COUPLE WHO GOT STUCK MAKING LOVE IN A CAR? TALL TALES REVEAL MORE THAN YOU THINK—BY **NEAL GABLER**

DEATHLOCK—MILLIONAIRE NUTCASE **JOHN DU PONT** SAVED U.S. OLYMPIC WRESTLING. THEN HE KILLED ONE OF THE SPORT'S STARS. A DISTURBING LOOK AT A MADMAN WITH MONEY—BY **MARK BOWDEN**

PHYSICAL—THERE IS NO PAIN LIKE BACK PAIN, AND NO REMEDY BETTER THAN THE TOUCH OF A SEXY THERAPIST—FICTION BY **JOYCE CAROL OATES**

OLYMPIC INSIDER—READ THE PAPERS FOR ALL THE EVENT HOOPLA. READ *PLAYBOY* FOR THE INSIDE DOPE ON AUTHENTIC GEAR—THE GUNS, GLOVES, BOWS AND BOATS YOU'LL SEE IN ATLANTA. AND DON'T MISS OUR COMPETITIVE NOD TO STYLE, SIX DARING PAGES SHOT IN THE CITY'S MOST UNLIKELY PLACES

AMATEUR PORN—THE LIGHTING SUCKS, THE PLOTS WON'T WIN ANY OSCARS AND YOU CAN FORGET ART. SO HOW COME HOME VIDEO IS THE FASTEST-GROWING SEGMENT OF THE XXX MARKET? ASK **D. KEITH MANO**

THE WOMEN OF ATLANTA—THE SOUTH'S YEAR-ROUND BEAUTIES RAISE THEIR GAME JUST IN TIME FOR THE OLYMPICS. WILL THE WINNERS STEP TO THE PODIUM, PLEASE? MAY WE HAVE THE NATIONAL ANTHEM?

SHAQUILLE O'NEAL—THE MAGIC DUNKMASTER TALKS ABOUT MIXING ACTING AND BASKETBALL, CONFESSES HIS WORRIES ABOUT THE DREAM TEAM AND EXPLAINS WHY HE CAN'T MAKE FREE THROWS—INTERVIEW BY **KEVIN COOK**

GREG MADDUX—SECOND-RATE SPEED, A BUSH-LEAGUE CURVEBALL AND AN EGO AS SMALL AS A BALLPARK FRANK—IT ALL ADDS UP TO FOUR CY YOUNG AWARDS. *WASHINGTON POST* COLUMNIST **THOMAS BOSWELL** PROFILES THE GREAT BRAVES HURLER

PLUS: OUTRAGEOUS GOLF GADGETS, OUR SUMMER GUIDE TO THE BEST BEER, A RIPPLING PICTORIAL ON HARD BODIES FOR ALL YOU ASPIRING OLYMPIANS, AND PLAYMATE LEGEND **KATHY SHOWER**

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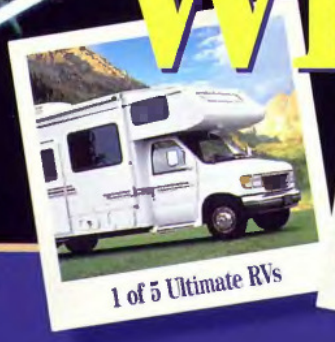

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